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My dear James from his
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THE AUTHOR OF
"MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES"

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Wm Macduff.

THE AUTHOR OF
“MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES”
MAC-DUFF

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D
PORTRAIT AND EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION

LONDON :
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27 PATERNOSTER ROW

MDCCCXCVI

BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.

To
THE MEMORY OF
JAMES GLASSFORD ESQ. OF DOUGALSTON, ADVOCATE,
ONE OF THE CULTURED SCOTCHMEN OF HALF A CENTURY AGO
AND WHOSE FRIENDSHIP IS RECALLED WITH GRATITUDE
IN THESE PAGES

INTRODUCTION

THESE notes of autobiography have been woven into a garland by the hand of a daughter's love. That hand has striven to conceal itself behind the drapery, and I will not seek to lift the veil in which she has shrouded her devotion. But I want to add a wreath on my own account to those flowers of two continents which lie upon the grave of my departed friend.

Of all the men I have known, there is none who has ever so powerfully suggested to me the Bible figure of St. John. It is a unique and difficult figure; it combines opposite elements. The man who rests on the Master's bosom is seldom the man who sees the Apocalypse. There have been gentle souls like Nathanael; there have been fiery souls like Peter; but to have "a sea of glass mingled with fire," that is a rare combination. Yet, if I mistake not, it is here. The mind of Dr. Macduff was

essentially a mind of fixed rest. Looking at him from a distance, one would say that God had placed him in the hollow, that the storms of life might pass him by. He lived through the greatest crisis of revolution which Christianity has ever experienced; and from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, he kept unclouded the faith of the dawn. Yet, in truth, his was no such immunity. God never placed him in the hollow. He got his vision in *Patmos*. His "Memories of Olivet" came from his "Memories of Bethany." If he descended to the "Wells of Baca," it was because he first went up on "Altar-stones." God spoke to him as He spoke to Job, "out of the whirlwind"; it was in the *furnace* that he saw one like unto the Son of Man. It is this which has made Dr. Macduff, before all things and beyond all men, a son of consolation.

No man ever addressed a wider public. He set up his platform in the house appointed for all living—the family of the afflicted. He has been called a writer for invalids, and so he was; but we are all invalids. The whole human race consists of but two classes, the labouring and the

laden—those who do too much work, and those who are unable to work at all. There are some who suffer by enforced activity, and there are some who suffer by enforced repose. Dr. Macduff was the daysman that laid his hands upon them both. He pointed each class to the hemisphere of its incompleted nature—to a home in the sweet by-and-by, where the one would find a couch, and the other receive a wing. Every bird has its own note, and this was his. It was a song in the night, but it was a nightingale's song. He never accepted the night as the birthright of man. It was to him the proof of an incomplete environment, an infallible sign that the end was not yet. The clouds of sorrow were to him clouds of witness, prophetic of the compensating dawn. He felt that the place of the swallow's rest is but the place of man's sacrificial altar; but on that very account he sang, "We surely *shall* be satisfied," and by the echo of that song "he being dead, yet speaketh."

GEORGE MATHESON.

P R E F A C E

I do not think any apology, such as that indicated in the Introductory Chapter, is necessary. An Author whose books attained in this country and in America a circulation of three millions, and many translated into other languages, may surely be regarded as one of the teachers of the century. His public work has been long over, but not the memory of it, nor the blessing of it. Not a few who have been indebted to his writings and ministry, I feel assured, will welcome the story of his "Life and Friends."

There was an injunction laid upon me to use my discretion in the matter of selection, deletion, or addition. With my best endeavours I have sought to discharge a sacred trust.

A. S. M.

June, 1896.

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I

INTRODUCTORY

ONE bright July afternoon I was sitting in my summer-house, weakened by an exhausting illness of many months' duration, aggravated by other anxieties. The servant had received instructions to deny any visitors. I wished to be alone.

A friend, whose culture as well as sympathy I had been taught on other occasions to value, had managed to elude the prohibition, and by another gate reached my place of seclusion.

I was at first startled. He had not seen me during my long time of bodily prostration, and had it been any other, I would have resented the intrusion on moments sought to be consecrated to Milton's "mute, expressive silence."

After the commonplaces of greeting and apology, he ventured on the remark which, alike by its strangeness and suddenness, took my breath away:—

"There is nothing like work—congenial, yet not very exacting employment, in such a time as this. I am perhaps using a liberty: but I want you *to begin and write your Life!*"

I gazed with the bewilderment of scepticism. My lips were at the time not in a smiling mood. But the stunning proposition forced them, despite of themselves, to relax, and roused me from my quiescent reverie.

"What!" was my reply as near as I can recall, "what, Mr. —, are you serious? *My Life!*—an Autobiography!—never! never! First, let me tell you, in all brevity, I have no love for such self-laudations; let those who have, write them. I know that at least many of such books are not

to my liking : over-dressed, over-coloured, distorted, partial, misleading ; the real suppressed, the ideal magnified.

"But this is not to what I now demur.

"What conceivable right have I to a memoir? None whatever. Biographies can only be entertained and tolerated in the case of conspicuous lives. Mine has been quite the reverse ; and though not altogether without its interests greater and smaller, I have no vestige of claim to such an honour, even if I coveted it as such, which assuredly I do not."

I thought I had silenced and spiked the guns so unexpectedly unlimbered. But not so. He continued to urge his cause with reasons the legitimacy of which I still sternly refused to concede. Even the wonderful circulation of my works, though true, was an insufficient crutch to his plea.

He specially traversed mine of "unconspicuousness," by urging that every average life, if the owner of it in this bustling age had leisure, would be worth telling,¹ that I could not fail to have come in contact in my time with persons and events that might claim recording and chronicling. Moreover, that my pleasant hours of enviable retirement could not be employed to better purpose than in jotting down, as occasion offered, the most salient "points" in the past ; with the possibility of these being some day combined in the pages of a volume.

My interlocutor was "superior" in the true sense of the word, as well as kind : and he possessed the most forceful of pleas in an argument. He was in earnest.

It was a relief, however, when he bade me farewell ; that, left to myself, I might give his suggestions decent and immediate interment.

* * * * *

¹ It was the identical remark of Dr. Johnson, in his own categorical way. His words, as near as can be recalled, were—"There is hardly a man you can meet on the street, but who, from his own personal reminiscences, could supply material for a fairly readable biography."

A thought flashed across me as the result of his persistence, to which the roses which hung from the summer arbour above my head seemed to nod a hesitating and languid assent.

It would be of all things repellent—*ludicrous*—to take brush in hand and paint a portrait of my poor self. But from that central mathematical point, having truly “position and no magnitude,” might there not be, as my friend indicated, radiations? Could I broaden my canvas? Could others of my family and acquaintance and wide circle, not a few of whom, from their singular purity of life and worth of character, have claim to grateful remembrance, be included in the web suggested for me to weave? Could I make myself only one of the *Dramatis Personæ*—a subordinate one? Might not a glimpse, too, be caught of some contemporary figures of interest? Might there not be embodied some passing incidents and scenes of travel? Best of all, might not the Church and Christianity be slightly richer by the inclusion of honoured names—sacred memories of the loved and lost—the speech of the dead?

At any rate, I might but try. The narrative would never see light in my own days. My verdict might be erroneous or indiscreet as to the advice given to *Pendennis*: “You should publish some of these stories, you really should.” “The attempt,” to use the words of an older author (Tacitus), “might be covered with a courteous excuse.” I would leave to others the alternative of publicity or cremation.

The thought, after a time of simmering and incubation, took—for good or for evil—living shape. The shreds and patches of a journal kept dutifully for years at a mother’s earnest request, aided with other jottings and stray entries, longer and shorter, might serve to supply and weld the links of a broken chain.

Let the farther closing observation, even though so far a repetition, be made. There are many contemporaries—

potentates in the realm of letters as well as in social position, in every respect my superiors—whose memorials (lives of inspiration I may well call them) will never be written; and for this all-sufficient reason, that in their busy, engrossing, eventful careers, neither time nor opportunity can be commanded. That is not the case with a few lowlier men, whose “publicities,” owing to favoured or unfavoured circumstances, have lapsed in their later decades into quietness, and afforded the possibilities, at least, of such monologues as the present. If I can venture to appropriate to my own lot one of the most beautiful and pathetic of Turner’s drawings, that of the westering sun over a bridge spanning the river, with the plough in the foreground resting in the upturned furrows—the team pacing slowly to their ended day’s repose—the whole surroundings bathed in evening light and the motto underneath “*Datur Hora Quietis*,”—I can assuredly claim, also, no more befitting emblem for myself and my volume than the great artist’s homely plough, and the common furrows it has traced. To others, far worthier—indeed, the only rightful owners—might well be left his golden haze and “brimming river.”

I have at least pleasingly occupied myself in not a few of these “twilight hours,” recalling, in a chatty way, the play of sunshine and shadow during “life’s long day.”

* * * I shall devolve on whomsoever may possibly come to revise (or, to use the formidable word “edit”) these pages, the entire responsibility for selection or exclusion.

One thing without any such power I can personally vouch for, that nothing will be here said by me that might either give offence to the living or dishonour the memory of the dead. Nor do I seek in these fugitive pages (I can aver with an honest heart) the praise and admiration of men. I can claim nothing but indulgence.

II

BIRTHPLACE. BOYHOOD. YOUTH

WELL, then, let the attempt be made and begun.

Let me try, with reliable aid, pleasantly, it may be profitably, to fill up some leisure hours or half-hours in my now waning years: that season when one delights to live much on the TREASURES OF MEMORY. While recalling not a few personal incidents, I shall seek, as already indicated, to give all the prominence I can to the better men and women known to me,—and to occurrences of general interest that have accidentally come across the “field of vision.” Yet though, to use a rough and ready simile, the street I live in contains thus many houses, and most of these more worth visiting than my own, I am haunted with the fear, the *certainty*, despite best efforts and resolutions, that the bell of No. 1 may be frequently rung—perhaps chiefly and of necessity—at the opening and towards the close of the volume. If so, the reader must simply make generous allowance and condonation. It will be better not to seek any underhand way of veiling or disguising a humble personality, what De Quincey calls “the perpendicular pronoun.” And for any startling or glaring publicities, the editor, not I, must bear the blame.

Let it be said at the outset, that a record of *spiritual* feelings and experiences (though these at times cannot well be omitted, and it would not be right to omit them) will be

scrupulously minimized. Anything of the kind will be given or expanded only when some very exceptional reason compels the treading of sacred ground. I like Clough's lines, and the sentiments they enshrine :—

“ O let me love my Love unto myself alone,
And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
No witness to my vision call,
Beholding, unbeheld of all ;
And worship Thee, with Thee withdrawn apart,
Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.”

I desire, notwithstanding, in whatever may be written by myself or others, devoutly and reverently and publicly to recognise “ the God who has led me all my life long,”—
“ the memories of His great goodness.”

No book which, however remotely, belongs to the memoir class, would in these days be deemed complete without the conventional, and, it must be owned, the usually tame and tiresome rehearsal of *pedigree*. This will be dismissed with all brevity. As, however, the volume in the title page professes to be the record of “ a long life,” it would be hardly fair to omit all reference to its opening chapter.

Be not deterred, therefore, kindly reader, from dipping into my paragraphs, by a small preliminary blast of the family trumpet.

Our father's estate, our birthplace, was Bonhard, Perthshire, the flower of Scottish counties, and in the historic parish of Scone. The house, in the ornamental cottage style, was situated three miles from Perth, on the slopes of the Sidlaw hills. I recall, not only in boyhood, but in after years, the delight I had in standing by the gate of the approach, which commands the whole view of the Grampians, beginning at the extreme left with Ben Voirlich ; and including Farragon, Schiehallion, Ben More, Ben-y-Vrackie, etc. It always reminded me, on a miniature scale,

of the range of Alps seen from the Superga, near Turin, during a first visit to the Continent.

The following may be pardonably introduced, as it appeared in a local paper. The words were spoken as chairman at a dinner to the tenantry, on the occasion of the marriage of my nephew, the present proprietor. The (I trust not presumptuous) narrative has an interest of its own, and will speak for itself.

“I am not one of those who would pride myself on hereditary descent, even if I could claim it, which I do not. Indeed, that, in itself, is, in my eyes, a poor subject of boast, if not accompanied with some sterling qualities of head and heart. What I am now to tell, there is nothing to glory in, although, I own, it is a story not devoid of romantic incident and adventure. I tell it to you, tenantry and friends, because it has a moral for you. The moral is this: that the humblest of you, by dint of energy and pluck, prudence and thrift, may go and do likewise. The account I shall try to give is from an old manuscript book now in my own possession. The facts were obtained and written out by my father in 1827, and committed at the time to writing. The original holding of the Macduffs, many generations ago, was Fandowie, in Strathbraan (between Dunkeld and Amulree). My father received this narrative I have just referred to from the lips of Donald Macduff, laird of Tomnagrew (not a very classical name), a man ninety years of age, who described to him what he called the Barony of Fandowie, to have consisted of a house, 100 acres arable, and 1,400 of hill grazing, the only remains then of the dwelling being a part of the west gable, the ruins of the chapel and burying ground. These lands had long been occupied by a sturdy race of the name of Macduff. King James (I cannot now confidently affirm which monarch of that name, but one of the King James's of Scotland), travelling in disguise, stepped one day into the original humble home,

clad in rags. His host was impressed by his appearance and manners, and could not help commiserating him; surmising, indeed, that he might possibly be one of those outlawed gentlemen who were skulking about the Highland glens at this time. Macduff desired the beggar to rest. Meanwhile he ordered a sheep from the hill to be killed, and, when dressed, he asked the ragged stranger to sit down with his family. The other declined, on the ground that it would not be decorous for a poor man to eat with the household. Macduff seized a claymore, and declared that he would sever his head from his body if he did not obey. The manner in which this was said induced the beggar to join the family repast, of which he ate heartily. Some time after, a messenger arrived from Scone Palace, ordering the gudeman of Fandowie to appear there on a certain day. The order was reluctantly obeyed by Macduff. On arriving at the Abbey he was introduced to his Majesty, but without discovering in the person of King James the humble beggar who had experienced his kindness in Strathbraan. Dinner was announced, and served in the rude splendour of the times. Macduff was ordered to take his place at the table. Awed by the presence of majesty, he begged to be excused, as not befitting his station to be seated with royalty. Scarcely had he uttered this when the witty monarch, brandishing his *Andrea Ferrara*, as Macduff had formerly done, exclaimed, 'If you don't eat, I shall sever *your* head from your body, as you once threatened to do to me under similar circumstances.' At this Macduff was amazed, and, recollecting the beggar, he was convinced it was the royal person before him to whom he had shown Highland hospitality. He immediately lay prostrate at the feet of the King. His Majesty, commanding him to rise, told Macduff how much gratified he had been by the hospitable entertainment at Fandowie, adding, 'What grant can I give you to express my gratitude?' Macduff immediately

said the honour he had received was sufficient ; but if his Majesty pleased to bestow upon him the mill and the hill-lands of Fandowie between the two burns, he would be contented and happy through life. These grounds, being in the Barony of Fandowie, were immediately declared his by the King, his Majesty remarking that if Macduff had asked for both sides of the Braan, they would have been given to him. The Macduffs enjoyed the barony for several generations ; but in consequence of one of the descendants being a servitor of the Earl of Gowrie, and thus being led to take part in the Gowrie conspiracy, he was tried, condemned, and hanged at Perth, deprived of the barony, and his family scattered, penniless and friendless, in all directions. The eldest son, a little boy, wandered one day to the house of Logiealmond, asking charity, when, accidentally, he met some of the children of the proprietor, and joined with them in some youthful game, which, however, in a not unusual, untoward way, terminated in blows. The Laird of Logiealmond, observing the fray, and witnessing the young Highlander victorious, asked the boy his name. He answered that he was Macduff of Fandowie's son, but that, in consequence of his father's misfortunes, he had been forced to beg. The laird was taken with his robust and manly appearance, told him to remain at Logie, and he would be taken into his service. The boy gladly complied. A few years later, by dint of careful economies, he became possessed of some small means. By a dexterous piece of longheadedness he went to a market at Crieff, purchased largely of the cattle before the southern dealers came forward, and re-sold them at a profit. Soon after, the mills of Perth became vacant. Macduff asked the laird of Logie to be his security as tacksman thereof. The laird refused, on the score that his servant had no capital. On this the young adventurer pulled out a stocking filled with various coins, the savings of his industry, remarking to his

master, that if he would not be his security, the stocking would. He leased the mills, and accumulated so much as to be able to buy Bonhard and Mundy. These he left to his only son, who purchased Springfield (or 'Pocke Mylne,' as it was then called), where we are now assembled, and on which some of you will remember a picturesque ruin, where the present house is built. I may just here add that the last of the Macduffs who held Fandowie was a man of great strength and agility. There is still shown in the Braan what is called 'The Baron's Leap,' a place in the rocky channel of the river, which, on one occasion, when pursued, he cleared at a bound. Both his pursuers and his own dog—a favourite greyhound—were less fortunate; the nound fell into the river, but his master managed in time to clamber down and rescue him. He was, besides, a very dexterous bowman. It was said he could discharge an arrow from the top of Fandowie Hill across the Braan, and could put arrows into a target at an immense distance."

Wordsworth's lines may be almost literally recalled:—

"Among the hills of Athole he was born :
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His parents had their dwelling.

* * * *

Many a tale
Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend."

—"The Excursion," *Book I.*

I think among my father's favourite recollections of his own early days, was a visit he paid to the beautiful home of one of his guardians, Hector Macdonald Buchanan, of Ross Priory, on the banks of Loch Lomond. What made the sojourn memorable was the presence of Sir Walter Scott. One boating excursion with the great minstrel

could not readily be forgotten, when my father's name was introduced into some impromptu verses, which he often regretted his inability to recall.

As what follows professes in the preface to contain and include many references to "good men I have known," why should I hesitate, though it be of kith and kin, to begin with, to me, the remotest figure of all, my dear old grandfather on my mother's side? Let him and his soldier son, without any unwarrantable bias, have the first niche in the corridor of memory. John Ross, of Balgersho, was also a Perthshire laird, whose house commanded an extensive view of Strathmore, with the same background of Grampians. All who knew his sterling character could speak of him, and did speak of him, as "the good old country gentleman." His eldest son, also a John Ross—subsequently General Sir John Ross—(from both of whom the writer of these lines takes his own name), was a distinguished officer of Wellington's (the Rifle Brigade).

He was engaged in active duty throughout all the Peninsular War. Though he seldom broke his military reticence, he occasionally detailed the retreat to Corunna, and the sufferings then undergone by himself and the gallant army. He was at Waterloo, and was there severely wounded in the arm. The proudest afternoons of his life were those when he dined with his great chief, along with the other Waterloo veterans, at Apsley House. Those were always exceptional occasions when in winter evenings, in the low dingy parlour of Balgersho, the old Laird unlocked the drawer of his book-case, and hoisting his spectacles, extracted from a box what he evidently deemed proud and precious memorials. With an irrepressible sigh, yet with a parent's pride, he exhibited and moralized over the extracted bullet and fragment of bone—the grim trophies of his son's bravery in that last fierce fight. Two miniatures of father and son, which I value, are looking down on

this paper while I write. They both departed in the true faith of a Christian.¹

Before leaving my grandfather, and distant boyish associations with him, I must here chronicle my earliest introduction to a remarkable Scotchman—one of the most remarkable of his day and generation, whose name will more than once occur in subsequent pages.

It was with my grandfather as a boy, almost a child, I went for the first time to the house of Murray of Simprim, eccentric in his ways and *personnel*, but altogether unique in Scottish society, culture and originality, a *rara avis in terris*. I may here anticipate, by quoting what is said of him in Dean Boyle's "Recollections." "Murray of Simprim, whom I often met in my boyhood and youth, was an excessively clever man. He was the son of the Lord Elibank who is so well known to readers of Boswell's "Johnson," and had passed his life in what may be called intellectual epicureanism. His duties as a country gentleman sat lightly upon him, but I believe he was a kind and indulgent landlord. His wife was a Miss Murray, a descendant of the famous Susanna, Countess of Eglinton. A good deal of his time was spent abroad. When he visited Edinburgh, it was his great pleasure to talk with his old friends on the two subjects he most delighted in—the Peninsular War and

¹ It may be worth while inserting in a note, as giving a peep into the old world, that I remember, as a boy, my grandfather telling me the earliest recollection he (then an aged man) had when little more than a child, was the funeral of the head of one of the ancient families of Scotland, Mercer of Aldie (Fife), as it passed at night through the streets of Perth. The coffin was preceded by a number of youths, bearing lighted torches, while a similar number followed with the same behind. They sang, or chanted, in response, this quaint dirge:—

(Boys preceding)—"Audie's (Aldie's) dead!"

(Response following)—"He'll rise again!"

(Preceding)—"When? When?"

(Following)—"At the Resurrex-i-on!"

And so they slowly paced to the Old Grey Friars; a weird spectacle, making a lasting impression on youthful memory; a relic of mediævalism out of date now.

the career of Walter Scott " (*p.* 6). Scott and he were like brothers, addressing one another by their Christian names. He (Sir Walter) had no dearer or more intimate bosom friend. That was a characteristic gathering when he, Scott, and Byron met alone at Mr. Murray's in Albemarle Street.

My child introduction to this eminent man was as follows:—My grandfather and grandmother were near neighbours, and were asked to Simprim one evening to witness with others the performance of a ventriloquist, and requested to bring their grandson—that was me—with them. Though nearly seventy years have elapsed, I can charge my memory with the performer's name, M. Alexandre. I went to the big mansion—for big it was—full of boyish wonder. I remember well the cunning Frenchman howling up the portentously wide chimney, and the responsive illusory voices. Also his kindred feats and tricks in the spacious drawing-room. But I confess my youthful imagination was more arrested by Simprim himself, in his powdered hair and periwig, and the array of similarly powdered liveried servants flitting to and fro in the capacious salon.

It will be under different circumstances he will reappear in my narrative.

I return from this digression to say a word about our mother—I dare not pass her over. No higher testimony could be paid, than that she was a like-minded daughter and sister to the old Laird and his martial son. Prematurely stricken with exceptionally severe sorrow—to be afterwards alluded to—she was yet by nature of the stuff of which heroines are made, and by grace the possessor of those higher spiritual gifts, under the influence of which Christian families are reared. It is not presumptuous to say, that in her best days she was the mother of the Gracchi, and the Monica of a different type and age,

combined. We owe much to her generous impulses and lofty ideals. God bless her! She often used to recall a trivial incident connected with my own earliest days, evidently with the wish to impress it on my memory. When a mere child, I was thought dying, and when as a stricken parent she sought to grasp some comfort, amid the signs of an early departure, my infant lips repeated clearly one of the answers she had taught me in Isaac Watts' catechism, a child's formulary well known eight decades ago, now, perhaps, happily relegated, on account of many of its statements, though not the present one, to oblivion. "Yes, I hope He will forgive me if I trust in His mercy, for the sake of what Jesus Christ has done, and what He hath suffered." That is surely simple, true, sound theology. It comes often back to me still with a mother's smile and blessing, like a strain of distant music. It is an innocent yet comprehensive apothegm for age as well as infancy—a *multum in parvo* Gospel. I should like to cling to it and to repeat it on my death-bed.

Whatever else was lacking in these juvenile years a love of "the beautiful" could not fail to be fostered by our fair environments. Perth itself, despite the respectable somnolence of later civic life, compared at least with the advance and rush of sister towns; Perth, I say—not as seen by the passing traveller from the "Wormwood Scrubs" of its railway station, but from almost every other point of view—is a vision to be remembered. Indeed, the varied scenery all around, including loved home nooks—"Dowie's Den," the "Annatie Burn"—the wealth of rock, moss, and lichen in the fir-woods, the glory of yellow cowslip and golden gorse—these and many others, coupled with the generous impulses of an Italian drawing-master of unpronounceable name, encouraged and developed in more than one of us a natural taste for pencil and palette; a taste which stood in good stead during many future wanderings

on the Continent and elsewhere, before the birth of photography.

The Tay, *facile princeps* of British rivers, from its source to the noble bridge spanning it at Perth, was an ever-new inspiration. A near relative—another soldier uncle, who had spent a life in military and official duty in India, and who had a keen eye for the picturesque—I remember saying, that in all his wanderings he had seen nothing more lovely or impressive than when, the first time after his return, he found himself in the centre of the bridge, looking up and down; and when, at the moment, the noted chime from old St. John's, familiar in bygone days, came floating to his ear, "*The Corn-rigs are bonnie.*"

This allusion suggests the most intimate friend and companion of early boyhood, Sir Charles Metcalfe Ochterlony. My uncle was the trusted confidant of his grandfather, the well-known Sir David Ochterlony, whose statue forms a conspicuous object in Calcutta. At Sir David's request, my grandfather (of Balgersho) was appointed principle executor and guardian to the grandson, who succeeded in childhood to the Baronetcy. We were often companions for weeks together in the old home in Strathmore, and he had the same free pass at our own fireside in his youth—a young boy of exceeding amiability and warmth of heart. The story of his grandfather's misadventures, and ultimate success, is worth telling. He went out, a poor lad, to push his fortunes in our great Dependency. The only capital he had was in the form of a few valuable letters of introduction to some influential persons, who would be able and willing to launch him successfully, as a young man of parts and promise, in his Indian career. On landing at Calcutta, or as the vessel was nearing the harbour, his first impulse was to go down to his cabin and make sure of the bundle of introductions he had secreted in some place of extra safety. To his horror they were gone!

and he prosecuted with an anxious soul the unavailing search for what he really deemed, at the moment, his earthly all. Utterly hopeless and desponding, he went on deck; and, with an aggravation of his despair, his eye at the moment happened to light on the top of the mast—where he saw a monkey, with the missing bundle in its hand, deliberately opening letter by letter, tearing these in shreds, and scattering them on the deck or river! But the irreparable loss really turned into gain. I forget the sequel of the story—whether it was that one or more of the fellow-voyagers who had been spectators of the scene, in pity for the bewildered stripling, pled his cause in other influential quarters. This I know—that his cause *was* pled effectually; and ultimately, through good fortune, as well as his own abilities, the fickle, capricious ladder was climbed, and the summit reached. His *confrères*, in his after brilliant life, used to jocularly say to him, “Your crest should undoubtedly be a monkey on the top of a mast, tearing letters!”

My first trip to the Highlands in juvenile days was with his grandson and my eldest brother. No subsequent tour was so memorable, being my earliest converse with glorious mountain and valley. We started on three ponies, with my father’s faithful, but somewhat comical, servant (James), who combined the offices of grieve and gamekeeper. Our route was by Dunkeld and the (then) very primitive Pitlochrie and Blair Atholl. We spent a night at Pitlochrie. What has reached now a hydropathic town, the resort of bishops and prime ministers, was then only a Highland clachan, with a modest hostelry, the resort of no bigger folks than kilted and plaided drovers, but which to us was palatial. It shows how we cling to youthful impressions and associations, for doubtless that happy excursion is responsible for many other visits to the same favoured region in long after years. The Pass of Killiecrankie was often

and again a favourite haunt, and in still later years it possessed the additional attraction of kind friends and beautiful homes. We emerged from its birchen ravines on Strath Garry, till Blair Atholl was reached. The next day found us, with the geological hammer, at the Duke of Atholl's marble quarries in Glentilt. We encountered the Duke, who gave us a very mild reprimand for disturbing his deer.

This trip being specially linked with the name of our old companion, I record it. He and it live together. He died in long after years (August, 1891).

But to return. The ancient relics of "pomp and circumstance" in our native county and city are now much shorn of their splendour, since Demos has risen so defiantly and successfully in this latter half-century. Not a few things in social and civic life, now defunct and out of date, greatly then impressed my boyish imagination. For example the parade, twice each Sunday, of the Provost and magistrates, preceded by the red-coated town officers with their halberds, through St. John Street to the East Church. These were the pre-eminent and undisputed days of "Church and State." Then there was the meeting on the part of these same dignitaries, in like official costume, of "His Majesty's judges," at the Wicks of Baigie, the spot made classical by the exclamation of the Roman soldiers—" *Ecce Tiberim! Ecce Campus Martius!*" If I may append an aristocratic memory, also now antiquated and extinct, I recall the almost feudal splendour of the old Duke of Atholl's visit from time to time to the town, in coach and four, with its postilions, outriders, and postriders. His ancient pedigree, in his own eyes at all events, vindicated his claim to these semi-royal "progresses"—the greatest of the territorial magnates of Perthshire, chief of the Clan Murray, and last of the petty potentates of the kingdom, "Lord of Man and the Isles." There was at all events a no ordinary fascination to youthful spectators.

With the ecclesiastical entries that will largely occur in future pages, it would hardly do to omit mention of the clergymen of those early days, from whom were imbibed first impressions of pulpit teaching. Dr. Esdaile, of St. John's, was no orator. His sermons were off-hand, and delivered in a sing-song voice; but they were aided by a commanding presence. He was a man of scholarship, wide reading, and, from his *bonhomie* and conversation, a favourite in society. He seemed, from a story he told with great gusto, to be fully cognizant that the pulpit was not his *forte*. On one occasion, in preaching on the evening of the Communion Sunday for his friend Dr. Peters, of Dundee, he had come quickly from the vestry, and found himself in the midst of the crowd issuing from the main entrance. He overheard behind him the following dialogue:—

"Wasna' that Esdaile o' Perth that was preachin' the night?"

"Oh, no," was the rejoinder. "That wasna' Esdaile o' Perth. Esdaile o' Perth is a *clever* man."

* * * *

But I pass from one, good and able in his way, to another, better and more able still. The venue is now changed to the High School and University of Edinburgh. The High School of the Scottish capital had long maintained a reputation since the days of Dr. Adam; but its renown was never greater than under the benignant sway of Dr. Carson. No—I must recall my adjective. "Benignant" was not the appropriate characteristic, at all events till you came to know him. He was one of those strange, abnormal composites, not unfrequently encountered, with an apparently dual nature. He was the stern old Puritan—one side made up of conservatism and absolutism. All of us were ready to cross the street, when he was seen striding along, to evade his approach. But come near him,

and get ingratiated, and we subsided into reverence and love—the features relaxed, and the eye kindled. It was soon, or gradually, made manifest that the *suaviter in modo* was as conspicuous as the *fortiter in re*. Truth to say, the *fortiter* was all needed. He had a large and, in some ways, an unruly constituency. In the one year during which I enjoyed the privilege of being his scholar, the class numbered 160 boys. Though naturally and necessarily seldom “called up” to have our proficiency tested, owing to the numbers, we never dared cross the school threshold with slip-shod preparation. It was a great complicated machine wisely guided. A few class-fellows of that year became either conspicuous or prosperous in their subsequent walks in life. Among these I may mention Dr. George Wilson, as great in medical science as he was profoundly loyal to religious truth; John Blackwood, the able critic, head of the well-known house, and editor of *Maga*; Lord Gifford, a respected and cultured judge; and William Nelson, the dux of the class, and winner of the gold medal, afterwards the senior partner of publishers with now a world-wide reputation. Others need not be specified who acquired for themselves name and fame in the civil and military service of India, with memories of heroism in the last half-century’s “Story of the Great Dependency.” Two of them I remember specially mentioned at Sobraon and Chillianwallah. In a word, a distinctly new stimulus, never forgotten, ever gladly and ungrudgingly remembered, must be attributed to this typical Scotchman and ruler of men—Aglionby Ross Carson. Along with others, I may recall as a just tribute the line which was first read in his class-room:—

“Si spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.”

It was this year I had my earliest glimpse of *Monarchy*. This was in the person of Charles X., the day he left Holy-

rood after his protracted residence there. I went with my father that forenoon to Newhaven pier, where I saw the thin, spare, careworn exile on his way to embark on board the waiting steamer. Far more than half a century has since elapsed, but that shadow of departed greatness still remains a fixture in memory. He evoked that very special sympathy which never fails to be claimed for those who have seen "better times."

Two intermediate years were spent at a private academy—not exactly "stimulating" after its predecessor, but attendance at which was not in any material way to be regretted. The good man at its head exercised a wholesome influence in moulding religious feelings, and determining subsequent life-work. As such, I gratefully include him in my roll of worthies.

I may here introduce a small episode, interesting in its way:—

It was at that private school I made the friendship of a youth, who afterwards became, in his own walk, a distinguished man. In attending the mathematical class an acquaintance was picked up with a thoughtful-looking boy, who, despite of his poor appearance, had a kind if not well-modelled countenance, with something in it of latent genius. A genius, in a humble way, I discovered he was. If rightly informed, some of his lowly neighbours, I think, in a mining village, had discerned in the lad an early, precocious talent for drawing. As this, with the years of advancing boyhood, became more pronounced, they subscribed among themselves to allow him the advantage of some "classes" in Edinburgh, beyond what a remote country school could afford. I soon discovered his proclivities: and being then myself, as ever afterwards, a zealous *amateur* in the most fascinating of arts, I took an ardent personal interest in his advancement and success. His gratitude was of no ordinary kind at my being able

to secure one or two commissions for chalk portraits at a very modest remuneration. Many years had passed by—I forget how many—when one day, walking along Princes Street, some one tapped me on the shoulder with the query, “Do you remember me?” I was obliged to plead ignorance, and to acknowledge in the ordinary phrase that he “had the advantage of me.” I never for a moment recognised the old fellow-scholar of unobtrusive mien and appearance in the apparent stranger clad in unimpeachable if not resplendent fashion—far more affinity with Bond Street than with a humble haunt in Edinburgh. His name, however, at once settled the singular transformation; and it was another illustration of the familiar phrase, “Much has happened since then.”

“You recollect,” he said, with a twinkle of the old gratitude in his eye, “what I used to do in former years. You know, too, what I was glad to get for my work. If you have time, and if it would not trouble you, come with me to my hotel. I should like to show you what I can do now.”

“My hotel” sounded another unmistakable evidence of promotion, and this, moreover, was no ordinary hotel, but one of the best known in the city. The mystery of present appearance and lodging was soon explained, when he opened his portmanteau and exhibited its treasures. Yes, treasures indeed. Several glorious works of art, marvellous for their finish and beauty, their “pose” and glow of colour: works such as have never since been seen in miniature painting on ivory. They were portraits in what would now be called large cabinet size; and, if I can tax my memory, three-quarters length.

“You remember,” he remarked, with a beautiful modesty, in recalling early crude efforts, “how glad I was of five shillings. These bring me a hundred pounds.”

This was Robert Thorburn, then, or, if not then, shortly

afterwards, the Royal Academician, whose artistic powers were largely recognised and eagerly sought by the English aristocracy, not forgetting the Throne itself. All who have read the life of the Prince Consort (and who has not?) will see a grand specimen of his work, in the frontispiece, of Prince Albert in armour. Perfect in its transcript to black and white, as it adorns the initial page, it conveys a partial and inadequate idea, without the charm of colour, of what the original was and is—a treasured possession now among the Windsor sacred memories; in this case all the more cherished from its association, as being the birthday gift to the Queen from her royal husband.

I, after this, lost sight of my old friend in the crowd. I believe, as the penalty enacted for such exquisite but trying work, his eyesight began to be impaired. Photography, too, with its fractional cost, became a base and dangerous rival to the true art of the miniature painter. With few exceptions no man can be really great outside his own department. Partly from necessity, partly from choice, he took to oils and allegories. The result was failure: recalling Hogarth's, when in advanced life he migrated from comedy to Scripture subjects and monster canvases. Photography may have partially or wholly succeeded in its portrait triumphs, and driven the old ivory out of the field; but Robert Thorburn will always retain his niche in the British Art Temple.

I am proud, old friend, to find you in my pen gallery of portraits and notables.

A kindred genius amid the roll of distinguished Scottish artists may find here an appropriate place, to whom and to whose studio I was kindly introduced by a congenial acquaintance, who had learnt to appreciate, sooner than most, the rare, the daring genius of David Scott. Utterly lacking in the refinement of Thorburn, his grand rugged idealisms have followed me with a fascination all my life. The one

artist may be said to have had an affinity with Raphael; the other recalled, though often in crude form, the splendid masculine power of Michael Angelo. The largest, the very largest book in my library contains Scott's daring illustrations of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." The first day I saw him, he was working on his grotesque but striking picture of Shakespeare in the Globe Theatre. This wild, wilful, erratic child of genius, bold and characteristic in subject, sacred as well as secular, is thus described by a kindred prose-poet:—"The Ezekiel of painters, to whose eye the night of abstractions was clearer than the day of sensible appearances, who saw the sun standing still, who felt the earth revolving, to whom every island of semblance had fled away, and the mountains of conventionalism were 'no more found,' . . . an unearthly beauty (like that of a morning in another planet) from its ghastly grandeur."—*Dr. Gilfillan.*

III

UNIVERSITY LIFE AND EDINBURGH CELEBRITIES

THE University of Edinburgh had then, and more particularly in its medical schools, attained an honourable distinction which has since rather increased than diminished; and the four years of its art classes and art professors were not far behind in the race. Pillans, on whom Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," had conferred an unenviable name and notoriety, occupied the chair of Latin (or, as it was ambitiously called, of "Humanity"). Dunbar, of Greek Lexicon and participle fame, was not a very luminous expounder of Xenophon and Homer. Sir William Hamilton, heavy and awkward in gait and look, ruled as a metaphysical demi-god in the sphere of Logic. He was deep and profound, to the embarrassment of most of his students; worshipped by the few who had brains to comprehend the hardest worker in Edinburgh, who literally, in the prosecution of his literary labours, turned night into day. The keenness and continued use of the sword wrought inevitable havoc on the sheath. James Forbes, subsequently Principal of St. Andrew's, graced with his rare culture and courtesy the chair of Natural Philosophy. My elder brother was a distinguished student and favourite with this (in years) most juvenile of professors, yet erudite mathematician and accomplished scientist. We both (brothers) listened in the crowded Saturday class-room to those memorable and ingenious lectures on his original "glacier-theory" (the viscous one)—however that theory may have been questioned since—

also to a detailed narrative of his virgin ascent of the Jungfrau; both of which afterwards appeared in more permanent form, and will always be recognised among the classics alike of scientific and mountaineering literature. None of us will readily forget those social gatherings in his quaint old house, "The Dean," when the professor, with singular native grace, did his utmost, and with success, to make a winter evening alike pleasant and instructive. His further personal interest and kindness may have their record in a future page. John Wilson (Christopher North) was the brilliant figure-head of this vessel, freighted with ingenuous youth, dominating, in popularity at least, all his compeers. As an expounder of moral philosophy he was a failure. As Dr. Chalmers epigrammatically described him in his own broad dialect, "He is more of a poyet (poet) than a philosopher." Yet for all this, he was a very grand type of the *genus homo*, with his powerful face, bright complexion, kindling eye, and Jove-like mien. The class delighted in his enthusiasm, and were very tolerant of the scraps and jottings which guided him in many a rambling, though at times eloquent, extempore prelection.¹

Who can forget the tattered *toga virilis*—indeed, the *negligé* and *abandon* of the entire dress, in singular keeping with the rush and deshable of hap-hazard talk? But there was no mistaking it—he had won and fascinated all youthful hearts; and at the occasional great academic meetings of students and assembled *senatus*, he was ever

¹ He was himself very sensitive on these alleged shortcomings, but he could pay back his objectors with interest and invective. I remember that session a student had sent him a letter, expressing the private opinion that his lectures were very unsatisfactory! The professor pre-faced the lecture of the day thus:—"A gentleman here present has written me to say that my lectures are not up to his expectations—or rather that they are failures. I shall feel obliged to that gentleman if he will come, at the close of the hour, to my private room, and enlighten me on the subject of moral philosophy."

accorded, amid distinguished co-professors, an ovation all his own. If a bit of pardonable pride and vanity be condoned, the writer of these lines remembers Wilson's commendation of a juvenile effort of his on "*the Scottish Martyrs*." The verses were in themselves poor and limping enough, with every sign of immaturity. But the professor read several stanzas aloud, and his musical, silvery voice and *personnel* put rhythm and expression where these were innocently wanting. Wilson was the accredited patron of art as well as of letters, and gave great stimulus to it in the "Modern Athens," of which, for the time being, he was the Pericles. No memory of his familiar face and form is more vivid than when he was hurrying with nervous, martial step from the class down "the Mound," to get a whiff of genuine refreshment from the walls of the Scottish Academy. He was quick to discern and appreciate true merit. These were the years when in Scotland distinguished excellence in art was not wanting. It was before the rage for southern centralization had reached her, and tempted her best limners away to the Royal Academy of London, and to be within range of the bloated purses of millionaires. Wilson might be seen in those days absorbed over the canvases of such men as Thomas Duncan, George Harvey, Noël Paton, Douglas, and what I remember him well calling, "the rising genius of Horatio MacCulloch." The hour or half-hour, as it might be, completed, the final goal for the day was the inner shrine of *Maga*, in George Street.

The list of the Art Professors would be incomplete if I did not include George Moir, presiding over Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. Not "Delta," but a fellow-contributor to *Maga*, and quarterlies of equal distinction. He combined with the Professorship a rapid rise at the Scottish bar; and had he lived, a place on the bench would have been assured. Of all the classes during these four earlier years, this was

the one most relished and enjoyed. There was under a quiet, almost modest demeanour, an unmistakable power. He gave a rare insight into the literature of this and other countries. Thus, master of his theme, he occupied the appropriate *niche* in the Academic Temple. Then, what is always an encouraging and important factor in youthful aspiration, he was eminently reliable, even to fastidiousness, in the reading and criticism of his students' essays. No student required to subject him to the compromising test applied, it was said, with criminating results to other Professors not to be named, when leaves slightly gummed together were returned in the same affectionate terms of intimacy. I am not ashamed to avow that I worked in this class with a will, and that will was an unfeigned pleasure. I was gratified, moreover, with a substantial prize recognition. One valued occupant of my library is the Turner Edition of Milton's Works, in six volumes, handsomely bound. Some years afterwards, I trembled one Sunday in my own pulpit at St. Madoes, when I found the good, yet formidable man seated in the minister's pew.

Edinburgh was, during that decade, a literary, legal, theological focus, and maintained the celebrity of many previous years. Scott indeed, the Colossus of all, had lately passed away; but a brilliant coterie still survived. It would take too long to give *in extenso* the roll of honourable and distinguished names. President Hope was at the head of the College of Justice—a grenadier in height and in spirit; for my most vivid recollection of him is, not seated on the senator's chair, but at the military reviews in Bruntsfield Links. He was every inch a soldier by nature, though not by profession; at least beyond service in the local cohort of Volunteers. I think I see him—the "*sacra fames*" continued in old age—his tall, gaunt, muscular figure, portentous spectacles, broad-brimmed hat, and the distinctive appendage of a staff, which far exceeded the

dimensions of a walking-stick, resembling, save for its gold-headed top, a pastoral crook.¹

Then (adhering to the legal potentates of the day) there was Lord Moncrieff, of colossal form and mind, the staunch Presbyterian, and Elder of the National Church, who sat regularly as member in her annual Assembly till the fierce conflicts of subsequent years, which involved the legislative decisions of the civil court, necessitated his withdrawal from the lower, or, as some would prefer calling it, the spiritual arena. There was Francis Jeffrey, of *Edinburgh Review* celebrity, who to so many wielded, under that blue cover, the sword of an avenging angel. Who can forget him? As a mere youth I was impressed with his quick movements and eagle eye, as after the labours of the Parliament House, I often met him on the way to lovely and picturesque Craigcrook, his home in a hollow of the Corstorphine Hills; near the city, yet in an enviable seclusion of trees and meadows. How many men and women of literary fame passed that gateway! How many authors and authoresses had awaited with bated breath, from the shrine within, the utterances of that Delphic oracle! To add yet one more picturesque and unique figure. There was Lord Cockburn, hurrying—specially on Saturday—with impetuous haste to reach his home on the slope of the

¹ Other notabilities of the "Parliament House" had, like him, their distinct hobbies and crotchets, and would gratify them, however doubtful the taste, at any expense. One, well known, not endowed with the martial tastes of the Lord President, or, at all events, holding in a base sense the *decorum est pro patria mori*, had the most singular of ambitions—to witness executions.

"What! are you going off to-day?" said a friend, knowing the singularity of his likings, and seeing him ensconced inside the old Glasgow stage-coach of tardy locomotion. "I am surprised at your leaving Edinburgh."

"Why so?" was the rejoinder.

"Why! Because you are surely aware there is to be an execution to-morrow morning?"

"Yes. But there are to be two in Glasgow."

Pentlands, and where the gravity of the judge was exchanged for the wild vivacity and hilarity of the schoolboy. I remember, immediately after reading his charming "Memoirs," making a special pilgrimage to this ideal home, where I was able to realize, now his rambles over the adjoining green hill, now his "*Tityre tu patulæ*," etc., etc. He, too, was a typical Scotchman, whose idiosyncrasies will save him from oblivion. His love of country was as great as Sir Walter's, though unsung. It is hardly worth recording, but, as a boy, I had a strange, weird pleasure in going often to the Parliament House—specially when the whole judges were in session. The semi-circle of wig and ermine—embodiments of the "majesty of justice"—somehow singularly impressed and fascinated me, and the vision to this day lingers. Conspicuous is the venerable Lord President, with his goggle spectacles; Cockburn, with his dome-like head; and Jeffrey, with the aforesaid eagle eye. To visit the adjoining great Parliament "Hall" — the rendezvous of distinguished counsel and the promenade of young briefless barristers—was always irresistible. The wits of the Parliament House were unrivalled in those days. *Facile princeps* was "Peter," afterwards Lord Robertson. There was always a group gathered round to drink in his fun and frolic. The best of his *bon mots* and witticisms are too well known and remembered to be repeated, though they all sound poor and tame without the set-off of the man himself, the flexible contortions of his face, and the living tones of his voice. One small specimen I can give, from being present in my student days at a private gathering where he was. It was at the time of the General Assembly, several years before the disruption storm had burst. A well-known citizen had kindly invited me to this huge supper-party of ladies and gentlemen, in which was included many of the members of the Ecclesiastical Court.

It happened to be the evening in which an exciting case had occupied the "Fathers and Brethren" all day. It was a disputed settlement in a parish, the want, in Scottish phrase, of a unanimous "call" of the presentee to the parish of Dron, in Perthshire. The name and case were in the thoughts of the majority of those present. Robertson was noted as a singer of amusing extemporised rhapsodies. I believe his melody was singularly deficient. On this occasion his host asked him for a song. The request was rapturously, indeed unanimously, applauded. The song did *not* come; but he received the request with the following response, and then sat down: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am really astonished, after the proceedings of the General Assembly to-day, that there should be such a harmonious 'call to *Drone*.'"

How often it is that a constellation of genius appears simultaneously in the literary firmament! It was notably so at present. Theology had its brilliant galaxy as well as Jurisprudence. Personally—and specially with my future profession in view—I counted it a rare privilege that potentates were conspicuous also, alike in pulpit and Church court. The Sunday teaching was, week by week, looked forward to with delight. The ministry I most regularly enjoyed was that in the High Church of Edinburgh, now St. Giles' Cathedral, then a gloomy enough structure, with the one deaf precentor doing the duty of modern choir and organ, and who as frequently misled as led the congregation in music of Psalm and "paraphrase." But the pulpit redeemed the shortcomings of what an old beadle of an adjoining church profanely termed the "pre-leeminaries." Dr. Gordon and Dr. James Buchanan were colleagues. The former's appearance, voice, and manner were in themselves a sermon—solemn, dignified, impressive—only marred and mangled by what would be now an obsolete fashion on either side of the Tweed—the copious

use of the snuff-box at the close of the often stirring peroration.¹

Buchanan was equally impressive, more thoughtful and scholarly; quiet and unimpassioned; exhausting every subject he treated (so far as half an hour would admit) as I have never heard before or since. Dr. Candlish wielded his subtle analytic power in the fashionable congregation of St. George's. Interesting in the pulpit, he was, above all, unrivalled in debate. Without vouching for the soundness or unsoundness of his views, I feel assured that no deliberative assembly, from the House of Commons upwards or downwards, ever listened to such a whirlwind of declamatory power. And it was not the mere fervour of passion or platitude. Every "count" was reasoned out with consummate ability, and he never once halted or faltered in the delivery of his prolonged and complicated sentences. He was, in one sense, "in presence weak and in speech contemptible." An abnormal head on abnormal shoulders was still further compromised by a squeaking voice and an unpleasant burr. But, despite of Socratic unattractiveness, he was a man born to plead and born to rule. He could hold, without stint of time or patience, his audience spell-bound. He was the cleverest and most brilliant by far of the "disruption" celebrities.

Dr. Muir, of St. Stephen's, was another devoted minister of high-toned character, and to me a most kind friend. Dean Boyle in his "Recollections" thus speaks of him: "The whole atmosphere of the household was calm and

¹ Gordon's predecessor was the venerable and patriarchal Principal Baird. He was more distinguished for geniality and philanthropy than for pulpit gifts and graces. None knew this better than himself, and he did not grudge the greater popularity and acceptance of his junior colleague. The story is told of the good man, that a stranger one Sunday accosted him at his own church door with the question, "Who is the principal preacher here?" To which he replied, "If you come in the forenoon, you will hear the Principal preach; if you come in the afternoon, you will hear the principal preacher."

peaceful. He was a man of great dignity of manner, and his simple reverence in conducting family prayer made a deep impression. There was a gentle manliness, if I may so call it, about him. He managed his great parish and congregation for years with wonderful fidelity and success" (p. 30). The Dean vividly recalls one breakfast he had at Dr. Muir's. I have the happy memory of many breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners in the house of this true "father in God."

Dr. Guthrie had the most crowded of pews and passages in Old Grey Friars. What a mesmeric influence, to be sure, that true though rugged genius exercised, alike among the learned and unlearned, who enjoyed the privilege of his oratory and pathos! I stole every now and then from the accustomed fold to have my emotions roused—I may add, my memory stored, and, I trust, heart and life made better—with these astounding revelations of pulpit dynamics. He was not learned. Indeed, of learning and culture, in the true sense of the word, he was singularly destitute. He had little more than a smattering of science, as little as, I know from experience, he had of French and German, to say nothing of Latin and Greek. But he was by birth a Demosthenes. In figure he was gaunt and unwieldy; raven locks most unkempt; a hat ever innocent of the brush, not to descend to lower latitudes; dialect the broadest Doric of his native unlovely Forfarshire. Yet a face looked out from all these detracting accessories in which intellectual force, keenest sympathy, and genial humour alternately played. He lived some centuries too late; for he was the ideal Covenanter all over, and, indeed, boasted of martyr blood in his veins. My first introduction, as a student, to his private house was at once disarmed of everything formidable when, asking me to take a chair at the fireside of his study, he assumed the tranquillizing attitude of a long, lank leg and foot on each side of the

chimney-piece. So commenced an acquaintanceship which, despite other untoward sequences, was always genial. A note which I had preserved as a testimony of his friendliness and regard will be included in a future chapter.

It was in the great annual gatherings in the "Music Hall" that the champion of Ragged Schools, which he was well known to be, was seen and heard at his best. The music of that voice, in its transition from grave to gay, still lingers. In him there never seemed any incongruity in the *seria mixta jocos*. He managed with singular skill and adroitness the many-stringed instrument (I speak of the audience) on which he played. I recall one great meeting at the time when, during the sitting of Assembly, all Edinburgh was in fever-heat over the impending Church crisis. The Earl of Dalhousie—the future great Marquis and Proconsul of India—had, as a representative elder, just made on the floor of the house (I was there and heard it) an eloquent and vehement protest against what he deemed the suicidal vote of the previous day. He wound up his stirring words by declaring that the majority, by their antagonism to the carrying out of the declared law of the land, had "rung the knell of the Church of Scotland." Guthrie's whole soul was roused by this prophet and prophecy of evil. He treated with scorn the insinuation that his country's Church should fall. He wound up a long and characteristic speech in the wonted flexibility of voice—now melting into pathos, now rising into vehement climax—with the words, as nearly as I can remember them (for I was an auditor there also): "We have been told that 'the knell of the Church of Scotland has been rung.' Ring the knell of the Church of Scotland! The flax has not been sown; the rope has not been spun; the ore has not been dug; the bell has not been cast that will ring the knell of —" The conclusion of the sentence was drowned in an applauding hurricane. His

pathos in the pulpit was infectious—deeply moving and melting. “Where are you bound for?” said a friend to the late Lord Cockburn, as he was seen hastening up “the Mound” one Sunday forenoon. “I am gaun,” was the reply, “to hae a greet wi’ Guthrie.” The Doctor, in addition to his famous “Plea for Ragged Schools,” published, now and then, a volume of those rare discourses which had entranced so many with their luscious, perhaps some would say too luscious, and grandiloquent illustrations. They had an enormous sale, from which he profited largely. His earliest was a series of sermons from the Book of Ezekiel. He was fond of travel, and, with his limited stipend and family responsibilities, it was matter of wonder how he was able to cope with the expense of these Continental outings. “How, Doctor, do you manage to go?” Answer, “*On the wings of Ezekiel.*” From what I have already said, it will be believed that the power of the man’s personality was greater far than that of his pen.¹

Of the many Scottish orators I have heard, taking him all in all, Guthrie, along with Dr. Duff, the Indian missionary, with a very different rush and avalanche of stirring appeal, were the greatest.

No! I must reserve, for the last, one conspicuously

¹ I may here put in a note a recollection, which has just flashed across me, as to the ever-ready adaptation of his drollery to circumstances. At a meeting (I really forget when or where) he was making an appeal on a purely Scottish object to the world-wide patriotism of his fellow-countrymen, and thus he began: ‘I was going along a street in the west end of Edinburgh some time ago, when a lad with a creel in his arm lifted out of it a handful of shrimps; and knowing me and my north-country likings, supported his anxiety for me to become a purchaser with the recommendation, ‘Fine Scotch shrimps, sir! fine Scotch shrimps!’

“‘Scotch shrimps! you young rascal; there is no such thing here.’

“‘They *are* Scotch shrimps,’ was the persistent rejoinder. ‘See how they all stick to one another.’”

The success of this prologue, and delivered as he alone could do it, was immediate.

See “In Memoriam,” lines on Dr. Guthrie, chap. xviii.

greater. That one, I need hardly say, was Dr. Chalmers, my revered and beloved Professor of Divinity for three subsequent years. It would be difficult to define and measure by any ordinary test or analysis the secret of the influence of this wonderful man, with his stolid countenance, his dreamy, lack-lustre eye; his heavy, clumsy gait, helped by a familiar pilgrim-staff. Let the reader, however, imagine what must have been the mesmeric power of this Scottish Boanerges, when on one occasion a whole congregation, under the irresistible spell, in the midst of a sermon in Glasgow, sprung to their feet, and owned thus the triumph of one marvellous human soul and voice! I have often heard him in Presbytery and General Assembly as another "*nascitur non fit*" of men. He had a singular deficiency in the art of *extempore* utterance. He was much dependent on those notes—shorthand hieroglyphics—of which he was the alone interpreter. But voice, manner, earnestness, enthusiasm, even pilgrim-staff, and spectacles, and broad dialect, and the eye, abjuring for the time its dreaminess, all came to his aid. He had many compeers, but to him, without a dissentient voice, was conceded the chief niche in the Scottish Temple of clerical fame. He used to speak with humorous contempt of "pulpiteers"; but in the best sense of the ambiguous word he dominated them all.¹ Perhaps the most memorable of his pulpit appearances I can recall, was at the Sunday opening of the new, and then suburban, "Dean Church" in Edinburgh. The day was a red letter one in the scientific world. For on that same afternoon was to take place a total eclipse of

¹ Amid a host of testimonies to his supremacy as a preacher, take an extract from a letter to himself from one of the greatest of pulpit orators—Robert Hall: "The attention which your sermons have excited is probably unequalled in modern literature: and it must be a delightful reflection that you are advancing the cause of religion in innumerable multitudes of your fellow-creatures, whose faces you will never behold till the last day."

the sun. The text had little connection with this solar marvel. It was rather on the theme which above all others, whether in the heavens or the earth, was dearest to the heart of Chalmers. "*And the common people heard him gladly.*" Near the pulpit sat, as an admiring listener, Professor James Forbes. He was drawn, doubtless, among the crowd, partly from his reverence for the Father of his *Senatus*, partly also from some expectation of reference to the impending natural phenomenon. For he well knew, as we all did, that Chalmers in his earlier days, and specially in his Fife Manse, had been an enthusiastic amateur in astronomy, an enthusiasm which had afterwards an escape-valve in his famous "Glasgow Astronomical Sermons," of all his numerous published works the likeliest to live. Nor was the Dean audience, on the occasion referred to, disappointed. The inevitable "collection," at the close of the service, had first to be made, and for this purpose the crowded, wedged-in passages had to be cleared. The Christian Philosopher and Scientist, however, was not to be baffled or cheated of his contemplated secular *addenda*. In his blunt, improvised way, he called out to the retiring crowd who were clearing a way for "the ladles":—

"My friends, I want you all to come back again, as I have something to speak about before the congregation is dispersed."

Back, at his bidding, came the reflux wave. Enough to say, we were all of us the better prepared, a couple of hours after, for the use of our pieces of smoked glass, and for a more intelligent contemplation of the marvel. He dwelt specially and admiringly, if I remember rightly, on the triumph of the astronomer in registering and predicting, with such unfailing accuracy, the minute, the second, for the commencement and close of the celestial occurrence. I may, a few pages further on, be tempted to revert to

Chalmers' magnetic influence as a Professor. Suffice it to observe that this supremely human, unconventional man derived much of his power from his own faith in the transforming influences of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to solve the great social and economic problems of the age. In width of view he was a cosmopolitan. As Norman Macleod said of him, "he belongs to Christendom," or with a still finer touch, at the time of his death, while others were indulging in vapid platitudes regarding the great man just departed, the same kindred genius in a single quaint thought spoke of his unresting spirit going up straight to the Throne of Heaven and asking: "Any more worlds to evangelise?"

While on the theme of Edinburgh Ecclesiastics, I may note in a sentence, that what in after years developed into the "Broad Church," "rationalistic theology," "advanced school," or whatever it may be called, was in these days completely unknown. The Scottish *perfervidum* took other directions. Colenso's books and confounding theories; Renan's dangerous though fascinating idylls were unborn. Darwin and evolution were also a future revelation. Some small volumes, among which "Vestiges of Creation" was the main aggressor, stirred a ripple on the waters, only to resume the conservative calm in press and pulpit. Old Scottish traditions—creed and ritual—were lovingly cherished. The Church "standards" were as passionately clung to by all Presbyterian sections as the Anglican clings to his Prayer-Book. In the eyes of many, their authority—their "inspiration"—was on a par with the Bible. Indeed, more than one D.D. of reverence and repute might be credited with the alleged saying, that the original draft of the "Confession of Faith," and "The Larger and Shorter Catechisms" were the special *parchments* which St. Paul wished Timothy to bring with him from Troas!

These were the times when, like other youth, I was deep in the fascination of Sir Walter Scott's novels; and "Guy Mannering," with its *dramatis personæ*, exercised a special bewitchment. Imagine my innocent delight when a kind military man, a major in Her Majesty's service and a laird of Tweedside, invited me to dinner to meet *Dominie Sampson*! It was only too delightful. But there, to be sure, he was,—“Geordie Thomson,” and no mistake, wooden leg and all, thudding in somewhat restless fashion along the drawing-room floor preliminary to the “anticipated feast”; the same wooden appendage, I could not help recalling, which had beat time in the ball-room at Abbotsford on the occasion of the heir's marriage festivities. I could well understand how the Wizard of the North was drawn to so unique a personation, giving him a memory all the world over; and to one word in the English vocabulary (“prodigious”!) a specially enduring fame. It is well known that Thomson was, owing, I daresay, much to this bodily misfortune, one of the unsuccessful aspirants to the Scottish pulpit, although this did not prevent him, at all events in his earlier days, from officiating from time to time as a preacher. On one occasion (I have the story from one of my oldest and most reliable friends) the wooden leg, or stick, proved a difficulty,—in the literal sense of the word an *impediment*. He found himself, one Sunday, about to ascend a very high pulpit by a very straight, narrow stair. As any one knows, such a wooden protuberance, and specially in the case of one of Thomson's stalwart dimensions, in order to be workable required to describe a semicircle, or ellipse. This was incompatible with the width and railing of the stair in question. The Dominie soon, and in the only way practicable, solved the difficulty *coram* the congregation. He sat down on the lower step, unscrewed the wooden substitute, got up the ascent as best he could manage, carrying the wooden difficulty with him;

then, rescrowing it in the pulpit, and conscious of a material and moral triumph over difficulties, he proceeded with the service.¹

I have sought, in rather rambling fashion, to record a few of my own reminiscences of Edinburgh society in my youthful days, and especially of its *literati* (I do not include the Dominie!). It would surely be unchivalrous to omit the mention of any gifted female stars among these male "first magnitudes." The firmament is now crowded with quite a bright and distinguished galaxy of authoresses. It was different in these earlier decades. I can, indeed, recall no one save the familiar face and figure of Miss Catherine Sinclair, whose novels created a little stir all their own in the West End circles. She was one of the seven daughters of as sturdy a patriot as Scotland ever had—Sir John Sinclair, of Ulbster. This "sept" of ladies were abnormally tall—said to be seven feet each. So that the Baronet Father used to boast of forty-nine feet of daughters, while the pavement in front of his house in George Street rejoiced in the name of "The Giant's Causeway." But they were all as good as they were "great."

I was gratified, and have not to this day forgotten, the kindness of an Edinburgh physician inviting me in my student days to meet—and that all alone—at dinner the venerable poet James Montgomery, some of whose verses, sacred and secular, will live with the English language. His patriarchal appearance and rich flow of talk retain strong hold on my recollection. I have often recalled how his singularly Christian mind was led, somehow or other,

¹ I cannot recall any such specific allusions on the occasion of meeting him at aforesaid dinner. But here are Sir Walter's own words in one of his "familiar letters": "George Thomson said grace yesterday, and gave us it like a tether, not forgetting something about the dominion which was given us over the fowls of the air and beasts of the field, which was a kind of apology for the business of the day" (the Abbotsford hunt).—"Scott's Familiar Letters," vol. ii. p. 220.

in course of varied conversation, to dwell on that sublime passage in the seventh chapter of Revelation. the multitude "clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands." He invested the whole vision of the "Eagle Evangelist" with a graphic beauty and power, which the touch of devout genius alone could give.

About the same time I was privileged to hear speak, as chairman, Thomas Campbell, of the "Pleasures of Hope." They were both distinguished men and poets. But there is no doubt who laid most hold upon me; though I knew the latter's best lyrics and battle-songs, also "Gertrude of Wyoming," almost by heart.

I may just here append—though the transition is an abrupt one—that the devotional book most serviceable to me at this time, and for which partiality was long maintained, was "Doddridge's Rise and Progress": a quickening treatise, not so well known and appreciated now as it ought to be.

IV

A CATASTROPHE

AMONG the roll-call of "the good," which this volume professes to be, a very tender name and history must here find a place.

It was at the end of the four years' study at the art classes of the University, that the first great crisis of our family life occurred. A calamity too painful save on the rarest occasions to be recalled, involved with many sad accompaniments, the loss of a beloved sister at the age of twelve years. The event at the time created a great sensation : though like many similar appalling incidents, it has long ago passed into the land of forgetfulness. The circumstances, to me and mine ever fresh and tragical, were these. In returning as was our wont, from our summer and autumn home in Perthshire, we were in the habit of taking so many seats, outside and in the public coach which reached Edinburgh by the Firth of Forth at Queensferry, now spanned by the great engineering triumph of the century. The steamer had safely crossed ; and the empty conveyance with the four horses was waiting at the south pier for the passengers. My father and some of my brothers were standing by, while my mother along with an old and faithful nurse and the dear child had taken their places inside the coach. No strapper unfortunately (culpably) was at the horses' heads. Some sheep which came bounding out of the steamer startled the team. Before any help could be rendered, they took fright, and plunged over the pier into the sea, dragging the coach with them. Both nurse

and daughter were drowned—the dear mother making a miraculous escape: indeed in that frightful imprisonment, only getting breath, as she stood up by the opened window, in the undulation of the waves. Our broken-hearted father, who saw the pride of his life perishing before his eyes without the possibility of rescue, I believe never recovered the stroke; he died three years after. An indelible memory of my own was going next night after the calamity to see the driver of the coach. I had heard he was in an agony of distress. It was quite the case. I found with difficulty his poor lodging. He was in bed, literally tossing in anguish.

It would not be right to dismiss this terrible episode without reference to a most gracious Providence; let me call it rather by its right name, a singular work of grace, in relation to the sister whom I have well called “Beloved.” Say what scoffing and sceptic lips may, our Heavenly Father has often His own means and seasons of preparation for the supreme hour. It was so in the present case. In several of my future published volumes the somewhat singular expression occurs (it had its first use now), “He transfigured her before He glorified her.” These specially remarkable closing experiences of a life replete with love and goodness are too sacred to be transcribed here. My mother retained a full narrative of them to the last among her most cherished treasures.

How in such times and incidents the very face and aspect of outer nature fixes itself in the memory! The evening of the day preceding her departure was one of those which Scotland, with her long “gloamin’,” claims as her own. As the sun was sinking, the azure of the sky was unbroken by a cloud. To one who in eye and heart had a keen sense of the beautiful, golden patches of light relieved the sombre outline of the distant Grampian range. The harvest fields, then waving with plenty, had in the forenoon presented a

scene of animation ; but the labourers had now gone home, and left silence behind them. There was a parable in that sunset which the morrow was too sadly to interpret.

“ There was a soul on eve autumnal sailing,
Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Toward the land of sunset never paling,
Towards heaven's sea of stars :
Behind there was *a wake of billows tossing* ;
Before, a glory lay ;
O happy soul ! with all sail set, just crossing
Into the far away.
The glooms and gleams, the calmness and the strife
Were *death* behind thee and before thee *LIFE* ! ”

The morning was busied with arrangements for her journey. I never saw her more. Impressive and solemnizing was it that in opening the little bag she clutched in her dead hand, the only book discovered in it was one entitled, “ Preparation for Death,” which she had procured three days before at the Perthshire Tract Society.

Here are the few words which closed the sermon of her esteemed Edinburgh clergyman (Tolbooth), who knew her well and prized her worth. It was his own first appearance in his pulpit after a protracted illness.

“ Since I last addressed you death has been busy, and not a few endeared to us by cherished ties have left vacant places in these pews. Some of the aged, some of the vigorous and strong have been cut down ; and even the lambs of Christ's flock have not escaped. There are two who stand united and associated by contrast and similarity who have been taken away. The one an aged parent a considerable time ago removed, more than three score and ten years old ; living to God, and adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. The other a child, scarce mid-way between infancy and womanhood, arrested in the bloom of health while on her way to an earthly home, and

translated in the twinkling of an eye to her Father's house. As it respects the one, she was cut off as a shock of corn in its season ; the other, as respects the love and hope with all the concomitant graces of God, died an hundred years old."

Her grave is in the family burying-ground, under an old archway, in the historic Greyfriars churchyard of Edinburgh.

Can it be wondered at, that ever since that sad date and catastrophe, I have had an unconquerable dislike to the sea ? Others I know glory and delight in it. Its melancholy monotonous moanings revive always to me a dismal memory. I can understand well the feeling of Mrs. Barrett Browning after the mournful fate of her companion-brother in the bay at Torquay. Writing to Miss Mitford, she says, "The sea beating on the shore sounded to me as a dirge."

I have expanded, perhaps more than was needful, references to a lovely life and early death, because these exercised above everything else the most quickening influences on my own spirit and that of others. It was altogether *the* momentous event—the crisis hour of young existence. The "force" was abiding.

It may not be out of place here to append, that at this time (a year or two before and a year or two afterwards) I was much interested in Sunday School teaching : especially in the large and flourishing school connected with St. Stephen's Church. A great attraction was the brotherhood of teachers there—some conspicuous alike for goodness, worth and culture.¹ The neighbourhood was poor, but not abjectly so. Indeed, those instructed contrasted pleasantly with my previous experiences in the slums and "closes" of the High Street, where similar assemblages

¹ Among these was Mr. Samuel Halkett, the well-known linguist, who afterwards, in order to enable him to carry on his studies, obtained the position of librarian of the Advocates' Library.

were tumultuous and unruly; often indeed in a state of riotous mutiny. It is quite worth recording (in somewhat sad accord with the previous pages), that in my class of young boys in St. Stephen's (within a dozen altogether), there was one of peculiarly thoughtful countenance and inquiring intelligence, though he had not yet entered on his teens. This fascinating youth became afterwards one of the most brilliant and best-known scholars in Oxford—George Luke. His father kept a small shop in a third-rate street close by, affording however to give his son a substantial education; and a bursary at one of the Universities (I presume, Glasgow) afterwards lifted him to the position he adorned, when a sudden and lamentable catastrophe (drowned by an accident) put an end to a life and work of highest value. Dean Stanley, in the Abbey, pronounced one of his touching panegyrics on the death of his favourite pupil. Another of his friends and fellow-students, Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, thus speaks of him (*Good Words*, 1891): "Our great scholar was George Rankine Luke, at once the purest and most commanding spirit among his contemporaries, whose drowning in the Isis, in 1852, hurried from Christ Church, Oxford, one who might have been one of her most illustrious Deans."

V

DIVINITY PROFESSORS. THE CONTINENT

THE public sympathy, as already noted, in the bereavement spoken of in the last chapter was deep and universal. But I often like to recall particularly that of Dr. Chalmers, when, little more than a month after, he enrolled my name among the students of the Divinity Hall. I always deemed it the reason of much tender consideration received ever after at the hands of one who was as lovable and good as he was intellectually great. Others would have been reticent on so deep a sorrow. But it seemed to be a characteristic of this Great-Heart—that he could never meet his young student in private, without some direct or indirect reference to the association connected with their first interview.

Without detracting by one iota from my devotion for this grandest (ecclesiastical) personality of the age, it is, nevertheless, my deliberate verdict that Dr. Chalmers was greater in pulpit and church court than in the Divinity chair. He was not erudite. He was far from conversant, in a scholarly sense, with Greek exegesis and systematic theology. Add to this, the literary stores and resources that might have been made available for the course of lectures, had already been somewhat unfortunately used up—incorporated in his published volumes on “Natural Theology” and “The Evidences.” He was becoming, moreover, dangerously absorbed, to the injury of his work and reputation as a Professor, in Church politics. He was the leader alike of “Highland” and “Lowland” hosts in “the Ten Years’ Conflict”; a prominence in the ranks of battle

thrust upon him, which he would willingly have delegated to others. But these others knew his value—that his name was a tower of strength to their cause. His one, his great *forte*, as the leader of ingenuous youth, was his enthusiasm. He was the man of all others to kindle the torch. One of Oxford's ripest scholars was asked why he always went to hear the late Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, when he came to preach in the University (Dr. Fraser having no pretension to learning). The reply was, "We go to hear Fraser, not for *information* but for *inspiration*. *He is an inspiring man.*" This was eminently descriptive of Chalmers. It was his contagious "enthusiasm for humanity" that invested him in the eyes of students, as well as congregations, broad Scotland over, classes and masses alike, with the admiring reverence assigned to one of the old prophets of Israel. Let me recall the genial evenings in the well-known house in Inverleith Row, with their memories of converse and song; yes, even though the worthy man's own equivocal verdict on music was, that "he liked it as well as any other din." But the din he bore with philosophic composure, for the sake of those who had a different estimate. "I think, Doctor, it is time to have prayers now," said a foolish fellow, in my hearing, who ventured thus to regulate the proceedings of one of these evenings. His host administered the most gentle of retaliations on this impertinent breach of good manners: "We'll have the music first, Mr. Doubleday." He was ever tolerant in his criticism on the wordy and inflated sermons of his students which he was doomed to read. In these, as may be supposed, redundant adjectives and pedantic phrases often largely preponderated. Truth to say, however, he was the last to exercise severity on these sins; for he was himself a conspicuous culprit. His magnificent verbiage often expanded into the ridiculous. It was the infirmity of a noble mind, the impossibility of

saying simple things simply. A clerical friend, so I was told once asked him to address a small week-day meeting composed mainly of illiterate folk in a country parish in the neighbourhood of my own. The former was fully alive to the short-comings, or rather large-comings, of his distinguished visitor; that in all likelihood, if he failed to give him a previous caution, he would perplex the primitive audience with big words, and soar to regions beyond their comprehension. Nor had he been mistaken. For the opening sentence, telling them in his own way the needful hint of their pastor, was to the following effect: "My friends, I have been asked, to-night, to avoid in my address to you the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology."¹

In speaking of the Divinity Hall, in connection with the future work of the ministry, it may be well here to intersperse a reference to the Students' Missionary Association, which met every Saturday morning in Dr. Chalmers' room in the University. This was by no means confined to candidates for the Church, but was considerably attended by students from the art classes. It was another of the formative and stimulating "forces" of these eventful days. I can recall many members who have left their mark either in memory, or in public life, or in the mission field. There was James Halley—the most distinguished scholar of his day in Glasgow college, who was the fellow-student of the great and good Archbishop, and proudly known as "the man who beat Tait." There was Hewitson—the Edinburgh

¹ There was something unique in his dialect of broad Doric, coupled with the peculiar brogue of Fife. I may recall an incident. He knew my weakness for art; and one day summoned me into his private room in college, entrusting me with getting subscriptions to secure, for the theological library, a copy of David Robert's well-known volume of coloured illustrations "Egypt and Palestine." (It was just out.) He headed the list with his two guineas; and was as enthusiastic on this small as on much larger matters. He was greatly pleased with the alacrity of the response on the part of other subscribers. "I have a great veillie (value) for the work."

Medallist, whose almost angelic countenance and saintly speech none can forget who were familiar with them.¹ There was the cultured and warm-hearted James Hamilton, afterwards of Regent Square Church, in London. There was Andrew Bonar, afterwards of Glasgow, an outstanding Hebraist; there was Edwards of Breslau; Murray Mitchell, Braidwood, and Fraser—all known names since, in the India Mission Field; Campbell, now in Australia; Muir of Dalmeny, and Playfair of Abercorn: a noble band of brothers who had unfurled their banner with the motto, "The field is the world."

The other two Divinity Professors were Dr. Brunton, a gentlemanly and courteous Rabbi of the old school who imparted to us a smattering of unpointed Hebrew; and Dr. Welsh, who subsequently, as Moderator, led that long file of conscientious martyrs from St. Andrews to Canonmills, and constituted then and there the first General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The latter, the Professor of Church History, was cultured; his lectures learned and edifying. From him I received the first impulse to many pleasant subsequent travels—travels which, during all my life, formed a supreme enjoyment, enabling me to make the acquaintance of "all sorts and conditions" of countries as well as "of men,"—opening a new library to me, and this to an extent with which few of my contemporaries were favoured.

It was appropriate to a Professor of Church History to suggest a pilgrimage to *the Waldensian Valleys*—the home of the Vaudois and of the ancient Vaudois Church. An interest had been, comparatively recently, excited in these by the published volumes of Dr. Gilly, Vicar of Norham. This interest was first created by his life of Felix Neff, the

¹ A long subsequent tribute :—"Heard of Mr. Hewetson's death. How blessed are they who walk with God! I feel as if few of such were now left. What a consciousness there was in him of the realised presence of God!"—"Diary and Letters of Dr. A. Bonar," p. 147 (1893).

self-sacrificing "apostle" among the villages and Alps of Dauphiné; and a larger work on the church of the adjoining Italian valleys. A most congenial and life-long friend, David Playfair, subsequently minister of the beautiful parish of Abercorn, agreed to be my companion in a three months' ramble. Our central point was to be these aforementioned valleys, but radiating elsewhere at sweet will in our abundant leisure—to use an expression of Dr. Chalmers—"abandoning ourselves to miscellaneous impulses."

Let me insert a pleasant outset reminiscence. I had reached London alone on an early week of June, and had gone one day, between five and six o'clock, to Hyde Park, to see the "fashionables" in their afternoon drive. While sauntering in the crowd, I heard behind me a familiar voice. It was, to my surprise, that of Professor Forbes. To this hour I remember how he accosted me:—

"So you are come to see the most astonishing sight in Europe." "Yes," he continued, "I have been in most of the great cities of the Continent. There is much of sameness in their remarkable objects—I mean buildings—their churches, cathedrals, and monuments. But this before us is absolutely unique. Elsewhere you can see nothing like it,—the assemblage of wealth and aristocracy."

"But," he broke off, spying some symbols of travelling, "where are you going?"

"With a friend to have a continental tour of three months; and," I added, "our special object is to visit the Waldensian Valleys. Do you happen to know them?"

"Oh! yes," he said, "the Valleys of Savoy. I know them well: very familiar ground to me. And how are you to occupy yourselves before and after?"

My reply was that, with this as our specific object, our route was in other respects somewhat undefined. We were to be guided by circumstances.

"Come and breakfast with me in my lodgings to-morrow; and if you will allow me, I shall make out a full route for you, and give you some hints that may be serviceable."

To breakfast I accordingly went, and immediately thereafter, with exceeding kindness, he wrote out eight pages of directions. These were kept sacredly in my pocket throughout our journeyings; every line and suggestion were scrupulously followed from first to last without deviation. I retain to this day as a valued relic the thumbed and tattered "Itinerary," which served very essentially to make our tour a complete one. He was still engrossed with his "glacier theory"; and in giving circumstantials about Chamounix he exacted, as his only payment, to take note of some experiments in the *Mer de Glace* on the way to the "*Jardin*,"—a debt, I fear, we were able very poorly to discharge. Was it to brace for the Continent that the same good friend took me with him in the evening to the House of Lords, where I was very fortunate in hearing Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Duncannon, Normanby, Brougham, and the Bishops of Winchester and Lichfield.

Our travelling arrangements were soon completed, and passports secured. We had been supplied with a few important letters of introduction. Conspicuous among these was one from Dr. Gilly to his Waldensian friends, itself a passport, as we afterwards found, to every commune of the Vaudois—also one from a University friend, Mr. Giraud (medical student), a descendant of the Waldensian historian Leger. I provided myself with a journal-book, which was faithfully kept and copiously illustrated in my own rough, inartistic way, with pen and ink drawings. The ponderous volume—all the time a *pocket* companion—added not a little to the fatigue of formidable pedestrian feats. But I had no cause afterwards to lament being for the time thus sorely handicapped. It enabled me often, in after years,

to re-traverse in thought many a delightful day and hour.¹

One other addendum pertinent to this chapter. A portion of the Valleys was visited, thirty-three years after, in company with my wife, daughter, and niece, on our return from Rome. My earlier delightful impressions of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery were by no means lessened owing to the time that had intervened. One spot, which we had previously omitted, we were enabled on this latter occasion to visit—one of their famous Vaudois strongholds—the Pra del Tor. It was approached by the “Ille Angulus,”² the Val Angrogna; and as we neared it, birches, as lovely as the familiar ones in Killiecrankie, wept and waved in the picturesque gorge. A beautiful little modern church, mainly designed by a relative of my own, now crowns the classic rock. The return that evening, though made on the backs of rough horses, will not readily be forgotten. The ladies of my party were much amused at more than one detour I made, from the mule-path, to select a site for a permanent future home on one of the exquisite knolls of Angrogna! It was really at the time with me no idle frolic. A very little domestic encouragement would have converted the fond dream into a reality. But prose, I feel well assured, happily got the better of poetry; though I am not sorry in these fugitive lines to write this “In Memoriam.”

¹ The localities visited on this occasion, and associated with the heroic struggles of the Vaudois, are described in the little tale written after returning home—“The Exiles of Lucerna.” Though the writer’s earliest attempt at authorship, it gives a graphic enough rendering of these historical scenes.—ED.

² “Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridat.”—*Hor. Ode*, ii. 6.

VI

1841

TOUR IN ENGLAND

It is the well-known saying of Dr. Johnson, that "the most charming thing in the world is to loll in a post-chaise."

I was about to have this luxury, and more than this. Let me tell how:

One of the most cultured and delightful men of the Sir Walter Scott era—a friend of Sir Walter's, of Murray of Simprim, *et hoc genus omne*; a member of the Scottish Bar, a *littérateur* and man of ample and independent fortune, became by a happy accident my most kind and ever afterwards faithful friend—my Mæcenas,—Mr. Glassford of Dugalston. He was quite in advanced life, dressed like a bishop, in superfine black, *minus* the apron, with black irreproachable gaiters, and a cut-away coat, also with an approximation to the clerical order. He was emphatically in appearance and manner of the old school of polished gentlemen, a nature and breeding incapable of discourtesy; and though exceeding the Psalmist's life-limit, mentally vigorous as in his best days, with retentive memory and full of ready repartee. He had mixed with the best social life of Scotland; and though still enjoying the survival of troops of friends, he had reached the period when quietude was acceptable, and he lived in Edinburgh in leisured retirement. He was in the habit of spending a long annual holiday, generally in England;

and a lovely boy of nine or ten years of age, whom he had adopted, accompanied him in this yearly ramble. He asked a mutual friend if he knew of any young man who would not be disinclined to take a seat with him in his travelling carriage, and who would at the same time share with him the very small responsibilities connected with supervising his young *protégé*. The friend I speak of—a near estimable neighbour—was kind enough to mention my name, and I must ever owe him (alas! now in memory) a debt of gratitude for one of the greatest treats of my life, afterwards a very storehouse of memories—all delightful. Mr. G—— at once informed me that it really mattered to him little in what directions he went, save a few visits here and there he wished to pay, so that with his better counsel on scenes new to me, but all familiar to him, a long and diversified journey through England from north to south was planned out, subject to modification or expansion as we proceeded. Mr. G—— had his private servant, along with whom the “young charge” invariably occupied the rumble, leaving his “grandfather” (as he called him) and myself to enjoy Dr. Johnson’s *ne plus ultra*. I must not forget that really and in truth he very much arranged and carried out his programme to permit indulgence in my then favourite recreation—a recreation which the photography of modern days has unhappily superseded—pencil-drawing. The dear old man left me in possession of many an hour with my “B.B’s.” and “H.H’s.” and “H.B’s.”, taking a kindly interest in these recorded reminiscences, both in their progress and completion. They survive to this hour, and are often pleasantly scanned, more for his sake than for their own value. The travelling carriage—rather a ponderous one—was transported in the same steamer with ourselves from Greenock to Liverpool on August 10. I shall never forget that early forenoon, when the forest of masts disclosed themselves from our

landing-place on the Mersey. It so happened that on my mother's death, letters written from time to time on this expedition, in themselves of the most hurried and fugitive kind (mere journal-jottings never destined to survive one hour, not to speak of half a century), were found to have been preserved, and were returned to me. From them I may venture to cull a number of extracts. These regions have greatly changed within half a century, and some of the changes it may not be uninteresting to note. Many a rural scene then, is a "loud, stunning tide" now. While in other things

"Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be."

Familiar to many, to most, the localities here visited and described doubtless are. But in the matter of scenery I always think the old adage can never be applied—"Familiarity breeds contempt." I for one like, indeed with an ever fresh relish, to re-traverse in thought places endeared by recollection. Whatever is worth seeing can never be vulgarised by repetition, either of visit or description. It has "infinite variety," like the charm of Desdemona, which "custom can never stale." Let the reader then forgive the innocent pratings and impressions of a young pilgrim, telling in the simplest of words how "merrie England" looked half a century ago.

Among the various sights explored in Liverpool, the one of all others which seems to have made the liveliest impression is doubtless well known. Here are my youthful lucubrations :

"The Exchange and the noble monument to Nelson. The latter is a triumph of art—I believe Westmacott is the sculptor. The principal figure in the group is of course the great naval hero, one of his feet planted on a cannon, the other trampling on a vanquished enemy. He is himself

just in the act of falling, with his eye uplifted to Victory, and receiving from her a wreath of laurel. The hand of Death—a muffled figure at his side—is grasping his heart. The four models of captives, bound in chains, surrounding the pedestal, form perhaps the finest part of the design. Could any life and death be more impressively told?”

“*Thursday morning.*—After visiting the cemetery, we crossed the Mersey by steam to Birkenhead, and thence posted through a beautiful country to Parkgate, on the Cheshire coast, and on the estuary of the Dee. Called on General Beckwith, brother to Sir Sidney Beckwith, one of our uncle’s fellow-officers in the Rifle Brigade. The Parkgate member of the martial family is a veteran of eighty, yet astir every morning at five o’clock for his ride. After sitting with him for a time, we were ushered up to the drawing-room, where we found Mrs. Beckwith, her three daughters, and an only son, the latter just about to join the old Brigade.”

“*Saturday.*—This morning after breakfast we posted to Chester, a distance of twelve miles, through a richly cultivated part of Cheshire. Chester is almost, if not altogether, the most ancient city in England, originally built by the Romans. I enjoyed much its old walls, which are tolerably entire. The arcades are still more singular remains of antiquity.” Cathedral, etc., etc., are then described. “An hour and a half was all the time we could afford at this interesting place, and our drive was continued to Holywell, a distance of seventeen miles. The busy little town owes its existence to a spring which drives several large mills. The remains of some carving, belonging originally to a singular Catholic chapel, still surrounds the fountain. It was long supposed to contain an infallible cure for many diseases, and the crutches of the devotees may still be seen suspended from the roof, like those we saw in the Notre Dame in Lyons, as votive offerings for signal deliverance.



(See p. 57.)

CONWAY CASTLE.
From a pencil drawing by Dr. MACDUFF.

Posted in the evening to St. Asaph (twelve miles). The summit above Holywell commands a noble prospect of the meadows of Cheshire and Lancashire—the mountains of Wales to our right—in front, the estuary of the Dee and the Mersey, with Liverpool. To our left the slopes of Flintshire, terminated about a mile from us by the blue waters of the Irish Sea with the cliffs of the Isle of Man. Here we encountered Lord Willoughby D'Eresby and party, in a couple of coaches, returning from his seat in Wales. The country assumed a more pastoral, but not less pleasing form. We skirted considerable commons stocked with donkeys, pigs, and geese. The national dress and manners, too, of Wales began to appear. The people in passing, men and women, made their obeisance. The latter convey their commodities, of whatever kind, in tin pitchers on their heads, and yet their curtseying did not seem to disturb equilibrium. Many of them were arrayed in sombre mantles with broad-brimmed men's hats. . . . Spent Sunday at St. Asaph, and attended two cathedral services."

"*Monday, 16.*—Started before breakfast for Abergele. A mile beyond, we passed the imposing castle of Squire Hasketh (Grwyth), and reached Conway after a farther ride of twelve miles,—its castle a true relic of feudal grandeur. It was the first time I opened my portfolio for sketches, and find in Conway a magnificent subject. With the exception of Heidelberg, the finest ruin I ever saw. The singular old town was fortified by one of the Edwards, and the remains are very perfect. The poorer inhabitants appear in a wretched condition. We visited a hovel with a single bed, occupied in rotation by eight individuals of the family! Delightful boating in Conway Bay—the banks beautifully wooded. At one o'clock started for Bangor. The road lay by the sea, with Great Orme's Head on our right; before us the long coast of Anglesea. Passed the base of Penmaen-Mawr, rising 1,590 feet above the level of the sea; its

flanks covered with *débris* of slates and limestone. From a gentle eminence behind the town is commanded a view of Lord Penrhyn's grounds and castle, with the higher mountains of Wales for a background. After dinner were entertained with a specimen of the Welsh harp; but the old minstrels are fast dying out.

"One long quiet day was pleasantly occupied with a sunset sketch of Penrhyn Castle, and a careful one of Penmaen-Mawr, with Great Orme's Head in the distance, and the tower of cathedral in the wooded foreground. As a composition, no scene could be more perfect. After a forenoon spent at Beaumaris, the Menai Bridge, etc., we drove to Carnarvon, a ride of twelve miles. The castle is inferior to Conway in boldness of situation; but the remains are more extensive, and, of course, claimed a careful transcript to Bristol-board. Here slates—the staple of the country—are to be found everywhere. Lord Penrhyn, who is indebted for his fortune and magnificent abode to the revenue from his slate quarries, has even many of his bedsteads constructed of slate. In passing along the road we have slate houses, and fences, and palings. Slates are 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.'

"Retracing our way by the delightful road to Conway, we continued through the valley of the same name, passing Llanrwst, Lord Willoughby's fine park and demesne. We found the inn in a state of hubbub, in consequence of being rent-day, when the Lord of the Manor was collecting his annual dues with the wonted hilarity of such occasions.

"After tolerable night's-quarters, we posted—a journey of thirty-four miles—to Llangollen, pausing first for a couple of hours at the solitary inn of Carnevgie. We had for lunch the dish of the country—more palatable than wholesome—'a Welsh rare-bit'; then one other change of horses at Corwen, where we were again enlivened by the



PENMAENMAWR, WITH GREAT ORME'S HEAD.
From a pencil drawing by DR. MACDUFF

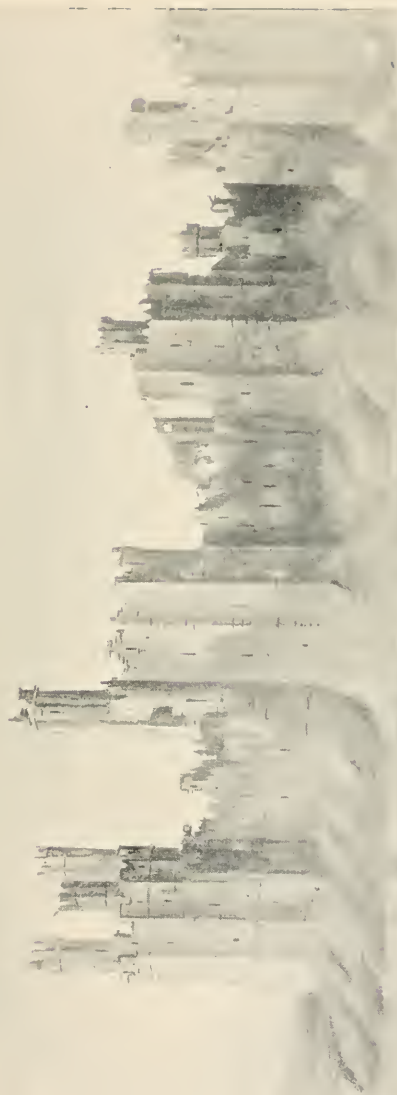
(See p. 55.)

'last of all the bards.' Llangollen (or, as it is pronounced in Welsh, 'Thlangothlen') is situated on the Dee; not, perhaps, the ideal village suggested by our old friend, 'the Miller.' After dinner I ascended a hill, commanding a fine view of Shropshire. The remains of a tower are on the top. Through a ruined arch (making the old crumbling stones my picture-frame) I took a sketch of the extensive plains—the Welsh lowlands. . . . On Sunday Mr. G—— and I went to the parish church and listened, you may imagine with what profit, to a Welsh sermon and services; for there was not even the redeeming quality with which a Highlander tried once to reconcile me to a Gaelic service in Arran, that 'I would hear the same psalm-tunes.' Between sermons I went, amid torrents of rain, to the parish Sunday school. What a scene! A regiment of boys, varying from twelve to eighteen years of age, were ranged (literally) in military order round the room. A little man in the shape of schoolmaster, or rather drill-sergeant, stood in the centre of his troop, with a weapon resembling a policeman's bludgeon in his hand—a somewhat objectionable rod of correction, even on a week-day, but to which, at least I think, he might have allowed respite now. But this was no day of rest to it. The phalanx stood in evident bodily terror of the cudgel till their teacher's back was turned; but whenever such opportunity occurred, they gave sundry significant demonstrations, with tongue and finger, as to the estimate they put upon him and his instructions. And what *were* these? Why, nothing but this: *A* by itself, *A—e—i—o—u—y!!!* Each had his spelling book, and a considerable time was spent in mangling and torturing the letters of the alphabet. Here ended the first lesson! But only the first. The clumsy squadron once more were summoned to '*Attention!*' '*Stand at ease!*' and so forth. With barrack-yard precision they went through their various evolutions, and the aforesaid

weapon was ready if a finger happened to be out of place, or a foot out of its angle of inclination. But I need not prolong. I made my bows and returned, under deep conviction of the necessity of a Sunday-school reform in the parish of Llangollen. In the afternoon we returned to church, and heard the vicar preach in English."

"*Monday morning*, at ten o'clock, started for Shrewsbury, a distance of thirty-two miles. Our route lay through a much richer and more fertile country. Among many objects of interest passed, the principal were a magnificent aqueduct erected across the valley, about four miles from Llangollen, for the Ellesmere Canal; near this, too, is the princely seat of Sir Williams Wynn, of Wynstead Abbey, one of the many *potentates* of Wales. Passing Oswestry, we came in sight of the Severn and the spires of Shrewsbury. The country around is well-wooded, and contains many fine seats.

"Nothing to me is more novel or more delightful than driving alongside the picturesque 'commons' I lately spoke of, with their glory of gorse and bracken, interspersed with spiral juniper-trees, occasionally with little ponds and lakelets. A similar fresh feature are the obese and comfortable-looking geese, strutting about in aldermanic fashion at their sweet will, with apparently no one to dispute their rights save the less pretentious ducks dabbling in pools which seem their own peculiar freehold. Even the highways and sideways, with their broadsword, are a revolt against the penurious ways of Scotland. There is a generous margin of territory alike for geese and donkeys, the latter munching vigorously the ineradicable thistle and straggling trails of bramble. Hedges too are left in natural, uncultured fashion, studded with polled elms or oaks. In these little bits of unkempt wilderness there are also, what here and there comes upon one with surprise, and are certainly more peculiar to the south side



CARNARVON CASTLE.
From a pencil drawing by DR. MACDUFF.

(See p. 58.)

of the Tweed—gipsy encampments. In driving—as we did now and then—in twilight, what can be more poetical than the gipsy-tent, its kettle swung on strong transverse poles (describing an isosceles triangle); the sparsely clothed children in silhouette by the lighted fire; the smoke curling heavenwards in most artistic fashion? Such ‘nocturnes’ are simply charming, and, like distance, ‘lend enchantment to the view.’”

“*Tuesday*.—This morning started at half-past nine, intending to go no farther than Wolverhampton, a distance of thirty-three miles. Nothing of much variety occurred. The country was rich, and the farmers busy with their harvests. The corn seems here to be generally cut with *scythes*; the sickle, at all events, a rare implement. Nothing can be more beautiful or lively than to see five or six men, in their white smock frocks, ranged in a line with the scythes in their hands, mowing down the crops. Posting along leisurely to Birmingham, we were—a new experience—enveloped in clouds of smoke. Immense iron furnaces blazing all around, and tapering chimneys vomiting forth their pollutions—Vulcan’s Workshop!”

“*Wednesday*.—Reached private hotel in Albemarle Street, London.”

“*Thursday*.—Set out on the ordinary sight-seeing. . . . I must not forget that in the evening I went to a quiet service in Regent Square Church, where my old friend James (Dr.) Hamilton had a weekly meeting. He gave me a warm welcome at the close, and wished me to come and visit him.”

“*Norfolk Hotel, Brighton, August 31*.—From the verandah in front of our sitting-room the sea view is attractive, with pleasure, and fishing boats, and bright waves, to say nothing of the nearer busy life, from the liveried carriages on the Esplanade, to the goat-cart and saddled donkey; while pedestrians enjoy comfortable benches where they

can cast anchor and scan a book, or 'the company,' or the English Channel, as they please. Moonlight, too, at present in perfection; have seen nothing like it since the north of Italy. George IV., of pious memory, and his pavilion have been the making of this 'London out of season.' The latter is a cumbrous imitation of the oriental style; a conglomerate of mosque and pagoda; or rather, in plain prose, a compound of punch-bowls, flower-pots, and pepper-boxes, buried in the centre of the town—a monument of royal folly."

* * * * *

"Since I last wrote, here is the programme we adhered to without deviation. The night before leaving London, E—— being out at dinner, Mr. G—— wished to give me a genuine specimen of the London coffee house of the olden time, such as was familiar to Goldsmith and his less impecunious *confrères*. The only remnants of these once fashionable resorts are to be found in Covent Garden, greatly superseded however now by the 'chop-house' of the East and the clubs of the West End. We made our way to the best relic of former *bon vivant* glory ('the Bedford,' I think), daily frequented during his life by the late Duke. It savours strongly yet of the old school of coffee-house wits, with its antique spoons and glasses, the portly waiter with his knee-breeches and black silk stockings, white waistcoat, blue coat, and yellow buttons. It was a glimpse of old London worth seeing for once, before it is numbered with the past."¹

"*Saturday morning*, at nine o'clock, we were *en route* for this town (Brighton). Though the railway has been opened

¹ Fifty years after writing the above, I came upon the following from Montague Williams's clever book, "Round London." "At the north-west corner of Covent Garden was 'Evans'—that famous place for men of wit and fashion, where, before clubs were known, it is stated that as many as nine Dukes have dined in one evening" (p. 289). Could I have mistaken the name? Possibly.

throughout, Mr. G—— consults pleasure, not economy, and we posted down all the way (sixty or seventy miles). Let me say, our equipage was ‘cattled’ with steeds that still maintain their long reputation on the Brighton turnpike. Stage-coaches, with their noted ‘whips,’ are even now plentiful, and despite of the competing railway, will likely die a slow death. We reached ‘the Norfolk’ about five o’clock. When the carriage drove up and ‘the bishop’ stepped out, mine host descried high game, or thought that he had done so. Rather he imagined that by a public avowal of his conclusions he would both flatter and ingratiate himself. But he greatly mistook his customer and his own intended compliment. For, when he addressed Mr. G—— as ‘my lord,’ a flush in my dear old friend’s face betrayed the wish of his heart to give him retribution on the spur of the moment. The unconcealed silent displeasure was too visible, and he was annoyed no more during our stay with ecclesiastical or other titles!

“*Sunday*.—Excellent Church of England services. On Monday Mr. G—— rested, while I and my young friend had a most enjoyable boating and fishing expedition in the channel. Our craft was admirably manned—not only experienced boatmen, but experienced fishermen. The result being, after a few hours, to land on the beach quantities of whiting, bream, mackerel, dog-fish, and though last, not least, enormous eels.”

“*Wednesday, Sept. 1.*—Visited the remarkable ‘dip’ in the downs, called ‘The Devil’s Dyke.’ To me the finest part was the view from a northern summit of the valley. I had my sketching materials, but the idea of embodying five or six counties on half a foot square of Bristol-board was too preposterous. Then, I confess any other scenery around Brighton is ‘stale, flat, and unprofitable,’ generally speaking, treeless. The one only ‘grandly picturesque’ thing we have encountered was next day—a thunderstorm,

and no mistake! converting that meek-looking sea of the past week into foaming artillery, greatly disturbative of night's rest; and to-day it continues unabated. Thus, however, allowing finishing touches for drawings; specially an elaborate one of the 'Pavilion,' which Mr. G—— has asked me to give to one of his Brighton friends. After tea, when the candles are brought in, we all three sit round the table with Milton, and have a famous hour and a half of him."

"*Jermyn Street, London.*—Once more in the metropolis, and continuing to enjoy these three things—fine weather, kind friends, and excellent health.

"As Mr. G—— was anxious that I should see Arundel and Petworth, we made a considerable detour on our way hither. Reached Arundel to an early dinner. We then inspected thoroughly the princely residence of the Duke of Norfolk. The elegant modern mansion is in juxtaposition with a fine ivy-grown relic of an ancient castle, or 'keep,' the best subject I have yet had for my portfolio. We drove leisurely in the evening through the Sussex Downs to Petworth, the seat of the Earl of Egremont a generous patron of the fine arts. I enjoyed this choice gallery much: indeed, got confused among the Murillos, Titians, Claudes, and Cuyps, etc. Next morning, getting up on my own hook early, I was fortunate in seeing the stud of race horses having their airing and canter in the spacious park.

"Started in the forenoon of Thursday for Windsor. After a journey of forty miles through a rich country, we reached the *royal city* to dinner. In the evening strolled about the castle, and enjoyed the extensive prospect: in the centre of which the spire of Stoke Pogis is discernible—the reputed scene of Gray's 'Elegy.'

"Next day drove to Sunning Hill, six or seven miles from Windsor. First several miles through the park, with noble avenues and 'groups.' Oaks, of amazing *corpulence*, and,

from their age, twisted and tortured into fantastic shapes. We were kindly received at her home in the forest by Mrs. C——, an old lady of ninety, aunt to Mr. G——, aunt also to Sir George Murray, of Ochtertyre, of Perthshire membership celebrity, cousin-german as well as brother-in-law to Mr. G——. He has also a residence close by. Miss M——, of D——, resides with her friend. She instantly claimed acquaintance with me through my grandfather and grandmother, about whom she made kind inquiries. Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, of Kimmerghane, arrived same forenoon, to spend some days. A very pleasant evening, and next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Bonar and I set off together, on a quiet stroll to *the Belvedere*, a castellated edifice erected by George IV., commanding a fine view of Windsor Park. We encountered a Scotchman in charge, as ‘keeper,’ who seemed to hail two countrymen with un-mixed satisfaction. We returned by *Virginia Water*, with its pavilion, frigates, modernised ruins, waterfall, etc.—some few more expensive toys and redundancies of ‘Royal George.’”

I leave my rambling letters and journalizings to insert a “memory,” under this delightful roof. All the world now knows the name of Laurence Oliphant, of “Piccadilly” and “Blackwood” fame, “Gilead and the Jordan,” and many eminently readable books with their stirring incidents of flood and field. He was then only a boy—quite a youth, I think, of twelve—in Ceylon. The aged lady of the house, herself a relative, had been enlisted, with his uncle, Major Oliphant, of Wimbledon, in the task of procuring for him an English or Scotch tutor. I blush while I write it, that I was now approached on this subject! It was, without hesitation, courteously declined; but, if accepted, it would have been a magnificent example of what the Psalmist speaks of “wiser than all his teachers.” When more than a quarter of a century afterwards I met him at dinner in

Glasgow, I was much tempted to tell him of the escape both he and I made; but my courage failed me.

"We posted next evening, by Hounslow and Kensington, to 36, Jermyn Street, a very central and quiet part of London. Yesterday (Sunday) attended Harrington Evans' Church. Greatly impressed by the service. There was, throughout, from first to last, a tone of deep solemnity and earnestness—'The house of God and the gate of heaven.' It seemed a somewhat violent transition from the enjoyment of this Sunday calm to be spectators, from our windows at night, of a London fire. The blaze was very awful and grand, and several firemen have been sufferers."

"*Tuesday Morning.*—Mr. G—— rested in London; while E——, G——, and I, started by Great Western Railway for Bristol. 120 miles in four and a half hours! Our object in going to the western capital was to see two very estimable families, old friends of Mr. G——'s. The one we visited, same evening: the C——'s. They interested me much. It was the first time I found myself in a circle of rigid Quakers. But they wore the irreproachable 'drab' to great advantage, and even the personal pronouns had a primitive ring about them, more especially as they came from the lips of a dear old patriarch with silvery locks. Penn's memory will lose nothing by this visit. Next morning we breakfasted with Dr. and Mrs. B——, who have a choice residence at West Mall, in the immediate vicinity of the 'cliffs,'—the Kyles of Bute not so very much in miniature, across which a gigantic suspension bridge is projected. The span of the 'Menai' is greater, but not so the elevation. The immense buttresses are built on the opposite rocks, and form a striking feature. In the course of the forenoon returned to the C——'s, and the aged father and 'Friend' accompanied me to Ratcliff Church, with its fine old monuments; the altar-piece and some

minor paintings are the works of Hogarth. Next morning I rose early, and enjoyed an ante-breakfast walk along the picturesque banks of the Avon, the length of 'Cook's Folly,' a tower perched on the top of a hill commanding a splendid view of the Bristol Channel and mountains of South Wales. At midday we again took the Great Western, and returned to London to dinner." . . .

"*Sunday*.—Spent pleasantly with Christian friends at Hampstead. Having narrated my recent Welsh experiences of Sunday-schools, it was proposed that I should go and see how these things are managed in more advanced England. I am certain they were not aware of the very 'abnormal' specimen I went, all alone, to visit. The school was a considerable one; but it was innocent of separate classes, by which alone justice can be done to a rather difficult, if not unruly, constituency. The conductor of the school had it, in the present instance, all to himself. He indulged in a most unprofitable preachment to this gathering of small urchins in front of him. The Bible lesson for the evening was the history of Joseph. I think—conscious of the presence of a stranger—he deemed it, perhaps, needful to surrender plainness and modesty of diction. At all events, here was the *exordium*: 'It would require the glowing tints of a Titian, or the pencil of a Michael Angelo, to do justice to this inimitable Bible story.' I went away thanking God there was such a thing as simplicity and—common-sense!"

"*Monday Evening*.—I made an ineffectual attempt to get into the House of Commons, but was rewarded by a sight of the 'Iron Duke.' He passed on horseback, looking hale and vigorous, dispensing on all sides the well-known military salute with the two forefingers. Dined with hospitable friends of Mr. G——'s in St. James' Street."

"*Tuesday*.—Availed ourselves of the London and North Western as far as Rugby (83 miles), where post-horses were awaiting to take us on to Dunchurch, a compact little

place in Warwickshire. The greater part is the property of Lord John Scott, whose estate here yields £12,000 per annum."

"*Wednesday*.—Drove five or six miles farther to visit the Rev. — and his sisters at the parsonage of Frankton—a good specimen of a rural English village. The evening brought us ten miles farther to Warwick—another divergence for my gratification—passing on the way through Leamington. Relays of invalids we encountered in bath chairs or carriages, on the turnpike road. I could not wait a night before making the most, as an industrious limner, of the unrivalled castle of Warwick, rising abruptly and gracefully from the river Avon; though it was next morning before we inspected its interior. What rare treasures of painting, sculpture, and every kind of antique! I am sure that the equestrian Vandyke portrait of Charles I. at the end of the corridor will haunt me all my life; also one of Ignatius Loyola. The gardens and park are in splendid keeping with this palatial fortress of the Middle Ages. The well-known Warwick vase is interesting in its own way; but what impressed me more were the venerable cedars of Lebanon. Picturesque, even beyond these, were some old pensioned servants of the castle—each with a long white wand—gliding like spectres through the glades of the forest. Fine, too, are the monuments, in the adjoining parish church, of these English chiefs, 'panoplied' like those of Roslin, recumbent in stone and marble."

"*Thursday*.—Drove twenty miles to Birmingham; from that, sixteen to Lichfield, mainly to see Chantry's 'Sleeping Children.' To-morrow to Derby."

"*Saturday*.—I can but refer now, and no more, to Matlock, and the glorious drive to Haddon Hall, with its terraced gardens and whole air of the mediæval. Then on to princely Chatsworth, lavish with modern adornments, even to the colossal attempt at artificial rocks on the way to

the garden. Gigantic they are; but poor, puny, out-of-place things, in contrast with nature's *unartificial* ones in the cliffs close by: 'Heaven's easy, artless, *unencumbered* plan.' But Chatsworth is a grand conception altogether of aristocratic splendour, in which England stands alone, as compared with France, Italy and Germany.

"Went by Rotherham and its smoky environs to York, where we appropriately spent Sunday, attending two services in the Minster. Yes, finer and grander still than Chatsworth, and with a far higher appeal to soul and heart. But the sensuousness—call it by a milder name—the pomp and voluptuousness of the ritual is too much for one, brought up to the chime of Scotch village and town bells and bald simplicity of worship. Like most good things in the world, might there not be a *Via Media*—the lowlier service brightened with some borrowed rays from the higher?"

"HARROWGATE, *Tuesday Afternoon*.—The novelty of the scene here has induced us to prolong our stay. It is a singular life for these poor faded and jaded voluptuaries, who crowd the table of 'The Ordinary' at (what most of them must very sincerely hate) an 'Early Dinner.' *There* is an old judge of the Scotch Court of Session. He seems transgressing the hard-and-fast rules laid down for valetudinarians. But that is no business of mine. In the evening we go on to Ripon."

"*Wednesday*.—Once more Mr. G—— was bent on indulging me, and I do not wonder that he pronounced Fountains Abbey irresistible. Melrose is nothing to this. What treasures, to be sure, there are, in all nooks and corners of England, rendering very unnecessary the pilgrimage to 'foreign parts,' to revel among relics of the past! I had ample time kindly given for a careful sketch; and I tried to do my best."

"*Thursday*, DURHAM.—I need not describe it. But again

pencil and drawing-paper were well employed in taking in the cathedral, and castle crowning the height, with the graceful bridge and river for a foreground.

"*Friday*.—Alnwick, with the aid of the railway, was our next stage. Another of the 'Stately Homes of England.' As I was struck by Arundel and Windsor and Warwick, so here; the castle abuts on the town. The 'Chief,' the Lord of the Manor—uncrowned king or princeling—had (and has) all his retainers around him in close proximity. Doubtless, in former times, there was more of clannish feeling and fealty than is consistent with the social disparities of the nineteenth century. The park stretches nobly, by a gentle slope, down from the eastern front of the castle."

* * * * *

And so, by gentle stages, the Tweed was crossed. We were once more in familiar Scotland, with its national tongue and ways, broad Doric and unconventional manners. Yes, I gave kindly sympathetic welcome to the familiar old brogue; appreciating also (while admiring the polished courtesies of the southern kingdom) the shrewd, deliberate, matter-of-fact ways of "the Land of my Sires."

"*Saturday Night*.—Here I write FINIS on an ever-delightful and memorable journey. Passing through Dunbar and Haddington, we hailed, this afternoon, Arthur's Seat, and the old home overlooking it. I may well write underneath, with allowable emotion, the name of *James Glassford*, of Dugalston."

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"He was too true and noble to bear being spoken of as either "good" or "great." But he was both, and must have his name and memory in my small Temple of Fame.

As I began this chapter with Dr. Johnson, let me end it with a sentence from Mr. Ruskin: "The poor, modern

slaves and simpletons, who let themselves be dragged like cattle or felled timber through the countries they imagine themselves visiting, can have no conception whatever of the complex joys and ingenious hopes connected with the choice and arrangement of *the travelling carriage of old times.*"

* * * *

It was a somewhat trying transition from all this to "Presbytery examinations," and the reading of the formidable tomes of Divinity prescribed. Hitherto, these days of physical and intellectual freedom had screened the "skeleton in the closet," and kept forebodings in abeyance. But coming events were casting their portentous shadows before them; and there was no evading theological treatises, Church History volumes, and Hebrew lexicons. It was a leap, all at once, from idleness to hard study. These clerical examinations are always a trial of no ordinary magnitude, though the dread forecast and anticipation are the worst of it. After disturbed nights and unstrung nerves, we were ushered into the presence of the Metropolitan Conclave, who I now really believe were not without their own trepidations and conscious shortcomings in the presence of youths who had the advantage of being fresh off the irons. Some of these "*Dei majorum gentium*" tried to look learned, and in more than one case tried to be exacting. I can never forget one kind, but amusing exception, though his face and figure cannot be reproduced. It was old Dr. Gilchrist, Minister of the Canongate parish. A man of kindest heart, he at least fully understood and sympathised with the "all-overishness" of students just referred to. I saw well it was his wish and effort to put us at our ease, and in good nature with our examiners. When the book from the *Æneid* was given out, beginning "*Omnes conticuere,*" he struck in and prefaced the ordeal thus: "There was a lad (*läd*) that

translated this 'Omnes conticuere,' 'All the county Kerry boys.'"

The strained nerves relaxed considerably.

One other preparation I had for my future work, while still an unfledged probationer; but nothing, in its way, could have been better fitted to ensure compliance with the apostle's exhortation, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." My esteemed friend, Dr. John Hunter, minister of "the Tron," asked me to take charge as missionary of some big houses, or "lands," as they were called, in his parish. It was a group of those (the nomenclature has for the moment vanished) confronting John Knox's historical house in the Canongate: a sad and solemn initiation into all that was poverty-stricken, repulsive, degrading—I might even say perilous. St. Giles and Whitechapel—the slums and scums of London—could bear no comparison with these rookeries. Add to all, at the time of my "incumbency"—if I may use the big word—there was an epidemic of smallpox. The sight haunts me to this day: on beds, or all that stood for beds, I saw conglomerates of flesh in which humanity was scarcely discernible. What a contrast with the previous months of luxury and enjoyment! equally so with the Elysian fields that were, ere long, in God's good providence, to be mine.

I have said, in the opening pages of this volume, that I shall studiously avoid any obtrusive reference to "spiritual experiences." I must, I think, make one exception here.

I believe very few have not to record some high tide, or tides, in their religious history—solemn crisis-hours of existence which leave an enduring mark, or, at all events, memory behind them—these, too, locked up inviolably, like the sacred vessels of old, in the heart-sanctuary. From causes it is unnecessary to speak of, certainly among these the gracious result of my bereavement in the death of my

sister, aided by the stimulating counsels and influences of "deeply taught" college companions, I was led, neither slowly nor suddenly, but gradually, to a change of inner being. I would not by any means use the conventional term "conversion," which I dislike; but it was simply a "deepening of the spiritual life"—a more vivid sense of the unseen and eternal—and the aim, at all events, after "a closer walk with God." All this was to others an undivulged secret. Even my dear mother knew nothing of it; although, from my silent and pensive ways, I feel sure she suspected the existence of some mental conflict, or rather some peaceful transformation. I knew and valued, as never before or since, the power of prayer, the soothing influence of meditation on higher themes, and the realized presence of the Saviour. In the morning, before the day's work and study began, I often enjoyed a long, solitary walk along the public road leading to Portobello, and I still retain most happy recollections of its silent prayers and resolutions. Alas! that the bloom of the hot-house fruit in these fervent weeks or months was too often soiled and blemished with less genial contacts. It was not until forty years later, under very different circumstances, that a similar spiritual awakening was experienced by me. This latter occurred in the shape of a bright and realistic *dream*—truly a vision from the spirit-land—most remarkable in its way, which left a very hallowed impress at the time, and the memory of which will always be profoundly sacred, solemn, stimulating. I had gone alone, simply to see one of the great Paris Exhibitions; my tiny bedroom in the hotel—tiny, because of the rush of visitors—lives vividly to this hour like a sacred shrine.

I group these two together, long separated as they are by time, and so different in their environments. But they stand out alone, as the twin basis of a rainbow arc, spanning my earlier and later life. *Peniel* and *Mahanaim*. I

have many other "Waymarks of the Pilgrimage" to record; but these two have a place all their own. At times, when depressed, downcast, often with good reason for deep despondency, the earlier of the two rises up specially before me, coupled with the words of Him who, amid our stumblings and faintings and waywardness, "fainteth not, neither is weary." "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after Me in the wilderness" (Jer. ii. 2).

VII

CLOUDS. PERPLEXITIES. LICENSED TO PREACH. KETTINS

I HAD now, in November, fairly begun my last session in the Divinity Hall.

In a former chapter I have spoken of one—the earliest crisis of my existence. But another—one of a very different kind—in my April day of cloud and sunshine, was now at hand. The time was nearing when the three and a half years of theological study would be completed, and when, according to the term used by the Church of Scotland I should be “licensed to preach the Gospel”; in other words, when the all-momentous occupation of life would be commenced. The trial I refer to was not personal or domestic, but ecclesiastical. Happy for those who knew, and know, nothing of what were too familiarly known then as “Non-Intrusion times,” and the “Disruption Controversy.” I need not refer to this occasion of most bitter strife and unhappy alienation wide Scotland over. I do not scruple to say that, had I foreseen all, I would have sought to serve God away from party Shibboleth and recrimination in some other profession, and thereby escaped many malign and unworthy thoughts, words, and deeds, painful to all, but crushing to a sensitive spirit. I was not one of a “judicial turn of mind”; few could be less so. On a question of rival and conflicting jurisdictions, quite incapable of pronouncing. All my sympathies (strange had it not been so) were with the men (the majority) headed and guided by Dr. Chalmers. But their

noble impulses seemed to rest on impossible theories, and the results justified my determination. I was one of the crowd who listened in breathless silence in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, to Chalmers' impressive sermon preceding the final conference. He preached from the text: "Unto the upright ariseth light in the darkness." But it failed to solve my perplexities. In the misery of halting between two opinions, or rather making selection as to the way of duty, two potent forces were brought to bear, and decided me. The strong verdict came from two advisers on whose counsel I had good reason to lean with unwavering confidence. Both, Christian men of the highest type, and of clear and vigorous judgment; related to me as uncle and elder brother. My uncle—Mr. Ross, of Woodside—though most retiring in his ways, was a man of singularly self-sacrificing character: active in works of Christian beneficence, and in his private habits of rare—I might well say rarest—spiritual devotion, one of those whose elevated tone could not fail to exercise a marked influence on his family circle, as was undoubtedly the present case. The elder brother, known to a wider circle, was one of still more distinguished parts—unquestioned ability, who lived a life, public and private, of Christian consecration. Marble busts, both in the Church of Scotland's "Hall" in Edinburgh, in the committee-room of the "County Buildings" of his own Perthshire, and in other institutions, attest the position to which he afterwards attained, and the respect he won both civilly and ecclesiastically. My esteem for him almost amounted to reverence, as will be recorded more at length in a future chapter.

I deferred largely to their enlightened Christian judgment, to say, in the words of the Master they faithfully served, "Cast your net on the right side of the ship."

But to return. Months of the unhappy internecine war of Church parties fled past, in the midst of which I had to

lament the sudden departure of a loving father. I would have been glad had he seen my life-vessel launched, even amid the environing storms. But a Higher Will had ordered it otherwise.

In the course of the year 1842 I was licensed as a Probationer by the Presbytery of Perth, and preached my first sermon in the Parish Church of Coupar Angus.

[Among the letters and papers already spoken of, carefully preserved and tabulated by his dear mother and consigned to him at her death, I find the following, written by her brother, Mr. Ross, of Woodside, already referred to. I venture without scruple to insert his words of commendation, simply because I know they may be accepted and prized for their worth and sincerity.—ED.]

“MY DEAR M——,

“I cannot resist writing you two lines, just to say that we were highly gratified with J——’s first appearance yesterday forenoon. His text was, ‘The unsearchable riches of Christ,’ and he handled the precious subject most satisfactorily.

“The M——s of L—— and W—— and the K—— family were all there, and seemed to be much pleased; but what I consider of far greater importance, ‘the common people heard him gladly.’ I humbly hope and trust that this may be the begining of a course precious to God and man.

“Believe me,

“Ever your most affectionate

“T. R.”

One summer day a year and a half before, I was stretched on a wooded bank overlooking the Forth, in company with two college friends and aspirants to the ministry. Our conversation, as is not uncommon in youth, turned on the possibilities of the future: and not unnaturally with three unfledged pastors (Southey gives the more portentous figure

“unfledged eagles”) the idea suggested itself of naming any particular parish in Scotland for which each of us would have an individual and distinct preference. Perhaps it was an idle enough, though innocent, musing. I forget the selection made by my companions. I was not long in announcing my own. This day-dream, in the good providence of God, turned out to be singularly prophetic. Eye and heart wandered to enchanted ground well known to me, for it was within walking distance of my grandfather's home—Balgersho. By a happy combination of circumstances, this haunt of memory became my own, and towards the end of the year I was presented by the Crown to the rural parish of *Kettins*, in Forfarshire. This rarely lovely spot is throughout and undisguisedly described in my “Parish of Taxwood.” I was ordained, in that time of conflict and disorder, by a commission of ministers appointed by the General Assembly. Robert Murray MacCheyne, of Dundee, was one of those who laid his hand on my head. So I can claim the best of all “Apostolic Succession.”

The beauty of the manse and village and the immediate surroundings were, half a century ago, altogether unique, before either thatched roof or patriarchal elms and beeches were tampered with. To the charm of outer nature was added, in a remarkable degree, an important element, and one not always found conjoined with the other—that of the villagers themselves. Any who are curious to have a veritable word-photograph of these, will find it in the aforesaid “Parish of Taxwood,” chapter vi., entitled “Some of the Neighbour Cottagers.”

An elderly minister—my immediate predecessor—was a perfect gentleman in all his ways, and much respected as such; but his increasing years and failing health naturally gave me the opportunity for fresh organizations and active parish work. The people, rich and poor, rallied around me; and but for those untoward Church questions, the future

would have been unclouded. I was introduced by my friend Dr. Craik, then of Scone, afterwards of Glasgow, on the first day and the first Sunday of 1843.

I trust I may say, without ostentation, that I entered on my new and momentous duties under a deep feeling of responsibility, and sought to baptize my work with earnest prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing. The church itself was an average specimen of the ecclesiastical fabrics of the day: a parallelogram with galleries, the front one in uncomfortable proximity to the pulpit. With so many small resident heritors and well-to-do farmers, I often wondered that their own comfort, as well as that of the people, was not more studied. In winter the cold was formidable indeed. No wonder, with the two opposite porchless entrances, under which I have seen the snow drifting. A stove, or stoves, were an unheard-of luxury in these days, and the much-enduring worshippers had to make the best of one long service. I think I see now the old men in their homespun, and the old women in their tartan shawls and "subachs," seated, some on the score of deafness, on the pulpit stairs: not disdaining to imitate the sterner sex in the square "fads"¹ below, where the snuff-mull circumnavigated freely and staved off drowsiness. But I can vouch for the bulk being most interested and attentive hearers. "Devout women not a few" (the aged cottagers) delighted and surprised me often during the week with their intelligent *résumé* of the Sunday's sermon, not at all abashed to point out, in their own respectful way, any departure from the old Boston theology.

In the end of May of that same year the crash of Disruption came. I have often spoken of the feelings

¹ Doubtless a corruption of "folds"—high-backed square enclosures. Not a bad name in connection with the pastor and his flock.

with which, on the subsequent Sunday, I entered the pulpit, under the painful impression that more than half of Scotland's ablest and most devoted ministers had their churches and their pulpits closed and vacant, and for conscience sake had surrendered their earthly all. Their martyrdom was hard to bear, but not harder than that of those subjected to cruel insinuations which could only be endured in silence. That first and memorably sad Sunday was brightened, during the singing of the first Psalm, by the entrance of my uncle into church, though his habitual place of worship was in the adjoining parish. The text preached from was Isaiah xxvi. 20: "Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast."

The Disruption made little difference in the parish, and none in the fulness of church attendance.

[The Editor may be forgiven the insertion here of another note which has similarly survived, written by the same interested relative.]

"WOODSIDE,

"26th June, 1843.

"MY DEAR M——,

"About a year ago I could not resist writing you a few lines after J——'s first sermon; and I feel a similar impulse to-day, after an equally interesting occasion—his first Communion Sabbath. We have all great cause to bless God for the grace and strength which were so largely given him from above, and which enabled him to go through all his solemn and important duties in such a very delightful way. Some of the things he said I have found very precious to my own soul, and I have no doubt that many other persons who were present could bear a like testimony. The congregation was very numerous, and everything was conducted in the most satisfactory manner.

“It was a sweet sight to see our worthy mother seated beside J—— at the second table, and you may believe what a day of refreshing it was to her altogether.

“With kindest love to all,

“Ever your most affectionate

“T. R.”

In these years immediately following the “Disruption,” I had several tempting charges in the Church offered for my acceptance; but the sundering of a tie so recently formed at Kettins seemed impossible, even had I not wisely resolved, after the terrific crash, to accept no parish vacated by predisruption clergymen. Even had this latter not swayed and determined me, I knew that my motives would have been misconstrued had I responded to these overtures of advancement.

Nor must I omit here to recall a passing incident. In my first summer in the Manse, Mr. Glassford gave me the pleasure of a visit. I was surrounded with all the modest comforts of a clerical life: garden, glebe, minister’s man, and substantial housemaid. Add to these a very presentable phaeton—the gift of a relative—so that I was able in my own small way to return, by drives to the best scenery around, the many boons of a larger kind the good gentleman had lavishly bestowed on me. The village green, burn, and cottages were his special delight.

I need not further recount nor rehearse the crowded incidents of these happy years: the Sunday services, the weekly expository meetings in the school-house, whither the interested folks resorted in the long and cold winter nights—many of them, lantern in hand, from a distance. Who is more of a king than the minister of a Scotch parish?¹

¹ It was—I presume still is—the habit in the Scottish “system,” as compared to the English, for the clergyman not only to visit faithfully in a friendly way all his parishioners throughout the year (in agricultural

Let me not forget or omit that my youthful inexperience was aided and guided by a man, himself humble and unpretending, but a power all the parish over; fairly skilled in ecclesiastical procedure, who could draft a minute at the Heritors' biennial meeting as adroitly as he could construe a Latin verse or solve a problem in Euclid—Mr. James Gibb, parish schoolmaster. He was not prepossessing in appearance, nor outwardly indicated the possession of much mental vigour; yet he was unquestionably endowed with a versatility of talent. Moreover, he had the not rare ambition of amassing money, which he managed by his economy, and still more by his shrewdness, to gratify. The eking out of the school salary was at first accomplished by land-surveying, at which he was an adept. His capabilities in this respect were recognised, and, I fear, not to the benefit of school hours nor the interests of the rising generation, but encouraged by lairds and farmers, far and near. By-and-by he broadened his canvas, or rather, I should say, took a stronger and more adventurous flight. Without knowing a word of French—his dialect the broadest of broad Doric—he yet contrived to make, in his summer vacation, a yearly pilgrimage (of all places) to Paris, for the purchase of French clocks and watches, which, on his return home, he succeeded in vending, at

districts when the farm work is slackest), but to hold a regular service either in each house individually, or at a cluster of adjoining cottages, in the biggest room of the group. When there is a large farmhouse, the owner gathers in his lowlier dependants. The service consists of a prayer and short exposition of Scripture, with an address suited to the circumstances of those present. Not only so, but in these earlier days, a regular system of catechising was alike invited and expected—that, too, embracing not only children and adults, but fathers and mothers. In some cases it may have invested the minister's visit with awe and trepidation; but on the whole, when wisely practised, the custom was a wholesome one, and established a sort of "family life" between the pastor and his flock.

I question, however, if such ministerial prerogatives would be encouraged on the English side of the Border.

ample profits, to ready and not unwilling purchasers. The result of other outlays, economies, and successful investments was, that when he died an old man, he had accumulated for his relatives the comfortable total of ten thousand pounds—a feat doubtless quite unique in the experience of the Scottish, I presume I may add, the British “Dominie.” All this I record as a tribute to rare independence, thrift, and sagacity—with, in its way, a dash of rude but real genius. Worthy old man! You were a good and true friend to your young pastor; and though he has not your photograph among his celebrities, he has a grateful mental one that will not readily fade.¹

Other lowlier officials were not less personalities in their way. “Willie Simmons” was precentor, occupying a small enclosure of his own immediately under the pulpit. As is the way of the world, though wonderfully unskilled alike in the theory and practice of the divine art of music, Willie was strongly impressed with the reverse. In his own estimation he was *facile princeps* among the same vocal brotherhood in adjoining parishes. Unfortunately for himself, Willie had strong proclivities in the direction of alcohol, which alternated, during the week, with his Sunday services. In returning along the highway on these secular days to his home, he was in the habit of carrying on imaginary conversations with the aforesaid rival precentors, as to their skill and renown, too lengthy for quotation. These professional talks, I need hardly say, invariably ended in a verdict on his own distinct superiority. The climax generally was: “Wha then is the best o’ ye a’? Willie Simmons.”

By dint of a modest bribe he was, by-and-by, prevailed

¹ The Sunday after his return from one of these visits to Paris, he was overheard thus addressing his class of lumbering youths in the Sabbath school, then held in church: “Noo, I could tell ye a great deal aboot my Pairis trip. But that widna be Sawbath crack.”

upon to surrender the dignities of office. Congregational psalmody was in these days at its lowest ebb. The "Hymn Book"—the greatest ecclesiastical improvement of the last half century—was then undreamt of. The metrical version of the Psalms, with the appended "Paraphrases," were alone in use. As it was the singular custom for the precentor to give out line by line, for the benefit (I presume) of those who could not read, there were often awkward assertions made, when these were disjoined from the preceding or following context. As, *e.g.*, in an early verse of the 50th Psalm, when the glaring contradiction was shouted:—

"Be silent, but speak out!"

Forbid that I should say a word derogatory to the metrical rendering of our Psalms, when they received the approval of so good a judge as Sir Walter Scott. This he pronounced more than once. And on his death-bed—when at his request a psalm was read—the dying man remarked: "No, that is the prose version; give me the metre."

That the service of praise, however, is now in many ways mightily improved cannot be doubted.

A figure of a very different kind here rises up before me in the far distance—Lord Hallyburton of Pitcur. He was the largest heritor in the parish, and on his decease was survived by his widow, one of the gracious ladies of the old school, with a manner peculiarly affable—a fast and faithful friend, subsidizing me ever and anon with money to provide coals and kindred comforts for the poor. It is not, however, regarding either of these I would now speak, but rather of a very old, confidential Italian servant of theirs—*Louis*—who had been brought when a youth, in long-gone years, by the enterprising travellers from Milan, and never afterwards left them. He was tall, slim, with an irreproachable black wig, carrying the burden of between eighty and ninety years with consummate grace and

courtesy—truly a goodly specimen of the naturalized Briton. Roman Catholic as he was, he always most deferentially recognised my ecclesiastical position. I had many a friendly chat with him in his little *sanctum* in the big house, and, though never inside a Protestant church, he sent for me on his death-bed. In the decay of nature, when his once stalwart form was laid prostrate, memory in a most touching way showed the first and most serious failure, “the chinks which time hath made.” For he was then in imagination often wandering on the streets of Milan, and the tuneful music of his native land and language seemed almost entirely to supersede the long-familiar English tongue. Dear old man! in my subsequent visits to the Lombard capital I used often to think of you.

To sum up all this heterogeneous palaver on my “Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,” I hope I am humbly warranted to say that six years of ministerial success and blessing were given to me in this tiny, idyllic world.

* * * * *

In the very midst of these sunny skies, one very dark trial dashed my happiness to the ground, and broke suddenly life's young dream of bliss, leaving me a widower at the age of twenty-eight.

The following lines were written the first Sunday evening I was alone in the silent “Manse” :—

“Shall the dust praise Thee? Shall it declare Thy truth?”—Ps. xxx. 8.

“To what purpose is this waste?”—Matt. xxvi. 8.

Oh! “*to what purpose is this waste?*”
The words kept ringing in my ear,
As with a trembling hand I placed
A green wreath on her early bier.

It was not in life's winter time
These blooming buds were wrenched away;
But in the blaze of summer's prime,
“Her sun went down ere yet 'twas day.”

The *aged* in God's acre lie,
 Their names are on its tombstones traced ;
 But why should early promise die ?
 Say "to what purpose is this waste ?"

Fondly I prized that lovely mind,
 Where all was gentle, sweet, and mild,
 A thousand fragrant flowers entwined
 The earth-bower of a sainted child.

Forth sped the doom, "Return to dust";
 In the cold grave my treasure lies ;
 Was I a traitor to my trust,
 Forgetting not to idolize ?

Oh ! "to what purpose is this waste ?"
 Last week I heard the ringing laugh ;
 To-day through anguished tears are traced
 The letters of her epitaph.

I miss her footsteps at my door,
 I miss her seated by my chair,
 I miss her in the corridor,
 When gathering at the hour of prayer.

I miss her as the bell's sweet tone
 Is ringing in the Sabbath feast :
 In the draped pew I kneel alone,
 The music of her voice has ceased.

I miss her at the sunset glow,
 When seated by the greenwood tree ;
 I miss her wheresoe'er I go,
 For she was all in all to me.

Last week I stood beside her tomb,
 The churchyard's silent walk I paced ;
 And echo answered through the gloom,
 "Lord, to what purpose is this waste ?"

* * * * *

Hush these presumptuous thoughts : refrain
 From judging with unseemly haste,
 In His own time God will explain
 His purpose in this seeming "waste."

Oh, mourn not that in early prime
They are removed whom He hath given;
He rings this early morning chime
To bring His loved ones safe to heaven.

Better the lamb with fleece unstained
Thus early taken from the flock:
Better the flower thus plucked untrained,
And saved the wintry tempest shock.

The orb which seems to disappear
Behind earth's dull horizon-rim,
Shines in a better hemisphere
In the bright world of Seraphim.

Though from this lonely heart, too soon,
The blossom dropped ere yet full blown,
I thank Him who bestowed the boon,
I bless Him for the transient loan.

Wipe then the eye that anguished weeps
O'er ties thus early, rudely torn:
"The damsel is not dead, but sleeps,"
I'll meet her in the heavenly morn.

Then will the Lord no more conceal
The way that cannot now be traced;
In His own light He will reveal
The "PURPOSE" of this seeming "WASTE."

E'en now as wakeful memory flings
These saddening shades, methinks I hear
The rustle of her angel wings,
And words are whispered in mine ear,—

"Check the vain wish," she seems to say,
"That would me from my bliss recall:
We meet in yonder realms of day,
To keep Eternal Festival!"

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest a long life: even for ever and ever."—Ps. xxi. 4, Prayer Book Version.

My solitude was sweetened and gladdened by the presence and love, for long months together, of two of the most

unselfish and devoted of human kind. They cannot be rewarded by me—their recompense is on high. They were beautiful examples of that religious life and profession which is alike a *being* and a *doing*. There are mothers and daughters, as well as “*sons of consolation*,” in the Christian Church.

It was in the year 1846 or 1847—I cannot now recall which—that I received the first of many subsequent invitations to preach special sermons for “Societies” and “Missionary Schemes” in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Aberdeen.

One of these “objects” has for long had a celebrity all its own,—and I regarded it as a marked honour and distinction for so young a man to be selected as preacher for the year,—“The Glasgow Society for the Sons of the Clergy.” The sermon was then invariably delivered on a week-day afternoon in St. George’s Church, followed by the inevitable social gathering of the evening in the Queen’s Hotel. The late Principal Macfarlane and Dr. Hill, in proposing my health at the banquet, kindly complimented me on securing the largest collection obtained for many years.

While preaching in Glasgow on this occasion I stayed in the hospitable home of John Smith, LL.D., of Crutherland, the publisher not only of Dr. Chalmers’ “Astronomical Discourses” and other sermons, but the favoured friend who had accompanied the great man to his unparalleled ovations in London, when the orator took the Metropolis by storm, or, in the words of the older Wilberforce, “When all the world is wild about him.” As Dr. Smith and he, after the “astonishing displays,” had travelled home leisurely and luxuriously together in a post-chaise, mine host had much to tell me of his distinguished companion. Personally I never saw Dr. Chalmers after this but once; that was in the house of his life-long, almost adoring friend, the rarely good and rarely cultured Miss Margaret Davidson, of Edin-

burgh. I told him of my recent meeting with his quondam ally. He was unaltered in his kindness, though the fatal crash had come which dislocated so many hallowed and revered friendships. I take final leave of him here in the words in which Carlyle, in one of his own unique sentences, describes the character of Luther:—"Unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet in the cleft of it, fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers." ¹

¹ Among the heroes and heroines of this volume, let me introduce the name of the lady of whom I have just spoken with a cursory reference. In a speech of mine, reported in the *Courant* of a much later date, delivered in the Hopetoun Rooms, Edinburgh, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Ladies' Association for the Advancement of Female Education in India, I find the following allusion, which was cordially responded to by the audience:—

"The Ladies' Association is here met, after twenty-five years' probation, with its eye undimmed and its natural force unabated. If I might be permitted an allusion, it is to an active and unwearied member now no more. I never can think of this Society save in connection with one who, I am sure, will always be remembered as its foster-mother—one who combined, as I have seldom or ever known, masculine intellect with childlike faith and indomitable energy. I refer to my kind and venerated friend, the late Miss Davidson. She, in conjunction with a sisterhood of kindred spirits, others of whom have been recently called away, brought 'the fire and the wood,'—in other words, the prayers and the means,—and has not God made good His part in the sure word of promise, and provided the lamb for the burnt-offering?"

I have named her above in connection with Dr. Chalmers. There was a singular and amusing similarity in their faces. They seemed cast in the same mould, the element of conscious Doric strength preponderating. This was singularly aided by the broad vernacular common to both.

VIII

KETTINS. ST. MADDOES

AN important and quite unsought-for change was now impending.

The desirable parish of St. Maddoes, in the Presbytery of Perth, had become vacant after a twenty years' incumbency. Sir John Richardson, of Pitfour—a relative on my mother's side—was patron; and, out of a hundred applicants, he very kindly honoured me by making me the first offer.

I had never yet personally known him; but, by a curious coincidence, I had been asked to meet him at dinner in my neighbourhood, at the mansion of Murray of Simprim (the friend and contemporary of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Glassford, previously spoken of). As I spent the night, we got fairly well acquainted; and the result was, that in a few days he proposed to make that acquaintance a permanent one—or, rather, to deepen it into friendship.¹

¹ This was not the first time I had dined and spent the night in this unique house and household of Arthurstone. Mr. Murray could do nothing, and be nothing, without being original. His family worship in the morning was unlike anything I ever saw before or since. A huge gathering of servants was assembled in a room adjoining the dining-room. The service occupied exactly *one minute*! It consisted of the Lord's Prayer (all standing), and no more. The very singularity and brevity made it impressive. It accomplished the end of all family worship—the public recognition of God in the household—while the formula was indisputably best of all.

Mr. Murray, when I saw him in the earliest days of my youth, retained one survival of the past in his powdered hair, which had now de-

I own I have at times regarded with doubt and distrust the determination I came to—to leave a sphere so endeared to me, and where the affections of a primitive people were so strong and unmistakable ; but reasons of a sacred and imperative kind were beneath the surface, and, with a sad, misgiving heart, I bade farewell. The dear Kettins folk were most sympathetic, and followed me with affectionate interest. Some amusing incidents and words mingled with more pathetic ones. Let me give two specimens. The parishioners, out of their impoverished means, had presented me a year before with a really handsome and costly silver service, in which a massive teapot figured conspicuously. I met, the day after my announcement of leaving, one of the worthiest of the small peasant farmers—John Watson by name, and a genuine Scotchman by nature. In kindest of good humour, he accosted me in his broadest Doric, with words, however, more honest than complimentary : “ If we had kent, sir, ye were gawn to leave us, ye widna hae got your teapat.”

Jenny Smith was still less unsparing, and more outspoken. She was one of the most picturesque of the rare groups of old villagers—a snub nose, distended nostrils, and a dropping front tooth that gave character to her whole personality. She had an eye radiant with goodness, as good she was ; but when rising to the occasion, as in

generated into a black-brown wig. But that could not interfere with his nervous vivacity, the wealth of his stored mind, and its fund of anecdote. The first occasion on which, in Kettins times, I dined with this interesting man, I was all alone, with the exception of his scientist son-in-law, Lord Talbot de Malahide. Lord Talbot retired with the ladies after dinner, leaving the singular old literate with me. There was no difficulty in conversation, especially when we discovered our mutual liking for Ruskin's first volume of “*Modern Painters*,” which had taken the æsthetic world by storm. I cannot now recall his comments on this “thunderbolt from the blue,” but it may be imagined they were racy enough, and well worth preserving. I had fortunately already received a gift of that (till this hour) prized work, and was able, though with a very unequal combatant, to hold my own.

the present case, it could belie its better self. I can never forget the day when, on the opposite side of the village green, she stood with uplifted finger, every muscle in her withered arm distended in provocation. Seeing me at my gate, she loudly delivered this anathema for the benefit of the Kettins public (I was doubtless included, but it was the patron who in her eyes was the modern Ahitophel, and therefore came in for the larger share of the malediction): "May the counsels of Aheetophel be turned into fullishness!"

The people of Scotland in these older decades of the century were at times inclined to be superstitious, and I am not sure that the more obtuse of the Kettins folk were exempt from the infirmity. At all events, some incidents, which occurred in immediate conjunction with my departure, were not permitted to pass without comment. A neighbouring clergyman was occupying my pulpit, and had "given out," as the phrase goes, a metre psalm, when, to my dismay, I noted an awkward pause on the part of the precentor. But this was soon explained, for no precentor was there. On the spur of the moment, I rose and took possession of the vacant "desk." I did my very best, for the first and last time, to "lead the congregation," commencing the most familiar tune that presented itself at the moment. I confess to feeling a passing glow of pride and gratification that my efforts were, as I thought, fairly successful. A man in the gallery, however, who rightly or wrongly supposed he could lay claim to more alike of the theory and practice of music than his pastor, strode down the back stairs, and without much ado fairly dispossessed me. The congregation had bravely reached the end of the third line—but he was dissatisfied with what he deemed an abortive attempt, and, getting hold of the big psalm book, started afresh on the lines of a more elaborate tune. I retired discomfited! A second catastrophe followed during

the sermon, when a large portion of the ceiling-plaster fell (fortunately where the seats were empty) on one of the galleries; while, before the second service commenced, a sudden cessation of the "call to prayer," which had been ringing lustily, was succeeded by an ominous silence, broken by the voice of David Small, the old beadle, at my study door. He evidently feared we should surmise that some fatal mishap had befallen the metal of the familiar bell, so he gave the reassuring intelligence: "Sir, it's juist the tow (the rope)!"

This conjunction of ecclesiastical disasters was, however, too much for the more lively imaginations, and suspected of having some mysterious connection with the translation of "the munister."

Before settling down at my new home, a week was very pleasantly spent with my two brothers, who accompanied me in my own dogcart to some of the best-known scenery of Perthshire, Aberdeenshire, and Kincardineshire. There is a delightful independence in this method of locomotion. You have no provoking *contretemps* and uncertainties, no timetables to consult, no late trains to ruffle equanimity; your only pliant and pliable dictator is your own sweet will; under no constraint to follow the dusty highway; and if you have a kind friend here and there to relieve the monotony, so much the better. Quiet nooks of loveliness can only thus be reached and relished. The start was not made on the day usually selected for a minister's "outing"—a Monday. But there was a professional reason. I had been appointed by the Presbytery to fulfil duty, during a vacancy, in the small chapel of Persie—a solitary spot in the green wilds of Glenshee. We passed the night at the "Brig of Cally Inn," a place happily associated to me with my dear father's grouse-shooting days. After the primitive service in church, we met at dinner round the hospitable board of my kind aged friend,

Miss Rattray of Dalrulzion—a delightfully simple survivor of other times, who, in her Highland hospitalities, acted the part of Lydia to all members of the black cloth in these latitudes.

I need not dwell on the further stages of our journey—across from the Spittal to the forests of Mar, and the heights and depths of Ben Muichdhuì, or as we followed the Dee in its glorious course to the now well-known Ballater, where we spent the night. The district had not as yet inherited imperial fame. Diverging from the public highway, we purposed next day an early start, in order to cross by a wild and unfrequented road to Fettercairn. Our purpose was singularly thwarted by an exceptional occurrence. A great muster was to take place in the afternoon, in order to welcome the venerable Marquis of Huntly back to his feudal castle and estates, after an absence of prolonged years. The picturesque home of “the Gordon” happened to be situated on the very road we were traversing. The way was thronged with members of the clan, young and old, and holiday-seekers like ourselves. By an access of extraordinary folly, the penalty of which was duly paid, we were induced to follow the crowd of conveyances and pedestrians, till we pulled up close to the castle entrance, amid waving pennons and shrieks of bagpipe. To witness these gay festivities on so auspicious an occasion was natural and innocent enough; but several factors we had not taken into consideration, including precipitous roads; “weeping skies,” already impending; the absence of moonlight; and, worst of all, of more prosaic but serviceable luminaries—our carriage lamps, which before leaving home were regarded as useless *impedimenta*.

When the festivities were over, and “the clock tolled the hour for retiring,” we were unpleasantly reminded by the wildest of confronting skies, at what cost we had paid our

tribute of welcome to the chief of the neighbouring glens. We had driven but a few miles when the clouds gathered, and the inevitable rain descended; while, on reaching what might be supposed the summit of the pass, the lowering twilight was very soon succeeded by a darkness that might be felt. No house, nor inn, nor fragment of "Clachan" was visible. Never were the words "benighted," "belated," more emphasized. To advance or retreat was alike impossible. There was nothing for it but to pass the night in patience, under the "buckets of heaven" and pitchy sky, till the morning broke.

I personally determined on an expedient, which dire extremity alone seemed to justify. Leaving my companions in charge of horse and dogcart, with the butt end of the whip I made my adventurous way along the heather, never dreaming at the time of the perils, which the morning revealed, in the shape of rock and bog and tarn, developing here and there into a shallow precipice, with an inky pool of unknown depth at its base. The effort was, however, rewarded. I had only gone a short distance when, to my joy, I descried a light—a light evidently in a cottage window, and not far off. To that tiny Pharos I directed my steps, my approach being heralded by a chorus from collies and pointers, in every note of the canine gamut. It turned out to be the lodge of Lord Inverury's keeper, and the only dwelling between Deeside and Fettercairn. The guardian of grouse was most kind and sympathetic, despite this rude midnight invasion of his domestic peace, and ere the early hours of the morning both horse and travellers were housed as comfortably as circumstances would admit. The strangest part of the incident, perhaps, was this: the worthy keeper and his wife told us that, by quite an unaccountable omission on their part, they had gone to bed and to sleep, *leaving the candle burning on the little window-sill*—the first time in their lives such a mistake had occurred.

But it was a godsend to us—a veritable providence. Had the extinguisher done its ordinary duty, ours would have been a sorry fate that night.

In the morning we surveyed our midnight battlefield, as the soldier does the traces of the fray, with mingled awe and gratitude to the Giver of all mercies. Others would call it “good luck.” I have a higher and better name for it. The only member that suffered in the escapade was the belated and, I fear, ungroomed horse. A small penalty, in the shape of a fee to a veterinary surgeon, had to be paid when we reached the Manse.

While speaking of Deeside, I may here advert to a visit I paid in a subsequent year to those same regions, with leisure, which we had not on the former occasion, to inspect the granite city of the North and its environs. Having explored the Dee, I thought I should like, if I could do no more, at least to see the mouth of the Don and its famous “Brig.” The names of these rivers—specially as regards the nomenclature of sex or gender—are a perplexity. The estuary of this “*Sister* river,” as I would presume to call it, is some two or three miles north of the Dee, both discharging their waters into the German Ocean. While on the bridge I got into conversation with a working-man, and the talk naturally turned, in a complimentary way on my part, to the two great fluvial features of the district. He thus pursued and endorsed the parable: “Ou, ai. *He’s* a fine river, the Don; but *She’s* a fine river, too, the Dee.” What the diversity of epithet meant, this arbitrary change from the sterner to the softer sex, I did not care to inquire. We speak of “Father Nile.” I have even heard “Father Tay” whispered in a poem. But I was unprepared for this conjugal bond uniting the two noble Aberdeenshire streams. According to the epigram of a clever humorist, may not our Transatlantic friends possibly be responsible for the above countryman’s division of honours?

“ In England, rivers all are males ;
 For instance, ‘ Father Thames.’
 Whoever to Columbia sails
 Finds mademoiselles or dames.
 Yes, there the softer sex presides,
 Aquatic I assure ye,
 And Misses Sippi rolls her tides,
 Responsive to *Miss* Sour ! ”

But to change the scene to the banks of the still nobler Tay.

St. Maddoes—my new home—had a peculiar type of beauty. Quite a delightful garden in front, a glebe of twenty-five acres and a rocky-ridged, wooded hill beyond. I was moreover surrounded with much that was congenial. One element of doubtful desirableness in the new sphere was its peculiar limitations—only a mile square, and nothing which could be called a village. “ I fancy,” said I to the old minister’s man (one of the most characteristic of his class),—“ I fancy, William, I shall be able to visit through the entire parish in six weeks ? ”

“ Sax weeks ! A wee määment some after-nune ! ”

Making allowance for hyperbole, it was in truth one of the *sinecures* of the Church, and I could only have been justified in remaining, by other congenial work in due time unfolding itself. This proved to be the case, for my ample leisure in the Perthshire Manse, otherwise I fear likely to become a “ Castle of Indolence,” gave commencement to the exceptional feature in my after-life and ministry—AUTHORSHIP. As is doubtless usually the case with authors, even those worthier of the name, I had not the remotest idea or forecast of such a destiny. What gave it form and impulse was this. The idea struck me that it would be a pleasant thing to send to the head of each family in my former parish some printed *souvenir*, in the form of a tract or small book. Moreover, I thought it might be well to cast the same in the shape of a few words for daily read-

ing. This was the origin of "The Faithful Promiser" (a "Love-letter" as one of the villagers spoke of it), the speedy and almost immediate sale of which, extending to hundreds of thousands, almost frightened me. That little volume seemed at once to point to what I afterwards called my special *niche* in the temple, and with, I am not arrogant in saying, an instinctive love of work, I obeyed the call. Though an utter stranger, I must always refer warmly and gratefully to a kind response I at once received from the well-known religious publisher of his day in London, Mr. Nisbet, of Berners Street, the founder of the house, to which, though occasionally diverging to other firms, I hope to remain loyally attached. The "Morning and Night Watches" (the circulation of which by this time may be reckoned at half a million) was the first to follow, with an equal, indeed more marked success. Some week-day lectures given in the parish schoolroom, aided by a huge map of my own drawing, were the foundation of the volume subsequently published—"Footsteps of St. Paul"—though in this I tried carefully to disclaim originality, simply putting the researches of others into a simple, readable form for youth. The volume has had, like its predecessors, a remarkable circulation. Other smaller efforts were written and published, such as "The Woodcutter of Lebanon"; while some of a larger growth were laid out and planned, to be kept *in retentis*.

These larger publications suggest the least of all—a tract. It would not be worth mentioning, save in connection with the interest I had in a work associated with its fugitive pages. Both in my former and present parish, and in the districts around, what is and was well known in Scotland by the name of the "bothy system," had an evil reputation. In common with many others I was deeply pained by the existing condition of the farm-labourers, specially that of the young lads, say from eighteen to

twenty-five years of age, who often herded together, it is no exaggeration to say, in a state of semi-savagery—animalism. Their homes—or all that passed for homes—were a blot on a civilized land and age. These consisted for the most part of one repulsive tenement, simply a barn, with rafters and clay floor and rude furniture of form and kist, a grim counterpart to the slums of our great cities. The prime mover in this urgent social reform was the Rev. Mr. Stewart, minister of Oatlaw, with whom I corresponded. Neither landlord nor farmer was in most cases to be visited with blame; for these wild youths resented interference with their independent life and ways, absolutely preferring haunts sometimes fit only for cattle, to the decencies and amenities of existence. Thanks to the Scotch village school, most of them were able to read, though there were exceptions of the crudest ignorance; and ignorance was not in their case “the mother of devotion.” The one outlet of this dreary existence, from year’s end to year’s end, was the annual or biennial “fair,” with its drunkenness, profanity, and vice. I began my small crusade against such unmitigated degradation, first by visits and appeals, made as indirectly and adroitly as I could, to the better natures of the lads. Then by means of a very elementary library, where suitable books were provided, and weekly in my own kitchen, doled out by me on loan. (The personal attendance and supervision I found of importance.) Further, as just referred to, I ventured to write what I called “A Tract for Bothy Lads,” which had a very encouraging circulation in the quarters it was needed. The whole Carse of Gowrie, in which St. Maddoes was situated, an Arcadia in other respects, had, I grieve to say, a wicked pre-eminence in these grovelling haunts. The better class of landlords joined at that time with the clergy in an attempt at all events at amelioration. Lord Kinnaird, full of zeal for all social improvement, was especially conspicuous in the present

effort. Mainly under his auspices and influence, evening gatherings were held in the various parishes around, where farmers and their ploughmen were invited to meet in the schoolroom to discuss the possibilities of elevating a neglected, demoralised class, and removing a reproach on our Christianity. That good was done there cannot be a doubt. Night-schools were instituted, "registers" opened, better "goods and chattels" provided, and the moral element in the "feeing markets" introduced, where *character* was taken into calculation, instead of the old ignoble appeal only to bone and muscle. It is to be feared much has still to be done in the cleansing of the Augean stable, and that the elementary task continues urgent of convincing these true descendants of Bœotia that, even in the small matter of library and book-lending, lairds and farmers and ministers *may* be credited with being capable of unselfish motives, and having the good of the young rustics alone at heart. What could you make of the retort—"We are no hired to work your work and read your books too!" But there were nuggets of gold also, as I can testify, in the somewhat unpromising mine—young fellows who came to find that work and books were not incompatible. My able, and some of them more experienced brother ministers, were most zealous, while my sympathies were rarely drawn out as they were in this cause, with the one regret that I had not done, or could not do more. I retain to this day specially pleasant remembrances of the kindness, in connection with the movement, received from Lord and Lady Kinnaird at their beautiful "Priory."

This autumn, in company with my two brothers, I again took a long-purposed holiday in the classic country of "the Tweed," commencing with Peebles, and terminating at the mouth of that noble river at Berwick. I know nothing finer or more interesting. There is a total lack of *grand* scenery. My native Grampians would look with disdain on

the formal, unpicturesque Eildons and Cheviots. But quiet, sylvan beauty, historic memories, and the glamour which Sir Walter has thrown around, give it a niche all its own. It was largely a pedestrian excursion, and one evening, in an absolute downpour of rain, we found ourselves, drenched and weary, drying our saturated garments, as best we could, at the kitchen fire of the little inn on the braes of Yarrow skirting St. Mary's Loch. The obliging innkeeper deplored that he had no parlour of any sort to offer, as the only room of the kind was already occupied by a gentleman and his wife, volunteering at the same time to ask the latter if they would not object to our company. They at once gave a courteous assent. After much pleasant talk on scenery and art, the gentleman offered us, on retiring to bed, his guide-book of the surrounding country. Amazed were we, on reaching our rooms, to read on the fly-leaf the name of a distinguished English artist, who for the present may remain *incog.*, as he will be mentioned in a future chapter. He was pleased next morning to hear from me that, only a few weeks previously, he had drawn on wood a frontispiece for the aforesaid "Woodcutter of Lebanon," the forerunner of others in future years to follow. He kindly opened his own portfolio of "gems," which live to this day in the eyes of all who appreciate "high art." That same forenoon, under more genial skies, we skirted Newark Castle and the "birchen bowers" of its poet, concluding with the Lion's den itself. As the attendant showed us through the rooms, and told us he was the last personal servant of Sir Walter—not in figurative speech, but conspicuous reality—a big tear stood in the eye and rolled down the cheek of this *ultimus Romanorum*. Melrose Abbey of course—that poem in stone—we reverently visited, and then the absolutely ideal poet's grave at Dryburgh. Not long before I had seen the portentous mausoleum in the park at Hamilton Palace, where the old duke lies in his Egyptian *sarcophagus*. What was

the one, costing its fabulous thousands, compared to the romance in stone and lime upon which we now gazed, the crumbling but exquisitely proportioned arch under which is gathered (hard by the murmurs of his own Tweed) the dust dearest to Scotland—the dust of the man who in one sense *made* Scotland; at all events haloed it with his genius as no other could do. A respected friend and relative, one of the pastors of “sweet Teviot Dale,” welcomed me to his manse, and kindly drove me, first by its “silver tide” and “wild and willowed shore,” then to spots of beauty and renown all around. Kelso and Floors Castle impressed me. Next morning found me almost at break of day, pencil in hand, sketching Norham’s “castled steep” from the brink of the Tweed below; a sketch I afterwards extended in oil on a large canvas, and which has hung in my drawing-room ever since. The castle is a mere ruin; but there is a glorious breadth about it for artistic purposes, and I happily was in good time to catch the golden effect of morning on the highest wall of the keep, perhaps the remains of the Donjon in Sir Walter’s opening stanza in “Marmion.” I finished off this fluvial excursion with Berwick and its antiquated walls.

O ye votaries of Continental travel—worshippers of Rhine and Rhone, Arno and Tiber, and Danube—*do* keep in reserve a bit of your enthusiasm, in all the length of its sinuous course, for

“Tweed’s fair river broad and steep
And Cheviot’s mountains lone.”

In a later year we completed what we were then unable to overtake, a visit to the contiguous St. Mary’s Lake, including the historic hostelry of Tibbie Shiels. Tibbie was there herself in all her individuality, to dispense her frugal but very substantial hospitalities. I at once won heart and tongue by telling her I had been a pupil of

Professor Wilson's. Her eye kindled at the name, and she insisted on my carrying away some small trophy (I forget now in what shape), to keep green our visit to the piscatorial haunt of the great Christopher and his merry *confrères*.

I may be somewhat chronologically at fault; that matters slightly. But about this time, when paying a visit to my mother in Edinburgh, I made the acquaintance of a man whose name is familiar to all Scottish theologians of the last half-century—Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen. The object of his call was to put in my offer the parochial charge, then vacant, of Mains and Strathmartine, where his property and residence were. However out of harmony I might have been with some of his more pronounced views (for he was, in Scotland at all events, the "pioneer" of the "advanced school"), it would have been a singular privilege to enjoy the friendship and fellowship of one of the most godly men of the age—an Enoch in his day and generation. The genial and accomplished author of "Rab and his Friends" had, as will be seen in the "Recollections," little less than a passionate esteem for him, and delight in his goodness. "The wonderful old man," Dean Boyle calls him, "who exercised so much influence in Scotland." ("Recollections," p. 81). Dean Stanley says, as quoted in his life (II. 392), "To hold brief converse with Erskine of Linlathen was to have one's conversation in heaven." This was not the verdict of the more strictly "religious" only. Such as Carlyle, and his equally distinguished wife, who were in the habit of sharing his hospitality, regarded him with nothing short of admiring reverence. "Of Thomas Erskine," says their biographer, "whom they both loved, Mrs. Carlyle said, 'He always soothes me, for he looks so serene, as if he had found peace.'" It so happened that the very week after declining his kind proposal, I chanced to be a fellow-passenger with him in the steamer from

Dundee to Edinburgh. It was in the Fife pre-railway days. The voyage was eminently long and tedious; but he broke it with his genial, elevated talk, which I can never forget, bordering though at times it did on the mystical—but suffused with the central theme of his creed and his life—the divine love of God. Who that ever saw or heard can forget that benign face and plaintive voice? One who lived to love and to be loved. There was nothing prepossessing or “patrician” about him otherwise. All his goodness was enveloped in the quaintest cut-away attire of the country laird; as if the market-place was more familiar to him than the courts of the Temple.

Mr. Erskine affords a favourable specimen of the highest art (yes, “art” I must call it) in religion, that of imbuing current conversation with lofty principle—the spirit of Christianity. This, though I do not by any means say *only*, can best be seen in the case of the high-bred cultivated gentleman. “Cant” is an ugly, repulsive word, representing an ugly and repulsive thing, which repels all sensitive and high-minded souls. But nothing is more beautiful, because most rare, than the ability, in social intercourse, to interweave unobtrusively, cultured and interesting talk, with a lofty and unmistakable Christian spirit. The finest specimen of this that ever presented itself to me was when asked by my friend, Colonel Macdonald, of St. Martin’s, to meet and spend the night with Canon (then Mr.) Carus, of Cambridge. From his well-stored mind he brought out treasures new and old. He had learning, repartee, and fund of anecdote. But all was exalted and transfigured by something higher. There was the golden thread running through the warp and woof of common life. I ceased to wonder at the testimony borne by one of the dearest friends I ever had—a B.A. of Cambridge. His deep, spiritual nature had been moulded and fostered there. His eye was wont either to glow or to moisten as he spoke of

the elevating and devout influence of "Carus of Cambridge." Hundreds had the same tale to tell.

About a year and a half after my settlement, I married a second time, L—— S——, from first to last (thirty-eight years) a happy union, one that greatly contributed to the serenity of my life. The truthfulness of the estimate will be recognised and endorsed by all who knew her. "Doing justly; loving mercy; walking humbly." Even in my literary work I reliably leant on her taste and accuracy.

Her father was a man greatly respected by all who knew him—a wide circle. There were two who in boyhood and youth were often, in holiday time, inmates of his hospitable abode, and of both of whom in his later years he was commendably proud. The one was John Lawrence, afterwards Lord Lawrence. His father, General Lawrence, had been all his life Mr. S——'s intimate friend—indeed, more a brother than a friend—and the families were linked in closest intimacy. The gallant sons had generally left for their Indian fortune and fame from my wife's home in Chelsea.¹ On Lord Lawrence's last visit to the daughters of his old friend (his latest honours upon him, but his own sun fast "westering"), he looked up at the familiar portrait in the dining-room, and said, with a tear in his eye, "My more than father."

The other youth, to whom I think Mr. S—— had been made guardian, was of a very different school and type; but in another department equally distinguished—Connop Thirlwall, afterwards Bishop of St. David's. The old man was equally interested in this *prodigy*, for prodigy he was, and was never reluctant to show a manuscript book of his young *protégé's*, containing essays and literary papers, written when the latter had barely escaped from childhood.

¹ See earlier chapters in "Life of Lord Lawrence," by Bosworth Smith.

So much for (to me) an interesting digression.

The years thus slipped quietly along in this small *otium cum dignitate*. My elder brother's home and property—my native place—was within an easy drive. Patron and people of the parish were alike kind and friendly. On two occasions during my incumbency the former went to reside for some considerable time on the Continent, and during his absence let Pitfour Castle. One of its occupants was Lord Panmure, better known as Fox Maule; afterwards Earl of Dalhousie, and Minister of War during the most trying time of the Crimean Campaign, in which he did much to redeem the incompetence of others in that disastrous struggle. He was much too committed a "Free Churchman" to enter the place of worship of one of the "residuaries." But I shared his hospitalities, and am not sorry to record the special respect I entertained for his sister, afterwards Lady Catherine Maule. There are enough and to spare in the "upper ten thousand" who are somewhat above the humbler ways of a Scottish pastor and manse; and who, even while accessible, render themselves disagreeable with patronising airs and dubious friendship. But I have always said and felt, that the most winning and delightful specimens of feminine human-kind are those, in whom high-breeding and family are combined with simple, genuine, unaffected courtesy; no veneer, but reality. Such was this neighbour for the time being. We enjoyed much, long walks with her and her nieces in the hills and slopes around, and when I saw, years after, her death in the obituary, I mourned a cherished friendship.

The kindness and hospitality of others in Perthshire merit being recorded. Summer visits I recall with special pleasure, and that more than once to the Vale of Athole. First to beautiful Faskally (Mr. and Mrs. Butter), and then to, I think, the most beautiful spot in

Scotland, a couple of miles up the glen, where resided my venerable friend—and I may call her relative—Mrs. Hay, with her two step-daughters. Killiecrankie Cottage, known to all, and admired by all who have seen the charm of that unrivalled “Pass,” is perched like a bird’s nest in the centre of the western slope; and if we substitute for Sir Walter’s “Yarrow,” the other historic name, we have the home set among birchen bowers. From its drawing-room windows you command the other side of the pass, with the Garry tumbling on in its haste to meet the equally tumultuous Tummel; while towering in the distance are the two magnificent Ben y Glos. The kind hearts within, were in harmony with the attractions around. One treasured memorial Mrs. Hay was wont to show me with great pleasure—the Bible belonging to the great Marquis of Argyle, and which he used before his execution. The undoubted piety of the “Maccallum Mohr” of his day is singularly evidenced by the number of passages and verses marked, some of them double-marked, by his own hand.

Amongst many pleasant visits paid to Lord and Lady Kinnaird, at Rossie Priory, I am here reminded of one of special interest.

I there spent two days with that eminent scientist and Christian philosopher—Sir David Brewster; an honour to his native Scotland, and a pillar of the Christian faith. He must be grouped with another, from whom I received personal and family kindness, never to be forgotten, and for which no fee or reward would be accepted; an equally distinguished man in his life of rare skill and philanthropy—Sir James Simpson. He was associated as much with archæology as anæsthetics, specially in the direction of Runic monuments. Regarding one of these in my own churchyard, he made me sorely ashamed of my ignorance. Such acquaintances—

friendships I am not entitled to call them—one remembers with special pride and satisfaction.

Nobility of rank is in itself a poor thing set side by side with the nobility of intellect or the wealth of goodness. But when all three are combined, the *triplet* is complete. This recalls another Perthshire name ere the curtain falls on my native county, with the *tria juncta in uno*, carrying with it pleasant memories.

“Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

The gifted Editor of “Sir Walter Scott’s Journal,” in words better than I can employ, says: “Mary Campbell, Lady Ruthven, held relations more or less close with nearly every one famous in art and literature, during the greater part of the nineteenth century . . . She had among her correspondents some of the most brilliant men of her day. Those who were privileged to share in the refined hospitality of Winton, never forgot either the picturesque old house (the supposed Ravenswood Castle of “The Bride of Lammermoor”), or the venerable mistress as she sat of an evening in her unique drawing-room, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of Grecian temple and landscape, her own handiwork in days long gone by, when she was styled by her friends ‘Queen of Athens.’ Her conversation after she was ninety was fresh and vigorous. . . . Her splendid memory enabled her to while away many a sleepless hour by repeating long passages from the Bible or Milton. The former, she had so much in her heart, that it was scarcely possible to believe she was not reading from the book” (vol. ii. pp. 390–1). It was not at Winton, nor in the decrepitude of age that I knew her but in the brightness and strength of her days, at her Perthshire home—Freeland—with its wonderful lime

avenue, and where her drawing-room was decorated with the same trophies of her own brush above alluded to. The writer from whom I have just quoted, adds: "Above all, was her truly divine gift of charity, the practical application of which, in her every-day life, was only bounded by her means." In this earlier home, and its ideal adjoining village, she was, in the best sense of the word, the mother of her people; making it her pleasure to minister to their well-being, whether in sickness or health. She sometimes astonished them by what might be deemed unseasonable vigilance. Once, dining and spending the night, I was startled by an early knock at my door with a cup of coffee, and a message from her ladyship, that she would be waiting for me at half-past seven to go and see some villagers. The round was duly accomplished!

The lowly parishioners of St. Maddoes were nice in their way, and with many of them there was a mutual bond of strong attachment; though, taking them all in all, lacking the same primitive interest as those on the other side of the Sidlaws. Let one among several such, and one too of the poorest, be taken as a characteristic specimen. This was Jean Hutchison, of Inchyra village, a little outlying hamlet on the borders of the parish. "Old Jean," by which *soubriquet* she was known to her neighbours, was profoundly deaf. Doomed to this infirmity, she was unconscious of noises (including those for which she was herself responsible). The nervous banging of chairs, upsetting of footstools and other such furniture on the occasion of the minister's visit, was alike amusing and disconcerting. She was a good old soul, illustrating in her own very humble way the apostolic averment, that "godliness with contentment is great gain." She sought at least, even in minutest particulars, to live out the Christian life, and

act in conformity with Gospel principles. She was satisfied with the smallest earnings; but she had a New Testament principle here too. All in ignorance of the value of the Roman *denarius*, she made it a point to be worker and bread-winner to the amount she deemed prescribed in the parable of "a penny a day." The Scottish penny was to her the equivalent of the Gospel one; and with that, honestly won, she was satisfied. I have told the story in "Taxwood," but it will bear, in fresh words, repetition. Unwitting alike of sounds and of thin wall-partitions, her morning and evening petitions being moreover replete with intercession, many of the neighbours' faults and failings were circumstantially enumerated and pled for with stentorian lungs, in homely phrase, "without mincing matters." It was an additional peculiarity, that whether petition, intercession, or thanksgiving, her utterances were twice repeated. Her minister came off more triumphantly than others. He was in the habit on his rare visits of supplementing the "penny a day" with a piece of silver. The benefaction was not suffered to be forgotten in the comprehensive evening prayer; the neighbours, of course, through the slim lath and plaster, were initiated into the secret:—"Lord, bless the munister. He gëde me half a croon. He gëde me half a croon!"

IX

GLASGOW

BUT the time had now come for another and very different sphere.

One morning at breakfast, I was startled by a private letter from Dr. Norman Macleod, telling me of a very handsome church in the course of erection in the west end of Glasgow, and sounding me as to whether I would be inclined to entertain an offer to become its first incumbent. I had had more than one similar overture made in regard to other places. Among these an urgent letter from Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court, as to a West End Church in London. This new proposal, nevertheless, could not be so readily dismissed as the others. I knew well that it could not be without a struggle that I should leave a pleasant and congenial sphere, and plunge into the work and responsibilities of a city charge. Utterly unsought, however, in the Providence of God, a door of wider—much wider—usefulness was opened. Could I—dare I refuse? An affirmative answer, after prayerful consideration, and consultation with friends, was given. I had certainly no cause to regret the decision. On the completion of the new church—which I always thought unrivalled in the beauty of its interior—I was received with open arms by the *élite* of the West End of the mercantile capital, whether connected with the Church of Scotland or otherwise.

I must not omit to recall a conversation, not of sacred, but of secular interest, on the afternoon of my "induction" to my new charge, when welcomed and fêted at the Queen's

Hotel by a very large gathering of both clergymen and laymen. Being the "guest," I was placed at table next the venerable head of the University—Principal Macfarlane, who conjoined with his collegiate honours the dignity of minister of the High Church, now the magnificent cathedral. These were the days when pluralities still lingered. He was one greatly respected. Mentally strong and vigorous, and even in his advanced age the very soul of high breeding and courtesy. Before coming to Glasgow, he was minister of Drymen, in Dumbartonshire. Among his heritors or neighbours was Macdonald Buchanan, of Ross Priory, a house, as mentioned in the opening pages of this book, frequently honoured by the presence of Sir Walter Scott. The story he circumstantially related to me was this. "One day," he said (I quote his words as nearly as I can recall), "the conversation at the dinner table took the shape of describing some of the neighbouring villages and localities. Sir Walter was much interested, but seemed rather struck at hearing, that in the midst of all that picturesque scenery, there were some little towns, or 'clachans,' as they were called, very poor, treeless, barren and uninteresting. 'I will give you, Mr. Scott,' remarked Dr. Macfarlane, addressing the yet *unbaroneted* poet, 'an example. It is the village of Bucklyvie, not far off, and the following old metrical lines faithfully describe it:—

" 'The Baron O Bucklyvie,
 The foul fiend drive ye,
 And aa' to pieces rive ye
 For biggin sic a toun,
 Where there's neither horse meat, nor man's meat,
 Nor a chair to sit dooin.'

"When the ladies rose to go to the drawing-room, Sir Walter tapped me on the shoulder:—

" 'Mr. Macfarlane, will you come to the window and repeat me those lines you gave us at dinner?'

"I did so. I felt sure at the time he had some object in his request, and that was soon revealed. The author of 'Waverley' was still 'the great *unknown*.' But, a few months afterwards," continued the Principal, "'Rob Roy' was published. Turning to one of the later chapters I was at once struck by its motto. It was the lines I had repeated, and which were jotted down in pencil in the window recess at Ross. Though I kept the matter to myself, feeling in honour bound to do so, I never from that moment had the slightest doubt who was the man in the mask. The author stood at once revealed and convicted."

But to return from this digression.

In the course of a few months the new church was not only filled, but filled to overflowing. Our early recollections in the afternoon are of forms that were brought in by the door-keepers to supplement the filled seats. There being no galleries, the 1,100 who occupied the area of the church seemed a dense mass of human beings. The style of the building was in strong harmony with my æsthetic tastes; and ere long the beautifully proportioned windows were filled with stained glass—principally supplied by Wailes, of Newcastle, to the value of £1,000, while, some years after, an equally high-class organ was introduced. I have no room to recount all the encouragements of this new position,—the kindness and approval of friends, lay and clerical,—entailing, however, a good deal of the tear and wear (and specially in the way of platform work) which came afterwards to tell disastrously. At this time the degree of D.D. was sent to me from America. I felt the honour all the greater as coming from the University of New York. A year subsequently the same was conferred on me by the Senatus of Glasgow College.

Another event, which I always too evidently deemed a life-crisis, here suddenly supervened. I had not been more than two years in this interesting and encouraging new church,

with all its fresh organizations, both among old and young, in full activity, when, in response to a memorial from the Kirk Session, I received, through Sir George Grey, an offer from the Crown, of the cathedral of Glasgow, then vacant owing to the death of Principal Macfarlane. None of my friends, none save L—— and A——, nor even they fully, knew the struggle undergone at the time, and the tender conflict which followed afterwards. All my counsellors were kind and sympathetic—none more so than Dr. Macleod. But each seemed to shrink from the difficulty and responsibility of advising, and the momentous decision remained with myself. Dr. Macleod strongly inclined to acceptance. The dignity of the position was unquestionably great, none more so in the Church of Scotland. But it was not the honour that weighed with me. Of that I had enough where I was. But right or wrong (on this I cannot pronounce), I had always, with the consciousness of many shortcomings for such a position, a strong feeling of one faculty or talent—which if I do possess it has lain dormant to this hour—viz., the power of preaching simply and effectively to the masses of the poor. This I would have dearly liked, and would have had in very ample opportunity in the High Church Parish. For the moment many schemes, never to take shape, floated before me, of large halls, and iron rooms, and social meetings, in the expenses of which the ample income derived from my books alone would have had a congenial outlet. The die, however, was otherwise cast. The seeming discourtesy and dishonour of abandoning a newly formed and loving congregation, determined a final declination. It was none the less, however, of its kind a trial, never reverted to to others, but which, notwithstanding, I bore about with me as one of the painful uncertainties in the path of duty. I see and own now that I was wisely guided. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

Some time about this date, the first well-known Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had been chosen Lord Rector of the University ; the University not as it now is, dominating the noble slope of Gilmour Hill at the fashionable West End, but the dingy old building, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the odoriferous High Street. I found myself and other clerical brethren one forenoon packed in a dense crowd in the "Common Hall," eager to hear the great orator. Despite of a seamed and shattered face, an attenuated body, and a chronic deafness, I was charmed alike with his eloquent words and graceful delivery. The music lingers to this day. It was long indeed before he could be indulged with a hearing, and until the surging and noisy students would be propitiated, and charmed with the *favete linguis*. The old Principal was roused to something like fever-heat. He felt his dignity insulted and compromised in a Demosthenic presence, and in vain attempted, with clenched fist, to act the part of Canute. But once the steam was blown off, the silence and decorum were retained to the last. The novelist retired in a hurricane of applause, which the *perfervidum* of the Scotch nature can best accord.

I was peculiarly happy in my new clerical connections in Glasgow, and that too alike with Churchmen and Dissenters. My old, my oldest friend, Dr. Craik, of St. George's, had once more introduced me to my new flock, as he had done twelve years before at Kettins. He continued to the last my life-long ally, and I shared with another most faithful friend, Dr. Ritchie, of Longforgun, the sorrowful duty of preaching his funeral sermon. I prized much the warm friendship of Dr. Jamieson, of St. Paul's, perhaps the ablest scholar—certainly the best Hebraist in the Presbytery—always accessible and reliable. The venerable Dr. Smith, of Cathcart, was the true gentleman all over, the Nestor of the court, and *facile princeps* in Church law and business matters. Dr. Charteris was altogether a later importation.

But in the rare qualities of a man, a Christian, and a pastor, he had no peer. It would be invidious to name others when all were cordial. But I must reserve two, or it may be three paragraphs. One of these is for my dear old 'venerated friend, Dr. John Muir, of St. James, a member of what might be called "the old school," intensely original, rich in the exposition of Evangelical truths, in his own homely way the prince of preachers. He was at war—and no quarter given—with all new-fangled methods and doctrines; as I heard him state in his own quaint diction to a crowded and fashionable congregation in London: "People are not content now, as the Israelites were, to have the manna sent down ready cooked from heaven, but they must have it served up with onions, and leeks, and garlic." I was privileged to see and pray with this "good and faithful servant" on his death-bed. I have mentioned in a former chapter the verse selected in my country church on that sad, solemn, never-to-be-forgotten Sunday which followed the Disruption. The congregation of St. James felt assured that their worthy pastor (Dr. Muir), who remained in the National Church (and indeed regarded the attitude of the outgoing brethren as the blunder of innocent and deluded men), would select as his text something out of the way, quite in harmony with the singularities of his life and character. But they were hardly prepared for the surprise when he announced the subject of his discourse—2 Sam. xv. 11: "And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem, that were called; and they went in their simplicity, and they knew not any thing"!

Dr. Gillan, of St. John's, is not to be forgotten in this clerical roll of "good men." He was an indomitable worker alike in pulpit, parish, and platform, and overflowing with ready and genial wit. His *impromptus* were remarkable, and never missed fire.

"Can you tell me," said a Cockney fellow-voyager, curious in astronomical questions, one bright, starry night, as they were contemplating together the heavens on the deck of a London and Leith steamer; "can you tell me," said this interlocutor, "what is a dog-star?"

"I do not know," replied the other, "unless it be a sky terrier."

His predecessor in his country Manse had left in the Doctor's custody all his written sermons. The former, afraid that they would suffer from the dampness of the press in which they had been stored, requested Gillan to take a look at them, and see they were not suffering from these climatic conditions. The reply was, "I am glad to tell you they are *as dry as ever*."

Dr. Norman Macleod, his unique personality, popularity, and influence, I shall recur to in an after page. He was head and shoulders above all. As his intimate friend, Dr. Watson, truly said, "He was the most many-sided of men." His were amazingly captivating powers both in public and private—the sympathetic pastor, the brilliant conversationalist, the eloquent orator. He recalls to me the happy, complimentary saying of Frederica Bremer, when an accomplished friend was apologising for intruding upon her at a time of bodily weakness, "Oh, no! you did not tire me; and yet you might. *I forgot you were so many*." Dr. Macleod had this multiplied power, this cipher or ciphers, added to the unit in no ordinary degree—"a host in himself!" As the highest lady in the land remarked to Dean Stanley on his death,—"*And he was so big*." Yes, "so big," and yet he was not formidable. Between his warmth of heart, his earnest spirit, and ever-ready pleasantries, you were at ease at once. This last feature in his many-sidedness was a very remarkable one. His wit was spontaneous, irrepressible; like his laugh, it bubbled over in spite of him. But, as is ever the case in the true,

genuine article, it cannot be reproduced second-hand. What has been said of a great German was equally true of him. "He was essentially *spirituel*, with the light, delicate wit of another age; that subtle essence which evaporates in transmission, evanescent and inimitable, that can neither be plagiarised or preserved." What a wonderful vitality in this noble, manifold influence! He possessed it and exercised it, alike over the working man, at the table of the Glasgow Cræsus, over the Queen in her Crathie Kirk and Highland home. Speaking of working men, he took me, one night I was dining alone with him, into his study, to see and hear a deputation of shipwrights, carpenters, and others from Kelvinhaugh. The play of light and shade was admirable. The many-chorded soul was all in tune. The men felt in a few minutes in sympathy with him, and he with them. Homer was not wrong in speaking of "Kings of Men"; and this was one of them. Dean Stanley's name for him was "The Bishop."

Here are a few words spoken of another, but how true of him. "There is always a certain *cachet* about great men. They speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do; they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers, who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion where there is a crowd to back it" ("English Humorists").

But there was an "Archbishop" in the family, though little known in comparison with his more distinguished son. "Old Dr. Macleod," as he was familiarly called, minister of the Gaelic Church in Glasgow, was truly no common man. Captivating in manners and speech as was Dr. Norman, junr., he was not superior in these respects to "the old man eloquent." He would have been picked out, conspicuous in face and figure, among a thousand—with his genial expression, kindling eye, and silvery hair; while

the fascination of voice and language was increased because

“Upon his speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue.”

He was wonderful in his *tact* in public speaking; none could better feel the pulse of his audience even to the last. I was on the platform in the City Hall at a crowded meeting to celebrate his jubilee. The powers of former days were manifestly failing; and, in a word, he got rather muddled in a long discursive speech which came unavoidably to tax the patience of his hearers. There were beginning to be evident, indeed *audible*, signs of impatience, yet he had something more he was very anxious to say. His son (Dr. Norman) was seated next him, but refrained from the slightest filial interference by word or sign. The old man, however, with his unfailing resources, was equal to the occasion. The sudden idea which inspired him was inimitable, and it was inimitably carried out. He thus addressed the unconscious minister of the Barony at his side: “I say, Norman, if you pull my coat tails again, I shall speak for half an hour. If you let them alone, I shall be done in five minutes.” This little piece of extempore device, it need not be said, had the desired effect. It was received with appreciative hilarity, and he was heard to the end in respectful and good-humoured silence. I adjourned, with a favoured few, after all was over, for some small hospitalities in his house; and he was seen at his best when the anxieties and jubilations of the day were fairly over.

At the request of his son, I preached in the Barony, the Sunday after his death, what may be called a funeral sermon.

I may here advert to a pleasant feature in my Sunday services in Sandyford. During the six years I was at St. Madoes, I preached regularly once a month a “sermon to

children." These were ranged in front of the pulpit, while parents and others of maturer age occupied the other portions of the church. The success in the country service was so obvious that I ventured to continue it in the city of the West, with this difference, that, as I could not well disturb the seat arrangements by having an exclusive "diet of worship" for my young hearers, I often ingrafted a few words—say of ten minutes' length—at the close of the ordinary sermon. This was the first of my "innovations," and one from which there was no dissent. A children's service of some kind I would warmly commend to all pastors and teachers. I now vividly recall the noblest of such I ever heard, though not of yesterday, preached in presence of a thousand children, by that patriarch of missionaries, Dr. Robert Moffat. Voice and action combined to vivify the thrilling tales of his African experiences, and were very telling to adults in the galleries, as well as to the two thousand ears and eyes directly in front of the preacher.

A summer holiday of several weeks' duration was spent with my wife and friend (Miss A——) in the old favourite haunts of the Continent—France, Switzerland, and Italy. It need not be rehearsed. The Munster Thal, or Val Moutier, was new to me. It involved a long but very charming day, starting from the "Trois Rois," at Basle, at 4 a.m. For miles on miles a narrow gorge, hemmed in by magnificent crags on either side. Sunday was spent at Interlaken. One always likes to encounter, casually, distinguished men who have made a mark on the learning, science, or literature of the age. One such, whose name and familiar textbook was well known to me in the Natural Philosophy class in my Alma Mater, revealed here his impressive presence and countenance. It was Dr. Whewell, of Cambridge. He was an imperial potentate all over. In the words of a competent judge, "Whewell ruled a noble

generation." We encountered him first on Saturday, very much out of place, superintending, in the sweltering heat, the descent of boxes and portmanteaux from the lumbering "diligence." But next day better revealed that wonderful physique in the church at Interlaken. No one could fail to be arrested by the almost "abnormal" head, with the most massive of brows, and locks of silver depending over his collar. To this hour I have the singular solemnity and devotion of the Patriarch of Cambridge vividly before me, as it were yesterday, when that head was bowed in reverence as he partook of the Holy Communion.

It was pleasant to be able to add this unique personality to my gallery of mental portraits. Yes, I had seen the great "Wheel-well," as the bookseller opposite the College gates invariably called the author of the dynamic textbook.

Italy was approached by the noblest of Swiss passes—the *Splügen*. I have seen them all save the Stelvio, and while the Simplon, St. Gothard, even Cenis, possess (or, rather, possessed) features of sublimity and grandeur all their own, the Splügen, especially its Swiss side of the *Via Mala*, must have the crown assigned to it. Who can ever forget these sheer depths, as you look from the wonderfully engineered road down into the gorges through which the Rhine is rushing towards its great leap at Schaffhausen, and the drapery of forest towering to the sky-line above!

It was a first, but not the last visit to Venice. But *being* the first, the freshness was great of canal, and lagoon, and gondola; grand piazza and duomo; add to these, nooks and corners seldom explored, because incompatible with the haste and hurry of the stereotyped visitor. On our way thither we could not resist an *anniversary*. We paused at Dezansano, on the shores of the Lago di Garda, despite of warning as to the shortcomings, or rather, as we found

them, the miseries of the inn. But it happened that on that very date a year ago, the battle of Solferino had been fought; and we deemed the day would be most appropriately spent on the field of contest. The landlord was honest enough to forewarn us that our start was too late in the afternoon to bring us back before darkness had set in, the distance being considerable; but, nothing daunted, we took a carriage and pair, instructing the driver not to follow the average pace of vetturini. We explored at tolerable leisure the scene of this conflict of giants, and climbed to the top of the hill, where one of the fiercest struggles took place. Kind nature had wonderfully bound up and covered wounds and wrecks. Had we not been told the contrary, we could hardly believe that that peaceful spot, with its renewed fences and sweet cornfields, had, so shortly before, been the scene of wild havoc. Gaps in the tower-walls, and the displacement of some stone "dykes," seemed alone to identify a spot now historical. Our host of Dezansano, let me add, was right in his prognostications. The sun had set, the stars were twinkling, and the frogs croaking, long before we had reached our night's quarters. It was not the darkness which gave us concern, but the unpleasant recollection of the motley, ill-looking crew who hung around the inn-door on our leaving, cognizant therefore of the landlord's wise protest. What was to hinder them forestalling our return, on that lonely, untravelled road, and perhaps demanding something more than blackmail?

Among the many floating memories of this same pleasant tour, let me recall the renewal of my old associations with Chamounix, the Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, the Mauvais Pas, and the Flégère. A sunset on Mont Blanc, seen from the latter, will be on the brain for ever. The Chamounix valley was long in shadow, while the hoary head of the "monarch of mountains" was flushed with delicate crimson

and gold. Then, with a rush, all this coronal of glory vanished, and the slow pallor of death succeeded. Indeed, "nature's parable" was too evident and impressive not to evoke the same remark from all three spectators.

I little dreamt that the solemn emblem was ere long, and too soon, to be realized in my own home and experience.

For here I may insert a tender occurrence which cast its deep life-shadow among these opening years: the sudden, unlooked-for death of my only son, dearly loved, a beautiful boy of twelve, and full of promise. The sympathy received at the time was most soothing. I was borne with marvellous calmness and vigour through my congregational and pulpit duties; the very awfulness of the blow stimulating me to seek, and I hope I may add, enabling me so far to practise, the submission I had sought to inculcate on others.

One result of this bereavement I cannot omit, for it has borne wonderful fruit. A little later we went down for some weeks of refreshment and quiet to Corrie, in the Island of Arran. The activities of the congregational work had hitherto served to engross me, and so far for the time to ward off sadder thoughts. The solitude of Arran induced a painful reaction. I had more leisure to dwell on the "loved and lost," and I began to wonder how I could best and most profitably occupy my mind. Could no congenial theme be dreamt of to engross these hours of sorrowful meditation, and possibly turn them into solaces for others as well as for myself? By a happy thought, the "Bow in the Cloud," with its daily verse of comfort and brief words of meditation, suggested itself; and these few secluded weeks and solitary walks were productive of perhaps the best-known, certainly the most highly blest, of all my books. It seemed at once to have a door opened to it into thousands, indeed tens of thousands of mourning households. I feel assured, with deep humility and fervent grati-

tude I say it, a volume would be required to contain the written testimonies borne to the comfort and support that little book has conveyed. Here surely is the truthful reason of its acceptability to the bereaved:—written “*from the heart to the heart.*”

In one of these early summers, I forget which, we had a pleasant sojourn in more than one beautiful villa on the Clyde. On the same occasion we drove from the house of an esteemed member of my congregation to call at Skelmorlie Castle, and see its renowned picture gallery, by far the finest of its time in Scotland. Old Mr. Graham, the proud possessor of these treasures, was also, in winter, a member of Sandyford, and a kind friend. He always sent for me to see his latest acquisition, which was first hung on the walls of his house in Glasgow. Now a Turner, now a Stanfield, now a Landseer. Of one work bearing the name of the last-named artist, he seemed specially proud; but a somewhat humiliating and amusing story is connected with it. It was the well-known picture of a huge Newfoundland dog. An apparently undoubted work of the great master, not only bearing traces of his unmistakable “method,” but signed and authenticated by his name; cost, £1,000. A few days after the purchase was made, the owner claimed my sympathy in the tidings received from his London agents, that this gem of his collection had turned out to be a clever “*replica*,” copied by a relative of the painter, who had appended her (in one sense) truthful signature, “E. Landseer.” He added that they had at the same time offered the no mean deduction of £900, allowing him to have this really masterly copy for £100. But the honour of his whole gallery would be at stake by acceptance. The interloper was sent back in disgrace: nothing but the genuine article would satisfy the genuine man. But does not this little incident illustrate the present fictitious and fancy value of pictures? John Graham, as

a "man of mark," was right in purging his collection of a doubtful character,—a vessel sailing under false colours. But why, I often think, should there be such fastidiousness about "copies"? A good copy of a good picture should certainly not be ostracised. I have myself, in my humble, impecunious way, had first-rate copies done or selected of Raffaele's, Carlo Dolci's, and Fra Angelico's, from the Pitti at Florence; others dating their pedigree elsewhere. I feel sure these great limners would utter no reprimand if they saw them adorning my study. Better, surely, I repeat, an accurate, trustworthy transcript, than trashy, so-called "originals."

Adverting once more to books and publications, I have pleasant memories during these early years of Glasgow life, connected with *Good Words*, and its first editor, Dr. Macleod. I believe, his publisher excepted, no man was so much honoured with his confidence in the inception of this ultimately most successful undertaking. Indeed, I am not sure but that in a small way I prevented the early shipwreck of what was subsequently fraught with varied and able teaching to many thousands of households. By more than one earnest talk in his study, in Woodlands Terrace, as well as by letter, I sought to whisper in his ear his own, "Courage, brother." He needed it. For, supremely noble and, in one sense, independent, he was not exactly the man capable of taking worries easily, and battling with them; and this altogether new experience and experiment seemed to bristle with difficulties. I recall one day especially, when, worried and badgered by impracticable correspondents, he would willingly, could he have done it with a good grace, have backed out of the concern altogether. Here are some scraps from his hurried notes, so hurried as well nigh to be illegible; although even in these he generally had time and patience, as was his wont, to append, with a few clever strokes,

of pen-and-ink, sketches of perplexed and bothered editors; and when his hopes brightened, these same emerging with smiles and hilarity.

I may be pardoned here, giving a few extracts from his generally undated lines on this and other subjects. I shall venture to do so, even though they should betray a false and exaggerated estimate of his correspondent, which might willingly be omitted. But they are tokens of a prized and generous friendship.

"Monday Morning.

"MY DEAR M——,

"Unless I get a select circle as friends to stand by me, I cannot undertake the editorship of this proposed magazine. It will be weekly. The object is good, and the editor 'respect.' I have written several good men and true this morning, for the first time; and seeing I preached thrice yesterday, and have been at my desk before six, I think you will have some reliance on the editor's working powers. Now, say you will give me something every month. Let it be short or long.

"N. M."

"Tuesday.

"Many, many thanks. Things are looking up.

"Yours ever,

"N. M."

"Thursday.

"MY DEAR M——,

"Read the enclosed. What can I say? I believe we shall go to the wall unless something is done. I am already almost worried to death. I wrote twenty-nine letters yesterday, and since 6 a.m. I have been at it. I feel most in this affair the pain of troubling people for what is so very personal. Yet, having in an evil hour, I fear, em-

barked in this enterprise, I am bound to take the publishers out of it as soon as possible. . . . I am sick to death.

"Yours ever (a lugubrious face follows)."

"MY DEAR M——,

"No man has more reason to trust you with a most true and loyal trust than I have, for you have always done the part of a true friend. Never more than in this magazine business. A thousand thanks! All is good, excellent, and thoroughly appreciated in every respect by me.

"Ever yours,
"N. M.

"I am almost done up!"

"MY DEAR M——,

. . . "The Editor more satisfied.' (Then follows a comical outline of the satisfied editor, pen in hand and jubilant.)"

Need I add, he was very soon out of the deep waters.

Another matter of a different kind deeply interested Macleod at this time. In reading his Memoir, every one must note, as I have already done, what a "composite" man he was. Full to overflowing with humour and frolic, yet full to overflowing, too, with genuine deep-seated devotion and spirituality. Moreover, the *seria mixta jocis*—as I have said of his like-minded friend, Dr. Guthrie—never seemed with him to jar.

There was a natural outcome, a spontaneity in each. It is of the former I now speak. The origination and carrying out of the following proposal was altogether and entirely his own. His whole soul was in it. He summoned by private note to his house a number of the Brethren in Glasgow, in order to form a Ministerial Union for prayer, in which his faith was mighty.

The heading of the second letter subjoined was the keynote to the whole plan. I leave these brief extracts to speak for themselves.

"MY DEAR M——,

"I propose to hold a *preliminary* conference *here* upon Tuesday the 2nd, at 12. I ask it as a *great* PERSONAL *favour* that you attend. And oh, my friend! do, do pray to God that we may have given to us on that day the spirit of faith, love, and of a sound mind. I *know* He will bless us if we come hungering and thirsting for the blessing. To be emptied of self, and filled with Him, that is what we must seek, and when we attain it, we shall enjoy Heaven.

"Ever thine,
"N. M.

"This conference has been my longing and prayer for twelve years."

"1st January.

"Malachi iii. 16, 18.

"MY DEAR M——,

"Let me remind you of our Union on the 5th at 2. Rel. Institution Rooms.

"The first meeting must be peculiarly devotional, and I have to request you to be one of the Brethren who will lead our devotions.

"God bless you and yours during this year, and may our 'Union' advance our own spirits in all that is true, humble, loving.

"I have great faith in the blessing coming.

"Ever thine,
"N. M."

Then follows, I forget at what interval, one of the easy

transitions from grave to gay. I shall ever regard it as one of the honours of my life, that when Dr. Macleod went on his well-known tour to Palestine, so graphically told afterwards in *Good Words* and "Eastward," he very urgently asked me to be one of his travelling companions. It had been the dream of my own life. Oh! what a ready response, under such auspices, would I willingly have given! All would "condone" so pardonable a hesitation.

"ADELAIDE PLACE, 29.

"MY DEAR M——,

"I enclose C——'s letter. You *must* come. We shall have abundance of time, from our landing in Alexandria in the first week of March, to *do* the Holy Land, northwards. You won't have such a good chance for many a day.

"Yours ever."

(A Turkish Pasha, smoking, follows.)

He was right in his closing word. But the comparative recency of my settlement in Glasgow made me, perhaps, too fastidious; and the "chance" for the time being had to be surrendered. Two years later I thought I might secure his companionship in another shape.

"KYLES OF BUTE.

"MY DEAR M——,

"Your question about Italy has *tormented* me: positively ever since I received it.

"Italy!?!?"

"O thou tempter! What say you? Is it safe there? Is it not too early? But we could take a good bite out of October.

"Did you say Italy, Macduff? Rome! where John Cumming's Pope lives?

"If you are serious, then tell me, and I shall be serious too. . . .

"With love to your wife and bairn.

"Ever yours,
"N. M."

One more subject.

Perhaps the most successful, as well as novel, of all Dr. Macleod's manifold schemes for the good of the sprawling, heterogeneous parish of the Barony, was the gathering together, each Sunday evening in the big Parish Church, a congregation of the poorest of the poor—men in their working clothes, who were the owners of nothing better; and women who would have been ashamed to exhibit their tattered, slovenly attire at the ordinary times of worship. No man or woman of the upper orders—no human being in well-to-do garments—was admitted. If they ventured to come, they were unceremoniously refused admittance and sent to the right-about. The experiment was a hazardous one, but it proved an immediate success. It was a most potent influence in the direction of "elevating the masses." But it required a Great-Heart—a mesmeric personality—such as Macleod, to erect the machinery and oil the wheels.

The following note will explain itself:—

"MY DEAR M——,

"I am afraid to ask you to promise on Sabbath evening as a personal favour. For, if I did so, I think you would at once comply, even though it went against your grain. But if you agree to my earnest request, it will be a blessing to my poor people, a great help to one's work, and be a source of gratification to yourself. The service begins at seven. The sermon varies from half-hour to one-and-a-half-hour! As you please.

"There is no person in Glasgow I would like so much to address them. What better subject than 'A Memory of Bethany'?"

"Thine ever,
"N. M."

I need not say I complied, though with diffidence, at once. The audience was something *per se*—impressive in its singularity—magnificent battalions of patched coats and faded gowns; upturned and—if occasionally unwashed—apparently interested faces. What a mine to be wrought with such Titan hands as his! I did not take the suggested "Memory of Bethany," but rather that picturesque chapter from the Old Testament on "Naaman the Syrian." It offered a succession of pictures and lessons suitable to time and place.

Once more on another theme preparatory to what follows.

"MY DEAR M——,

"It is not possible for you to do or to say anything to me which can ever for one moment shake my confidence in your brotherly love.

"Thine ever,
"N. M."

A bitter and acrimonious controversy, now forgotten, was being waged on what was familiarly known as "the Sabbath question." It originated very much in the conscientious scruples of Dr. Macleod himself; and he was the supporter, by his eloquence and power, of what were then deemed, rightly or wrongly, "advanced views." I have no heart or memory to revive the conflict, into which I mourn that the old Scottish *odium theologicum* was largely imported, both in church-court, pulpit, and public

meeting. I had the misfortune to differ from one whose character and work were dear to all—the spell of whose influence was the common property and pride of the city. We well knew he had no end to serve but what, to him, was loyalty to truth; and he, with equal generosity and magnanimity, respected the opinions of those who were adverse to his. But his sensitive nature lent a too ready ear to monstrous calumnies it would be too absurd here to repeat. One is reminded of a line in “Christabel” :—

“But whispering tongues can poison truth.”

It was to me, at the time, a real trial. Alas! shall I note, in passing, the first of the many times since, I have had written in large characters over too many hours in my life the word, “*misunderstood*.” I shall not further enlarge. Enough to say that in time the ripple on the waters was smoothed. I could repose on the sentence of the letter already quoted, as to his confidence in me. On the occasion (later) of his Moderatorship, when I was a member of Assembly, I never can forget many personal kindnesses. Under a gush of such memories as I have related, I went a long distance, in a yet future year, in order to pay the last sad tribute among the crowd in Glasgow Cathedral. Yes, good and great man! We shall know all the truth by-and-by, where calumnies are sifted, traducers silenced, friendships unmarred; the “Brother-Union” you so loved and perfected on earth sealed and crowned for ever.

I was at this date gratified at receiving, unsought, a permanent place, by the insertion of one of my hymns, in the “Church of Scotland Hymn-Book.” It originally appeared in my little booklet “Altar Stones,” and has since been incorporated in other collections in England and America. I think I have written better ones; but as it has received thus a kind of *imprimatur* from the various churches, I may find a place for it here.

Christ is coming ! Let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease,
Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore and faith increase—
 Christ is coming !
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
 When Thou comest back to reign—
 Christ is coming !
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

Though once cradled in a manger,
 Oft n . pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
 Mocked of men, disowned of God—
 All creation
 Yet shall own Thy Kingly rod.

Long Thine exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest and home and Thee ;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see—
 Christ is coming !
 Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that ' blessed hope ' before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung,
Let the mighty Advent chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
 Christ is coming !
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

During these Glasgow years of busy life, many pleasant incidents occurred.

In September, 1860, we were honoured by a visit from the then Sir John Lawrence. He had the proposal made to him of becoming a burgess of Glasgow. He wrote volunteering to be our guest, and to renew intercourse with the old friend of his youth. In the crowded City Hall he made

a noble speech, though without any conspicuous grace of oratory to aid it. He willingly lingered, after the receipt of civic compliments, for some days during the meeting of the "Social Science Congress," presided over by the veteran Lord Brougham. This he enjoyed to the full, many of the questions discussed being allied to the problems it had been his good fortune to ponder and solve in India. I was anxious that one of the fine September forenoons he should have a glimpse of some favoured region on the Clyde. I had no hesitation in selecting the Gare Loch, knowing that he would receive a right generous and hospitable welcome from my kind and venerated friend Mr. Napier, of Shandon. Mr. Napier was a man after his own heart. Lord Lawrence was greatly pleased with host and hostess, their palatial residence, its gardens and surroundings, its sculpture and picture gallery, etc. He was even permitted—a privilege reserved for rare friends—to see "the pantry," a spacious closet-room, not with its wonted vulgar associations, but where the enthusiastic collector of *recherché* china and antiquities kept under lock and key his most costly treasures.

At the close of this day's enjoyment I invited a clerical "Symposium" to meet him at dinner: Dr. Macleod, Dr. Craik, Dr. Robson, Dr. Smith, and others.

Lord Lawrence was a man of men, and would readily have been picked out in the crowd as a born leader. He could have stood for Caractacus in Watt's great cartoon; yet, as I heard Lord Derby (who presided in after years at the Mansion House meeting for erecting a memorial) most aptly describe him: "He was distinguished by a heroic simplicity." His visit formed a red-letter day. He had been the lion of the London season, and no wonder; fresh home from his truly herculean labours in the Punjab, and in no mere rhetorical, but very real and literal sense the Saviour of India. But for his strong arm and

strong will, that vast "Dependency" would not have been ours to-day, or if restored, only after long years of blood and catastrophe—a well-nigh hopeless effort. When others were paralyzed, he never lost hope or heart. He secured the neutrality and submission of the highly excitable and brave Sikhs, among whom he ruled as high commissioner, satisfying in another way their military instincts by sending them down by thousands to aid in the capture of Delhi—the taking of which, he saw from the first, would alone break the neck of the rebellion. He never paused till that great object was attained. When attained, his noble nature shrank from the cry of indiscriminate vengeance, and he succeeded in tempering justice with mercy. Yet how humble we found him, though the whole country was ringing with his fame. He entered with youthful glee into all the frolics of old days—the happy days during which he was wont to spend his vacation in my dear wife's home in London. It seemed a joy to him to relax in a quiet household, and to get away from the blare of trumpet and applause, which no man ever sought or valued less. It was amusing, his carelessness in all that pertained to the outer man. I can quite understand the description of the great worker even in his viceregal days, dispensing with coat and waistcoat, and, with shirt sleeves tucked up, accelerating the despatch of business. Here is one instance: On arrival at my house he found that, at the station, his hat-box had been omitted to be put along with his luggage. I offered to send a messenger. But—"No," he said; "let us go together and capture it." I had only one decent hat at the time. The other was hopelessly battered and creased. I volunteered, of course, to give him the respectable one, and manage as best I could with the disreputable. But he would insist in appropriating the latter, and thus made his *début* through the main streets of Glasgow, where he was recognised as my ex-

pected guest. Some who did not know the man ventured to speak of him as stern, rugged in character as in outer deportment and in his somewhat rough-hewn face; but his deep-set, grey eye was ever kindling with fun and kindliness; and the tear came readily to it in memories, whether glad or sad. When he left us, he went away more as the kind and warm friend than as the hero of a hundred fights. All the memories of Chelsea and Haileybury, and Clifton and Linton, seemed included in the farewell kiss he imprinted on my wife's cheek.

We visited him the following summer at Southgate, his home, near Hatfield, where he was always glad to escape from the din and fashion of the Metropolis. It was a pleasant peep of him in his family life, with the wife and children he so doted upon. His religion, without any fuss or demonstration, was evidently too deep to be noisy. I liked much to see him officiate as high priest in his own household. There was more than one other clergyman under his roof at the time; but he presided himself at the morning family altar. His voice was unmusical, but in a loud, firm tone he seemed ready to proclaim to all the world, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Soon thereafter he was embarked in the duties and responsibilities of the viceroyalty. He died as he had lived, the consistent, humble Christian, with faith strong and unfaltering in his Saviour. One of his last sayings, untold in his biography, was, "Yes, Jesus, Jesus is my only hope."

I suspect—and I say it with gratitude—that I was often exceptionally favoured by the Glasgow magnates in coming in contact from time to time with "folk worth knowing"; although there were comparatively few big guns that came to our unhistoric city. Two successive Lord Provosts (Sir James Lumsden and Sir James Watson) were kind enough to invite me to their houses to

lunch; the one to meet Lord Derby, and the other Mr. Gladstone, and I accompanied or "took charge" of Mrs. Gladstone to the City Hall in the evening, to hear her husband at his best. The carriage was discovered in the crowd, and she had no sinecure in shaking hands with the workers of the west. Another interesting *rara avis in terris* I met at a memorable breakfast party in the house of Sir George Burns, where Lord Palmerston was present, and gave one of his humorous speeches on being enrolled as an honorary member of the "Gaiter Club."

Every now and then I had pleasant encounters with old college friends; and what acquaintances are more delightful than these, with their gushing memories of "ingenuous youth"? One out of many such now occurs to me, though, keeping neither dates nor diaries, I cannot recall the specific time. Dr. Pulsford and his deacons did me the honour to ask me to open their new and handsome church in Bath Street, taking the forenoon service. It was a congregational church, but they paid this generous compliment to the "Old Kirk," to which I readily responded. On coming down from the pulpit to the vestry, I was greeted by a well-known college face, with gleaming eyes, and the firm, warm grip of a large outstretched hand. This was Dr. Cairns—subsequently Principal Cairns of Edinburgh—who was to take the evening service, and had formed one of the forenoon worshippers. He recalled most affectionately the intercourse of former days, extending over four years, at the Arts Classes in Edinburgh University, and expressed the great pleasure he had in meeting under present circumstances. Cairns rose to be one of the very greatest, best, and most beloved men of the second half of the century. When I knew him of old under Pillans, Sir William Hamilton, and Christopher North, he had, like many other distinguished men, risen from lowly circum-

stances. He himself, while a youth, followed his father's calling as a shepherd, on the braes of Berwickshire. But he soon among his fellow-students asserted his intellectual kingliness. He was Sir William's favourite pupil, and, if he had so desired, might have become peerless among Scottish logicians. But the ministry he had deliberately chosen, and to the work of his Lord and Master he gave a rare and lifelong consecration. Few were so versed in the theology of the German "Fatherland" as he; but though he rose year by year in his country's estimation, he never lost his native simplicity and "lowliness of mind." He bore, moreover, though a somewhat rough, yet grand and impressive *personality*—a Saul among the prophets—a colossal frame, a colossal head, a colossal hand, a colossal everything. His intimate and dear friend, Dr. John Brown (author of "Rab and his Friends"), playfully and happily called him "a great big Evangelical Newfoundland dog." Rather let me describe him as an ideal Christian man and Christian philosopher. His character and aspirations were nobly expressed by his own lips on the presentation of his portrait. He ended his thanks with the life motto: "*In te speravi Domine: non in æternum confundar.*"

A different incident, also of a pleasant kind, may here find a place.

On two separate occasions I was appointed, by the Chaplaincy Committee of the General Assembly, to assist in dispensing the Holy Communion to the Scottish soldiers in Aldershot. I deemed the first visit—possibly because it was novel—of such interest, that I had a circumstantial account of it inserted in *Good Words*. My old friend the resident chaplain, of Crimean fame, kindly received me as guest in his hut, which, truth to tell, contained few of the amenities of a civilian's existence. The monster gun, which sounded *réveille*, was just outside the hut-door,

and as the sun rose at 4 a.m., the trial to sleep and nerve is not to be described nor forgotten. Dr. Guthrie, who had been on a similar duty shortly before, declared he thought it was "the Last Day." There was an original, tall and brawny old woman—a sort of female grenadier, maid-of-all-work to the chaplain—who, from her compromising verdict on "them papers," deflected me, at all events, at one of the services, from using a written sermon. And she was right. I laid aside what had been carefully prepared—"them papers"—and preached, using a few jottings, from the words, "And the soldiers also asked him, saying, And what must we do?" No audience could be more respectful or attentive.

During these years, too, many delightful tours, in the free weeks of summer, were undertaken to the Continent—Germany, Italy, but, above all, Switzerland, ever our favourite holiday ground, and which never palled by repetition.

One of these "memories," very trifling in itself, flashes at the moment to remembrance.

From personal intercourse with young Spittler, of the St. Crischona Mission, in the Black Forest of Germany, I was anxious to visit its Missionary Institution, situated a few miles from the town of Basle.

The college itself is an old church picturesquely perched on a height, with pine forests all around. The aged Father Spittler had, many years before, conceived the idea of training a number of young peasants for the great work of the mission field, but combining their sacred calling and education with a knowledge of mechanics, husbandry, and other useful arts of life. He secured, on reasonable terms, this ancient building, and greatly enlarged it, so as to accommodate many students, besides a staff of professors. These St. Crischona "Brethren" are now scattered throughout the missionary world. The in-

cident in our visit, often pleasingly remembered, was when the patriarchal founder was seen in the distance, wending his way to meet us at the college by appointment. The inmates all turned out, a goodly number, on the terrace, with their hymn-books and music, to give their venerable and venerated Father a joyful welcome. It recalled impressively what I had shortly before been preaching about—the similar scene which occurred on the terraces of the Jordan valley recorded in Bible story, when fifty of the “sons of the prophets” stood on the ridges and bade a touching farewell to the great Elijah, as he and Elisha “went on together,” through the burning plain below, following them till they crossed the arrowy river. Oh these glorious days at Berne, Lucerne, Thun, Spiez, Grindelwald, Chamounix, Neuchâtel, Geneva, Glion, Ragatz, Pontresina !

“Ye mind me o’ departed joys,
Departed never to return !”

X

A SUNDAY AT CRATHIE

I MAY here narrate a memory all its own.

In doing so, surely my diversified roll-call may well embrace a figure and personality conspicuously, above all others, "good and *great*."

My name had been mentioned to the Queen, and I received a gracious command to preach before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort on October 13, 1861, in the Church of Crathie.

It was an honour, it may be readily believed, of which I was not ambitious. I was ignorant of courtly ways and etiquette. I would rather the royal favour had been extended elsewhere.

But there is etiquette here also, and a royal command is considered absolute. The Queen's as well as the King's matter "demandeth haste." So there was no help for it but a hurried preparation, as well as disturbance of equilibrium, in my quiet Highland cottage, and the twelfth of the above month found me a passenger in the Perth and Aberdeen Railway, *en route*, in obedience to the royal summons. It was the well-known present journey, which need not be described. Rail past the granite city of the North to Ballater, and a well-appointed four-horse coach thence to Crathie.

What a rare wisdom there was in the selection of Balmoral and Deeside for her Majesty's Scottish home! There are other "bits" of Scotland more lovely,—con-

spicuously so what was most familiar to me from its vicinity—the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and the magnificent rocks and corries of Benvenue. But for a rare succession of scenery, nothing can exceed the whole drive from Ballater to Braemar. Moreover, the Castle is removed at a tolerably safe distance from the two capitals of the South and other smaller towns, inquisitive natures in which might have been, and would have been, troublesome. I am not sure but I liked the Queen's home better in the olden days, when a modest, but unique, specimen of "the Scottish Baronial" crowned the gentle height, on which the now leviathan Highland Palace stands. It seemed more in harmony with the surroundings, which latter are dwarfed by the modern aggressor. I had seen the whole before; but October on the present occasion had given its own gilded frame to the picture. The wonderful knolls and woods of birches had taken on their yellow tints, and hung their beautiful tresses over the roadside and the rushing river.

Mr. Anderson, then the minister of Crathie, had kindly offered me the hospitality of his Manse, and I found myself, in the afternoon of Saturday, seated with himself and family at an early dinner. He was a man destitute of any pretence to scholarship or accomplishment, but full of genuine goodness—one able and willing to make such a visit, to an entire stranger, a pleasurable one. His family ably backed him up in this. His eldest daughter afterwards visited us in Glasgow, a bright and altogether delightful specimen of Scottish Manse uprearing.¹

¹ That charming "daughter of the Manse" has many years since departed. I am sure she would not demur to my retailing a gratifying and proud incident. A few days before, a ball had been given in the Castle to the Queen's neighbours, tenants, and servants, to which she was invited. With a face beaming all over, she told what was the "red letter" in her evening, doubtless in all her young life: "I went quite determined to dance with the Prince of Wales . . . and *I did it!*"

Dinner ended, he proposed to take a stroll along the Highland road overlooking the Dee and the lower grounds of Balmoral. In the latter—I trust with no vulgar or obtrusive curiosity—we saw the Queen and the then little Princess Beatrice leisurely taking their afternoon walk, just like ordinary folks. As we continued the slight ascent of the public highway, I observed a group of gentlemen, evidently *attachés* of the Court, and if I could judge in the distance, prominent ones approaching. Mr. Anderson had only time abruptly to say, “These are from the Castle; that tall gentleman in the centre I wish to speak to. If you walk on, I shall tell you afterwards who he is.”

My interest was excited. I took, as we approached, a good look at this satellite of majesty, or scion of nobility, possibly “minister in attendance,” or whatever else he might be. He certainly did not belie my surmises, for he appeared formidable and pretentious, in broad cloth of the best, and a conspicuous gold chain dangling from his waistcoat.

“Who, may I ask,” said I to Mr. Anderson, on rejoining me, “who is that gentleman?”

“That,” was the reply, “is the royal hairdresser.”

It was enough: I collapsed.

On our way back to the Manse the minister pointed out a thatched and very lowly cottage. “An old woman,” said he, “lives there. I saw her this forenoon. She told me the Prince of Wales had passed her at her door yesterday, adding, ‘He geed me five shillins. It was unco’ ceevil o’ him!’” After a cheery supper at the Manse, the predominant memory being a central bowl of prime oatmeal porridge, with appetite quickened by the bracing Highland air, I retired to rest, and rose ready and refreshed for my altogether novel Sunday duties.

When duly arrayed in gown and bands in the vestry,

Mr. Anderson kept watch at a side window, which commanded the arrival of royal carriages. He was somewhat shortsighted, and communicated to me the by no means depressing—yet, too, in the circumstances, disappointing—tidings, that the Queen and royal party were not there.

Fortified with this hurried statement, I made my way at once to the pulpit. The royal seat was in the left-hand gallery, which good sense and breeding forbade me surveying. I could alone recognise, in the front gallery opposite to me, the Prince of Wales, still in his teens. After the singing of a Psalm, and devotional exercises, I expounded simply a chapter in the Old Testament, and then proceeded with the "discourse."

Before leaving home, I asked a judicious and reliable friend what kind of topic I should select. His reply was, "Preach a plain Gospel sermon." I did so. There was a collection that day for the Indian Mission "scheme," and during the circumnavigating of "the ladles," I ventured to take a furtive glance at the royal pew. I had officiated all the time under the impression that, the Prince excepted, royalty was not present. But I shall always remember that momentary glimpse when her Majesty revealed herself; still less could I ever forget (and specially with the sequel of a few weeks) the remarkable countenance of the illustrious Prince. Beauty, benignity, intelligence, all combined: the *ideal* man. The day was hot for the season, but not so oppressive as a few Sundays before. On one of these my friend, Dr. D——, told me he had been, along with royalty, a worshipper, on which occasion all, including the officiating clergyman, had to endure the small distraction of an abnormal buzzing of flies. A large collie had stationed himself at the head of the pulpit stair, in full view of the congregation, whose profane occupation during the sermon was an abortive

attempt to gulp the aforesaid flies! I was amused, when disrobing in the Session-house, and the "collection" was being counted, by one of the old elders handing me very formally a small empty envelope. He wished me to possess the only reminiscence of the day it was in his power to offer. It was the empty envelope which had contained the Queen's offering of a five-pound note. It lives to this day.

* * * * *

I was *en route* next forenoon with a lighter heart homewards, again revelling in the drive along Deeside, with lofty Lochnagar looking down, a king, from his throne of clouds.

Not more than a week or two had elapsed, when I was laid up in my Glasgow house with an attack of scarlet fever. The illness was not severe in itself, but it so weakened me that my doctor recommended a fortnight's sojourn at Bridge of Allan, before resuming winter's work. On the second Sunday of my visit there, I was struck with the flag on Stirling Castle being hoisted half-mast high. Somehow or other I never for a moment surmised the real cause. But early the next day the tidings were on every lip, that the nation was plunged into mourning by the death of the noble Prince. I could not help reverting to the memory of a very few weeks previously, when I saw him in the pride and glow of manly beauty, the last Sunday except one on which, without pomp of ritual, he worshipped the God of his fathers in a lowly parish church. Now he slept the last long sleep in the great palace of England. "How are the mighty fallen!" Nor could I, with these so recent recollections of Crathie, forget a small but singular coincidence. One of the greatest of Scottish preachers had selected as his text and theme, the Sunday before I officiated, "*Prepare to meet thy God*": a sermon which

had made on the Prince a deep impression. With a far lowlier effort, I had been directed to an appropriate sequel. My text sounded like a response from lips that were soon to be sealed in silence: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12).

The first sermon I preached in my own pulpit after my illness, was the Sunday following the national bereavement. I selected the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest" (Eccles. ix. 10).

May I here venture appropriately to insert what I wrote some years subsequently. It is from my "Gates of Praise," and will speak for itself:—

Go silence your pibrochs; go sound the wild coronach;

Wail loudest dirges o'er mountain and vale:

The Chief of our chieftains lies silent and shrouded,

The Prince of the land, and the pride of the Gael!

This morning our hill-tops were gloomy with mist-clouds;

They curtained each crag, and then melted in rain:

It was Nature attired in her garments of sackcloth,

And weeping for him she shall ne'er see again.

Ye dumb mountain mourners, how fondly he loved you!

In glory of sunshine or grandeur of gloom:

Your carpets of heather, your jungles of bracken,

The plumes of your rock-pines, the gold of your broom!

Begin the plaint moaning, ye forests of Athole!

For yours are the corries his eyes first beheld;

Let it sigh through the glens of the Garry and Tummel,

The straths of Breadalbane, the woods of Dunkeld.

Grampian heights echo it! Bold Ben-muich-dhui;

Ben Dearg, Ben-e-Vrackie, and lone Ben-y-Gloe;

Schiehallion, respond to the wail of Ben Voirlich,

Till it die far away in the wilds of Glencoe.

Come, Dee's gentle waters, and lend your soft music,
As plaintive ye flow through the forests of Mar ;
While louder your dirges, ye torrents of Muick,
Your tribute-grief bringing from loved Lochnagar.

Garrawalt, pour out your thunder of tear-drops ;
The rainbow forbid to encircle your spray :
More fitting by far are the wrack and the driftwood,
Which chafe in each eddy and cauldron to-day !

Take up the coronach, cottageand clachan ;
Shepherd's lone shieling on mountain or moor ;
For he whom we mourn had alike ever ready
A word for the great and a smile for the poor.

Sad change ! oh, how lately these heights that surround me
Were silvered with birches, or purple with bloom ;
To-day the moist winds seem to sob all around me,
And load the bared tresses with tears for his tomb !

How recent the Castle halls rang with the bag-pipe,
As mustered his gillies in pride to display,
By long autumn's "gloamin'," or weird blaze of torchlight,
The spoils Balloch-buie had yielded each day !

The stag-hounds, unheeded, now bay in their kennels ;
The torch-light no longer shall redden the hills ;
The wild-deer may slumber in peace in their corries,
Or drink undisturbed at their lone mountain rills.

He lived not in times when our bale-fires were lighted ;
When yelled forth the war-pipes o'er moorland and glade ;
The fiery cross carried from hamlet to hamlet,
And shieling and homestead in ashes were laid.

Not his were the lips that could sound the fierce slogan,
When claymore met broadsword in battle array ;
When chieftain and clansmen stood shoulder to shoulder,
Impatient to join in the heat of the fray.

Far nobler his mission, far grander his triumphs ;
Their grandeurs unreckoned by booty and slain ;
The battle with wrong, and the conquest of baseness,
The proudest of trophies,—a life without stain.

We wail for the dead, but we wail for the living ;
Great God of the mourner ! with Thee do we plead
For the heart that is broken, with anguish unspoken ;
Alone in her greatness,—“a widow indeed !”

For her are the dirges, for her the wild coronach,
For her we may weep till our eyes become dim ;
But with our thoughts centred on the bliss he has entered,
All tears may be dried that are falling for HIM.

A gratifying incident may here also be recorded concerning these *In Memoriam* lines.

Dr. William Marshall, who was for many years the Queen's private physician at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral, had a friendly connection with myself. He was a medical student in the University of Glasgow. From pecuniary straits the cost of education with him, as with many, was a struggle, and had to be supplemented by private effort. I happened to have, supported by my congregation, a night-school for working men and lads, in Kelvinhaugh, a poor district adjoining, largely inhabited by those employed in the shipping works on the Clyde. It proved an enormous boon to those whose early education had been slurred,—or, what was more common, entirely neglected. I was in need of an energetic teacher. I cannot now recall how, along with others, Marshall had been named to me. But in an interview with him in my own house, I was at once attracted by his whole manner and character. I felt “you are the man,” and he was forthwith appointed. I every now and then visited the school, and once a month he came to my house to receive his modest remuneration.

The demeanour and bearing which had so attracted me, along with his ascertained proficiency, elevated him to the distinguished position he held, with honour and credit to himself, for so many years ; although constitu-

tional ailments claimed him ultimately for an early grave.

I sent him a copy of my newly-published "Gates," and had from him the following acknowledgment:—

"OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

"*December 29.*

" . . . I beg to assure you that I have very pleasant recollections of your kindness and encouragement to me at a time when they were particularly valuable, during my college days.

"I read your book with much pleasure, and finding that one of the pieces had special interest for the Queen, I took the liberty of sending it to her Majesty for perusal. She returned it with a message to say that she liked it very much, remembered your preaching before her at Crathie Church, and would be pleased to accept a copy. This request is quite spontaneous on her Majesty's part, as I sent the book in without any remark, except to draw attention to the verses on the Prince Consort. I hope this note may reach you, and that you will send the Queen a copy, under cover to me, at your convenience."

I need not say there was a response to the gracious command, and that my generous publishers insisted on robing the small volume in white calf and gold.

"OSBORNE, *January 14.*

"I received your kind letter about a week ago, and your parcel the day before yesterday. The latter was sent up immediately on its arrival, and yesterday I had her Majesty's commands to write and thank you for your handsome little volume."

I had dedicated the book to my kind and cultured

friend, H. V. Tebbs, of Doctors' Commons, who had a piece of genuine wit for everything. I told him of the above, and how, in the initial leaf of the volume, he had been "presented at Court"

"Yes," was his ready reply, "but not presented; I am only '*a Page.*'"

XI

LOCH ARD. IRELAND. GLASGOW

It is one of the singular peculiarities of Glasgow life, that the best families in the west end of the city, where my church was situated, spend a long summer in one of the many sea residences of the Clyde—whether on the Argyleshire or Ayrshire coast—or it may be in the islands of Bute and Arran.

Nowhere in Europe, with perhaps the single exception of the Bosphorus, is there such a magnificent outlet as this. "It is Europe," says a brilliant American writer, "abridged and assorted, and passed before you in the space of a few hours." Firths and bays and promontories in endless variety and combination. Shore on shore, glen on glen, valley and slope, are studded over with summer and autumn dwellings for the well-to-do in the great commercial capital of the West hard by. From Dumbarton Castle on its isolated rock downwards, it is a succession of surprises—a wondrous panorama. Perhaps the culminating point is, when, from the deck of the steamer, leaving Dunoon on the right, the serrated peaks of Arran appear in the distant background, as if some Alpine monoliths had been transported by mistake or by purpose to keep watch and ward over the western lochs and seas.

It will be seen at a glance, that this annual exodus from the neighbourhood of Kelvingrove, allowed favoured ministers of the district to enjoy, with a clear conscience, a long holiday. In fact, Sandyford, as seen from the

pulpit, was simply a transformation. With the exception of some strangers who selected Glasgow as their Sunday resting-place, a few of whom made my church their house of worship, the ordinary flock were *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. During the week there were well-nigh no parish duties. Public religious meetings were suspended, and Glasgow *abest* told its tale in silent streets, and windows resplendent only with brown paper. By a common but not euphonious phrase, all that might be, could be, or should be, were "down the water." I could have four months clear, without the intrusion of one morbid self-accusation or protest on non-residence.

It will appear strange, after so glowing an encomium on the mouth of the Clyde and its Hesperides, that personally my summer tastes lay in other haunts and regions. I never cared for the sea. As before noted, the earliest trial recorded in these pages had given to the "wild waves" for ever an unpleasant, repulsive association. I loved, far more, some inland lake; some place, moreover, where one could secure what the Firth denied—absolute quiet—away from the familiar faces of the kindest of friends—away from exchange of formal calls and oppressive hospitalities.

Where was such a place to be had or found within reasonable hail?

A relative, well versed in Scottish scenery, at once came to my help and solved the problem.

"I know," he said, "not only the most beautiful of quiet lochs, but the very cottage to your mind. It is at present to let for a term of years."

At his advice I went and spent a night in budding spring, at the Inn of Aberfoyle—not the Clachan of "Rob Roy" memory, but a plain, comfortable, substantial house kept by Mr. Blair.

Early next morning—one of those superb mornings in

early May—I started alone on this interesting expedition. Skirting the base of Ben Mohr, with its singular furrows of *débris*, I passed what is called “the Lower Loch,” and then plunged among the picturesque, wooded knolls leading to the “Upper,” with the sort of consciousness, not unmingled with hope, that this might prove the home of many coming seasons. On reaching the turn in the road when the reality burst all at once on my view, I made—please God to so order it—a firm instantaneous resolve, by hook or by crook, here would my summer tent be pitched. I was eager to reach the cottage, to know its position, condition, and surroundings. It was at once the fondest of fond dreams realized. Alas! since that pleasant waking dream three decades have passed, and “the speculative builder,” there as elsewhere, has been at his nefarious work, spoiling, mangling, vulgarizing. It is no longer the perfect paradise I descried it that morning to be. With the exception of one or two houses and shooting lodges, I was “monarch of all I surveyed.” Looking from the height on which the cottage stands, there was nothing visible but the lake, a stone’s-throw from the windows, a wealth of lovely bays and promontories, with not a house or hut of any kind to disturb their repose. “Duke Murdoch” and other islands slept in restful loveliness right opposite, while towering to the right, the magnificent guardian of the whole scene, was “Lofty Ben Lomond.” Nor can I omit what Southernns know little or nothing of—the pure limpid streams, neither discoloured nor polluted by mill or water-wheel, or the still more damaging “chemicals.” Alas! how many such rills and rivulets, pellucid at their fountain head, amid fern and heather and gleaming pebble, seem to go wailing down their dells, as if anticipating a foul destiny. No such terror haunted these birchen solitudes.

Ah! yes, that is a never-to-be-forgotten morning pil-

grimace, and three weeks thereafter the gates of Eden unclosed themselves—or, metaphor aside, we were established in *Tigh-na-tra* (Gaelic, “The House of the Ebbing Tide”). We continued there, with a happiness little broken, for twelve years. We had our knoll of lawn—with prospering shrubs and evergreens—our prolific kitchen garden, more distinguished for its yield than its size; a pretty piece of wood, with full-grown oaks behind, and, the perfection of all enjoyment, boat and boat-house, affording these never-tiring explorations of nook and ferny brake and “rifted rock,” whose carpets of lichen turned clefts and boulders into gold.

But why pursue with description what is indescribable?

There were two occupations specially reserved for these holiday months. The first was occasional indulgence in my old irrepressible taste for drawing and painting. I can well understand the words and feelings of Dr. John Brown, of “Rab and his Friends”: “Art is part of my daily food, like the laughter of children, and the common air, the earth, the sky. It is an affection, not a passion to come and go like the gusty winds, not as principles cold and dead; it penetrates my entire life, and is one of the surest and deepest pleasures” (“The Collections,” p. 102). I made it an inflexible rule of my busy Glasgow life, from which I never once deviated, that brush and easel were entirely laid aside. I would allow there no canvas to confront me; but scruples were neither admissible nor admitted when the harness was not needed. Many a delightful hour have I spent with these dumb companions on moor and lake-side; and still more frequently was the parlour extemporized as a *studio* when the pitiless rains of the west of Scotland rendered “life and work” out of doors impossible.

Oil-painting was the hobby and recreation of my student

days; indeed, I used often to affirm, without hesitation, that this was my born profession. If higher studies and more sacred objects were happily resolved on, the surrender of my tastes for the thorough study of art was not less the self-denial of a lifetime. Much in Edinburgh and its exhibitions tended to foster it. One work of a distinguished Scottish painter, now the well-known Sir Noël Paton, made a deep and ineffaceable impression on me. It was the large cartoon he executed in his younger days, "The Spirit of Religion," and which was exhibited in the Calton Convening Rooms, Edinburgh. The special, the powerful part of the design was, a Vista of *Angels*, in really grand and impressive perspective. Sir Noël, then Noël Paton, was a citizen of the small primitive town of Dunfermline, in Fife (a name not poetic, though historical). The painter was indebted, for this Angelic Vista, to some studies he had made of his fellow-townfolk for this supreme effort of genius. The worthy man who showed the picture hailed from the same place, and was naturally proud both of the artist and the angels. He was wont to describe the more notable points in the work to the successive groups of visitors, directing their special attention to the aforesaid figures of the vista, winding up with "And they're aa Dunfermline folk!"

Another landscape painter, whose works from an early date to the very last I admired and prized beyond all others (not even Turner excepted), was the Scottish artist Horatio MacCulloch. None could interpret the "land of the mountain and the flood" as he. I commissioned him to paint a small picture for me, which was the means of personal introduction. I always looked back to the forenoon spent in his home at Trinity as an honour and intense enjoyment. During my student life I had made an accurate copy of his first great production, "A Highland Loch," still surviving. Another original, "Gloamin'," by

the same artist, which I had fortunately secured (a large work), was a great favourite. On recovering from not infrequent illnesses in Glasgow, my delight was great in having that picture down from the wall and set in various lights in different parts of the room. My own biggest and most pretentious work, and from its subject my favourite—though of its artistic properties, and much more its accuracy, I was always in doubt—occupied the entire end of my Glasgow dining-room and study. My visit to Jerusalem was a future vision, and therefore imagination had had to play a conspicuous part in the performance—a purely ideal representation of “the City of the Great King.” Norman Macleod was dining with me, along with others, soon after his return from the Holy Land. He asked what in the world that was? On my informing him, he greatly amused the party and greatly humbled the amateur limner by the remark, “Well, that may be the New Jerusalem, but it is not the one I saw!”

The second occupation alluded to was preparation for the press. The material I had employed in the pulpit in winter was utilised and adapted for more permanent and extended usefulness. Few mornings passed without the post handing in “proofs,” or “revised proofs,” while fresh copy was despatched. Among my most pleasant remembrances are those calm summer mornings when the rowing boat was manned by other willing mates, while I took my place, recumbent, pencil in hand, at the stern. Steering through varied recesses of loveliness, I was able to correct the sheets for Ballantyne’s Edinburgh printing presses, wondering all the time how the compositors could, from puzzling and perplexing MS., produce such miracles of accuracy.

A few choice neighbours, chiefly English, attracted, some for æsthetic reasons, some for sporting purposes, gave to the place a superadded charm, while these happy

times were, every now and then, made happier by visits, longer or shorter, from congenial friends. I need not particularize. One, in about the last year of our stay, rises now before me, who came, traveller-like, with a knapsack on his back, to enjoy what he called a "jolly visit"! It was a young friend we had watched and loved from his earliest boyhood, now a hardy youth outgrown his teens, and who in the splendour of early manhood was preparing for life duties: alas! too, for the saddest of life destinies. This was William Gill, R.E., who, along with his illustrious companion, Professor Palmer, perished so ignobly, yet so nobly, by the hands of bloodthirsty Arabs in the Arabian desert, and whose premature fate stirred at the time the heart of England. Little did he or I think, when boating or fishing, or climbing together the heathery flanks of Ben Venue, that the day was coming when, in the crypt of St. Paul's, I would be found among a group of mourners laying a wreath of my choicest flowers upon his coffin. A befitting shrine holds his mutilated remains in that *Campo Santo* of heroes.

"For England had spoken and claimed them,
And gladly they rose at her cry,
And cheerily welcomed her summons,
'Be ready to do or to die.'

"Strong life with its visions of greatness
Ne'er drew them from duty aside,
Stern death had no terrors to daunt them,
Their duty was death, and they died."

These summers were occasionally diversified by journeyings elsewhere. On one of these we always looked back with peculiar pleasure, and how it came about involves a small history.

A day in the beginning of August found us steaming from Greenock, on our way up the Kyles of Bute, to Ard-

risshaig and the mouth of Loch Fyne. We unexpectedly found on board our always kind friend, Mr. Napier, of Shandon, accompanied by a man famous in his day, the Rev. Henry Melville, of Camberwell, subsequently canon of St. Paul's. I dared not say to himself, but I told his daughter how, in common with very many clergymen of the Church of Scotland, I had for years drank inspiration from his printed sermons; and, better still, how often I had been a unit in the densely packed throng in Camberwell Church and St. Margaret's, Lothbury. I was always puzzled to divine the precise secret of the pulpit power of this most celebrated of London preachers, though I felt, in listening to him, as much as any, his potent spell. There was nothing impressive in his somewhat heavy eye and jerking voice. Moreover, I never knew one with the repute of an orator who was so abject a slave to his written manuscript. Yet he fascinated and enthralled with the old mesmeric power of Dr. Chalmers, on whose flowing style, by the way, his own was moulded. It was with feelings alike of gratification and semi-awe that I found myself brought in contact with this interesting personality. Let me add that the great divine was soon discovered to be as bright and lively as a boy on holiday, escaped from school and lessons.

Mr. Napier, joining us, put a query regarding our destination, and learning that we were bound for the Caledonian Canal, without having made any arrangements as to accommodation, earnestly advised an alteration of plans. The result was a reluctant parting with our fellow-travellers at Ardrishaig, a return by steamer to Greenock, and a trip unique in its pleasures, spanned by sunny skies from end to end.

We awoke next morning in Belfast, all ready for the Irish car that was to take us, and did take us, by Larne,

Glenarm, Antrim, etc., to the Giant's Causeway. What a coast, to be sure! What intense blue in the sea that rippled for a long portion of the way on sand and shingle! and what rarest specimens of humanity, specially in Larne, where the annual fair was being celebrated with all the grotesque fashion and vivacity of Irish life! It were endless to recount the doings of weeks never to be forgotten, with a freshness and novelty in which outer nature and human nature were rivals.

By Londonderry and Loch Erne we made our way to Dublin, with its noble Phoenix Park and charming environments — Bray, lovely Killiney Bay, the Dargle, Powerscourt, etc. Then onwards by rail to Athlone, where we took steamer on the Shannon, and by coach *via* Limerick reached the unrivalled Killarney Lakes. The beggardom when we arrived at Killarney town baffled description, but a burly Irish priest — a fellow-traveller — did not scruple to make unceremonious but effective use of his bludgeon (*shelellah*), a "Home Rule" all his own.

No circuit, no, not even in Switzerland, was more delightful and varied than that of next day, beginning with the rugged Gap of Dunloe; then, all at once, descending on the upper lake, where we were met by experienced and civil boatmen, who rowed us from point to point, from island to island. It is the variety of Killarney which constitutes its charm. What have you not there, from the gateway of the sublime just spoken of, to the rarely beautiful? Castles and ruins, islands emerald with arbutus, lovely rocks and white shingle, the whole dominated by what is perfect in everything save the name — "the Magillicuddy Reeks" — a mountain or range of mountains altogether exquisite in form. It is simply amazing that the tourist in the "adjacent isle of Great Britain," perplexed by the crowd and cram of

summer watering-places, does not more frequently direct his attention and footsteps to what—always with the proviso of good weather—cannot have its claims exaggerated. We drove thence by a long and wild road, meeting Sir John Lawrence and his party on the way, to Bantry Bay, where we rested on the Sunday, “according to the commandment.” After service in the hotel, a quiet walk was taken up to a village of reeky hovels on one of the heights. While there, in converse with an aged inhabitant, I heard some plaintive sounds proceeding from a road down below, with a church close by. On inquiring the cause, we were informed it was a funeral. To descend and obtain a respectful glimpse of the unwonted sight was irresistible. It was the burial of a peasant woman. The coffin was preceded and accompanied by some old “hags” draped in long blue coarse cloaks. It was truly “the hired mourners and minstrels” of the gospels. Such wailing and dirging I never heard—the wildest of village “coronachs.” In these untranslatable refrains there was not one atom of genuine feeling. This we had to look for in the unmistakable tears and emotion of those following the coffin. The others were revoltingly artificial. “They made much ado”—no more. A sight of a very different kind, also peculiar to the country, we had witnessed with amusement a few days before—thirty-nine Irish cars threading their way along a bare, treeless road, their occupants in a state of native hilarity. No wonder, when the occasion was disclosed: for in the thirty-ninth car were seated the happy bride and bridegroom!

Those who have time and opportunity may find endless amusement in the crudities of Hibernian “cabin” life, where costumes are seen, amazing in their colour, as well as their shreds and patches. The hats of the lords of creation (wideawakes are at a discount) are twisted

and indented often beyond recognition. It would almost seem to require ingenuity, if not genius, to fabricate these shapeless, battered erections. Then the Irish cars, often taking the less frequented ways, made us familiar with the very lowliest and most primitive of hostelries, where the larder was on the most restricted scale. But the eggs of the vagrant, vagabond-looking hens were tolerable, as were also the staple "potatoes" (taters), "always laughing at you, and with their coats unbuttoned from the heat."

I need only add that the trip was completed by a visit to Macroom, Cork, and Queenstown, and that, ever since, Ireland and Irish people have had a warm place in my heart.

A fortnight of our allotted time yet remained, so it was readily accorded to the dear friends in London. On Sunday, for the first but not the last time, I made my way to the chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields to hear Frederick Maurice. It was vacation time, and the audience was not a large one. Maurice did the whole duty, as even his curate was on his holiday. I did not recognise him immediately; nor was I impressed, as many have avowed themselves to be, with his exceptionally pathetic reading of the Liturgy and Lessons. When, however, he ascended the pulpit, I felt at once, before three sentences were uttered, the potency of the spell. I have the sermon in one of his printed volumes. It was one of the well-known series on the Gospel of St. John, delivered with intense earnestness and fervour, the gleam of his eye, "the window of his soul," irresistible. His theology may not be wholly mine. Moreover, his style is involved; his arguments, as Cowper says, "verbosely spun." But I can well comprehend the influence he exercised on a thoughtful circle as, for example, the intense love and admiration entertained for him by his

brother-in-law, Dean Plumtre, who used often admiringly to point out to me his bust, which occupied a prominent place in his drawing-room at Bickley.

To Glasgow we in due time returned, and the old rotation of work and duty was resumed.

From much of the present, as well as preceding chapters—indeed, from the entire volume—some of my kind, more probably some of my exacting friends, may be disposed to gather that my life was chiefly one charmed, gigantic holiday, with very little of the real day-to-day and hand-to-hand struggle in it. I am content to abide the verdict of my contemporaries. Were these pages designed to be a roll and record of duty, with its stern conflicts and struggles, they would form dreary reading. I have sought much more to give the parade day, than the tedious marchings, and counter-marchings, of at times a formidable campaign. Let those be censorious who know nothing as to the toil and stress of brain-work, and the innumerable calls and claims of a city charge and sphere. The initiated can alone understand the absolute necessity of at times the unstrung bow and the well-earned yearly relaxation. It is these latter occasions which I have mainly deemed worth while to recall. Many another chapter of existence associated with sick-bed and death-bed, and the thousand responsibilities of the pastoral office, I would deem it a breach of sacred confidence to submit to the *currente calamo*. In other ways, but not here, have I sought to reach the broken heart, “minister to the mind diseased,” and do battle in public and private for truth and righteousness.

In a word, these oft-recorded outings and travellings are the little bits of life’s mosaic. I could not trouble my readers with the rough, unshapely walls, the brick and mortar of daily hard building, though I own that the most of it, with the grand spiritual forces it brought into play,

was to myself congenial and invigorating. I valued the mosaics, but I valued still more the use of the trowel, often grievously lamenting indeed unskilful handling, but with a good conscience. I can say, in these busy years, I never sought to scamp my work. More than one approach was again made to me as to a change of scene and labour. One of these was of a pronounced kind regarding a well-known city charge in Edinburgh, another a casual sounder as to the likelihood of my acceptance of the Parish Church of St. Andrews, then vacant by the death of Dr. Park. But my affections were fast rooted in Sandyford, and to all offers I returned a grateful negative.

Perhaps I may here incidentally record—and I do so for the sake of others—what formed very pleasant *episodes* in our home life. I feel sure that in what I say, ministers, whose spheres of labour are in university towns, will forgive my “great plainness of speech.” Is there any class in our mixed city life who stand in more urgent need of consideration than students, and more especially students of divinity? These youths, not a few of them of conspicuous promise, are often drafted from distant homes, many of them without friend or patron, living in lodgings in unsympathetic isolation, with no *entrée* of any kind to society, no glimpse whatsoever of the social phase of existence. Their books at night and the class-work by day—a weary tread-mill from November to April. We tested in this the power and charm of “little attentions.” Relays, mainly of unfledged ministers, were invited now and then to spend a winter evening with us. We brightened these assemblages as much as we could with music and singing, organ and piano, diversified with photographs, microscopes, and kindred objects of interest. Nor were there wanting a sprinkling of young ladies who imparted a brightness and attractiveness all their

own. The conclave was inaugurated with tea and coffee, light refreshments were provided during the course of the evening, and the gathering suitably closed with prayers. I give these details in order to plead for a "go and do likewise." The whole thing was a delightful success, and, like the quality of mercy, it was "twice blessed," the evident enjoyment of the guests being reflected on the givers.

It was certainly not these, or such calls as these, that were wearing and at times vexatious. Gentle reader, be thankful if you are rid of that nuisance of town and clerical life—"deputations!" Every conceivable "society" and "guild" has its annual treat, meeting, *soirée*; and every man with Rev. to his name is considered fair game for a place and speech on the inevitable platform. These evening calls and callers at times sorely disturbed my equanimity, and made sermon-writing and Sunday preparation often impossible. To be brief, I was sorely troubled with what Carlyle, sage and sophist, calls "bores of the first magnitude." Lesser men than he have to complain of their *sanctum* and sanctities being invaded. Friday and Saturday I specially claimed as my own, and the servant had rigid instructions, from which appeal was inadmissible, that no human being was to be admitted on these days. All guns, and specially deputation guns, are, however, difficult to spike and silence. Even private friends have occasionally little mercy. "Oh! tell him that it is Mr. — or Mrs. — or the Secretary of the — Association. I feel sure he will make an exception and see ME"; and then the forceful plea never failed to be urged—it was the most fretting of all: "Oh, tell him I shall not keep him a minute." Yes, my good friend; but that minute, if you only knew it, is simply destructive, fatal to calmness of mind and continuity of thought. With these and similar small encroachments and miseries,

what have been well called the "mosquito bites of life," I have now done. But I record them for the exercise of pity on any future victims similarly situated.

Much pleasant intercourse and fellowship with rich and poor greatly outweighed, however, such little disturbing influences. I can recall delightful calls and interviews with men worth knowing, both lay and clerical, Home, European, Transatlantic. Some of these came to see me after service on Sunday in the vestry. One day it was the gifted Mr. Colquhoun, of Killermont; another it was Dr. Alexander, of New York, the well-known commentator on the Psalms; another, Dr. Jacobus; another, Mr. Shanks More, of Edinburgh; another, an intelligent little man, who introduced himself as Dean Howson. The Dean asked if it would be convenient for me that he should call. He did so, and spent a long and pleasant forenoon. His conversation was rich and racy and of an elevated tone, quite what I would have expected from St. Paul's best biographer.

Another Dean of equal celebrity, power, and varied scholarship—one of the most indomitable of literary workers—visited Glasgow shortly after—the Dean of Canterbury (Dean Alford). No student of New Testament Scripture, however slightly entitled to the name, could fail being interested in meeting the author of an epoch-making book; for such assuredly is "Alford's Greek Testament." Poor is that clergyman's library which is without it. In addition to hearing him deliver an able lecture in the crowded City Hall, I had the privilege of meeting him at dinner at the house of my ever kind and faithful friend, Mr. Campbell, M.P., of Stracathro. He was of most impressive presence, with evidently much vital energy, and a keen and appreciative lover of Scottish scenery. I was delighted with him also as a conversationalist. His classic acquirements were very

far from elbowing out the accomplished man, with rare æsthetic tastes. His pen, pencil, and brush had been employed with equal success not long before in a book on the Riviera. He especially rivetted Bordighera on my imagination, although some years were yet to elapse before the ardent longings he had inspired could be satisfied.

Another, of a very different character and school, I may here mention, who often came to see me when he was in Glasgow—the venerable and venerated Dr. Story, of Roseneath. His name, as is well known, was associated with what may be called a theological school in the West of Scotland, the most conspicuous member of which was Dr. John Campbell, of Row, by whose presence I was also occasionally honoured as one of my Sandyford hearers. What a patriarch old Dr. Story was, with his snow-white hair and dark, penetrating eye! He was one of those men that could not fail to be regarded with admiring reverence. I had a beautiful and deeply sympathetic letter from him on the death of my son. In this roll of men to be esteemed, may I venture to include the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Keir. I was first introduced to him when spending a night at Kippenross. I always regarded him as the most cultured layman in Scotland. His Spanish books I hold in admiration. His style is lucid and simple; but every here and there it breaks out in memorable sentences as he rises to a climax. He is as consummate a master of taste as a votary of the Beautiful.

It was somewhere about this date that I ventured on the bold rôle of "Innovator." It would not be worth while to embody at greater length here my views and feelings on the question involved. Only let me quote from the newspaper report the few sentences I uttered in the Presbytery on asking leave for the introduction of an organ

in Sandyford. The movement now so general was then in its most incipient stage.

“I shall not occupy your time with many observations. Out of deference to the Presbytery, both members of the Session, and representatives of the congregation, are now present to support the prayer of the memorial. I can say for myself, and I believe also for the members of the Session, that we are prepared in this matter to respect the conscientious scruples and objections of anything like a considerable minority. As stated in the memorial, however, that minority is small indeed compared with the rest of the congregation; and I think I might be warranted in adding that even, on the part of the objectors, there was no very strong or decided expression of disapproval. In the name, therefore, of the Kirk Session and Trustees of the Church, and the vast majority of the congregation, I have to express the hope that the Presbytery will authorize the introduction of an organ into Sandyford Church. I think it is no breach of confidence to mention the fact that, anticipating the sanction of the Presbytery, already the sum of £850 has been either subscribed or guaranteed for this object. And, moreover, I hope I may take it upon me to add, that this handsome sum will not interfere one iota with the generosity of the congregation in what I deem infinitely more important matters—their contributions for congregational missionary agencies, and the mission schemes of the General Assembly. My experience hitherto has been that those generally most interested in what I would call the æsthetics of the Church, alike in its comely architecture and music, have been those also who have been the warmest and most generous supporters of every good spiritual work. I can only say for myself that, if I believed it were otherwise, and that the subscriptions for an organ would necessarily rob and impoverish the

missionary exchequer, I for one would not have been here to solicit this boon at your hands. I would have been here not, in clerical phrase, to 'take instruments,' but rather in the present case to protest against instruments, and 'crave extracts.' "

The same year I was induced by urgent invitation to adopt, in a small way, the *rôle* of Lecturer on some secular subject. I was, at the time, most under the spell of "Venice," and accordingly I embarked on a gossiping talk on the "Bride of the Adriatic." The said gossip had a multiple of five. For, besides the City Hall of Glasgow, the same lucubrations were delivered in the Philosophic Institution of Edinburgh, in Perth, Greenock, and Aberdeen. This, and one other palaver, some years previously, on the Fine Arts, were the only escapades made in the same domain. I was rewarded on all these occasions with large audiences.

Somewhere in these years (I cannot with accuracy recall the unkept dates) I lost suddenly, almost without premonition, my "Beadle" or Church officer, Hugh Bryan, one of the best young men I ever knew: in his appearance most fascinating, and the soul of courtesy; a gentleman, not by the poor claim of birth, but by innate qualities, which may well give him a place in my "bede-roll." He was a prosperous and well-to-do man for his station; as, in addition to his handsome official salary, he formed one of those who enjoyed (or shall I say tolerated) the lucrative post of "Waiter," figuring at all convivial entertainments public and private. On his way to aid at one of these banquets somewhere on the Clyde he met with an accident—not perhaps serious or fatal in itself, but as it involved, in the case of one nervously strung, a surgical operation, heart complaint caused him in a moment to succumb under the trying ordeal. When I saw the late Sir George Macleod,

with his assistant, drive up to my door, I too surely divined the reason. I am far from ashamed to avow that no death in all my ministry moved me more than this. Other references in the pulpit to the death of loved friends I could make without the betrayal of emotion. This allusion to my daily visitor and auxiliary in every good work proved too much for me: I felt myself irresistibly dropping tears on the Bible. But I resolved not to allow the catastrophe to pass with evanescent feeling. Next day I took counsel with sympathetic friends, and, turning peripatetic, got a fair commencement of a tribute to his memory in shape of subscriptions for his widow and children. With the willing aid of his brother Church officers, the result was the finest spontaneous offering to character and goodness I can chronicle during my public life. A sum of upwards of £600 was raised. I am not sorry to pause here and add a stone to the cairn of the first Beadle of Sandyford. The hewers of wood and drawers of water deserve their due, as well as the stoled priests of the Temple. He was a true philosopher who said, "Worth makes the man."

XII

CONGREGATIONAL WORK. A BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND BELOVED MEMORY

"My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation." The Psalmist's words and motto might well, without vain boast—rather with profound humility and gratitude—be mine.

Three objects here casually recur to me, which, although previously launched, obtained their full swing about this time. Their initiation and progress served to deepen the sympathies and interests of the congregation, materially to promote Church activities; and, though last, not least, to swell the offerings for our missionary treasury. There was a mine of available wealth—battalions of moneyed men and women; better still, abundant willing hands and willing hearts, if only the right shafts could be judiciously sunk to tap the ore. The true Christian evangelistic spirit rose with the occasion. I had many prudent and able coadjutors to help and guide me. I give them now my fervent benedictions.

The first of these schemes (without entering into long explanation or vindication) was the substitution of the "schedule system," in place of the old church-door plate and "offertory." The free-will offerings lagged sorely behind the capacity of donors, merely from want of system and organization. In addition to other weighty reasons, these collections, on the former conventional sys-

tem, were much at the mercy of our precarious and lugubrious climate. A wet Sunday (by no means a rarity) occasionally made all the difference between victory and defeat. It often went far to wreck an urgent and needy cause, missionary or philanthropic. Both Kirk Session and people were, as I have said, cordially responsive to the change. A few demurred; but the conservative element was at a discount. The success was immediate, almost incredible. It proved, indeed, so great, that the system, I believe, in not a few other churches, has now attained the rank of an institution. Even benefactions—previously of a very modest nature—little rills and dribblets, rose with the swelling tide. Ignoble pence, and that unworthy compromise between silver and copper—the fourpenny bit—were shelved—heard of no more.

Supplementary to this, but quite distinct, were three important feeders. The one was "The Ladies' Missionary Association." Various districts were allocated to lady collectors. The "green books"—their columns and entries and summations—soon became my familiar, and I think I may add, welcome intruders. At biennial meetings, many clamant enterprises, bearing, if possible, on women's work, shared the beneficent results. The second scheme referred to was the kindred formation of a "Juvenile Missionary Association," proving an equal success. I look back with the liveliest memories on the new life instilled into the younger members of the congregation—the happy meetings held from time to time, culminating each Christmas in a successful bazaar, which enlisted the aid and presence and patronage in a substantial form of parents and friends. These gatherings were a delightful way for the minister coming into happiest fellowship with the youthful members of his flock. The money proceeds, which in both cases were very considerable, were only the outward and visible

sign of congregational zeal, which cheered and encouraged me beyond measure.

A third, and perhaps more interesting object still, was the institution of an Orphanage where fourteen or fifteen "waifs and strays" were housed and fed and educated under the fostering charge of an excellent female superintendent. A comfortable and healthy home was secured where I had the pleasure of meeting once a week a committee of gentlemen of the congregation—first-class business men—who managed to a wish, financially and otherwise, this little *ideal* home for poor children and orphans. A committee of ladies met at other times to supervise the clothing and other relevant departments. I could with all my heart commend the scheme to any wealthy congregations who desire an outlet for their charities; and, better than money-charity, an outlet for their charitable instincts and sympathies. Two pews nearest the pulpit were appropriated to this interesting family and household, so that the congregation had weekly before them ocular proof and evidence that their generosity was not in vain. Many of these "despised little ones" had an excellent start in the battle of life, and all (so far as I know) did full credit to this congregational paternity. God be praised for it! I owe the suggestion to my excellent friend and neighbour, Dr. Watson, of St. Matthew's, subsequently better known as a power in Dundee.

While alluding to these various congregational claims and enterprises, *the* best and noblest dare not be omitted—a crowded Sunday-school. All the more joyfully do I record my reminiscences, because my personal responsibilities regarding it were few. It was manned, out and out, by a noble band of brothers and sisters, my obligations to whom can never be repaid. The schoolroom, or rather "hall," was, I presume, unrivalled in size,

occupying as it did a substructure corresponding to the area of the church. The children were entirely from the lowlier but well-to-do adjoining district of Kelvinhaugh. At times they may have been somewhat noisy and uncontrollable in ingress and egress; but on the whole most amenable, too, to discipline and kindness. I like dearly to think of these self-sacrificing and devoted youths of both sexes, especially (if not unchivalrous in saying so) of the gentlemen, who, despite of arduous week-work, willingly sacrificed their one day of rest in what I verily believe of all Church and patriotic enterprises is the greatest. Some of these, I am proud to think, are now occupying conspicuous positions in the Church of their fathers. I must add, with great respect and gratitude, the names of the two successive superintendents—men now of position and influence—Mr. D. M. Lang and Mr. J. H. Kerr. Better or more trusted “field-m Marshals” there could not be. We had, of course, our yearly “tea-drinking,” glorified by the magic-lantern, with interludes of music, and brief addresses, and other illuminations pictorial and verbal. There were occasional pleasant gatherings, too, in our own house, when the teachers came to have an enjoyable evening of vocal and instrumental music, varied with other small engrossments pleasant and profitable. The funeral knell of Britain will be rung when the doors of the Sabbath school are closed.

“Esto perpetua.”

Perhaps this would not be an unbefitting place to record individual cases of spiritual encouragement among the members of the congregation. There were many such; but some of these are too sacred for publicity. None interested me more than those, whether young or old, male or female, who had been longer or shorter under the sway of sceptical doubts, but who came ultimately to accept the verities of the gospel with the simplicity of

children. Let one such memory suffice. It is that of an aged man in lowlier surroundings, but with a vigorous understanding, who was called by God's good grace, in his waning years, literally out of darkness into marvellous light. No one became more faithful as a worshipper. His face was ever to me a study—the reflection and outglow of the new inner radiance, “the truth as it is in Jesus” becoming his all in all. Two other similar cases I specially recall, in which the mental, moral, and spiritual struggle ended in happy and peaceful deathbeds.

Weeks, months, years thus flitted pleasantly by. I had abundant reason to erect my memorial stone of thanksgiving and praise.

But another of the many sudden sorrows which have clouded my life was at hand. I have said in the Preface, I would only have undertaken to compile these pages on the condition of “broadening my canvas,” so as to include memorial sketches of others, well entitled to the epithet of *worthy*. I shall make no apology, therefore, for the fuller references and details given in the present chapter.

One day, while at a meeting of some members of Presbytery in the Religious Institution Rooms, a telegram was handed in to me. I simply glanced at its contents, beckoned Dr. Charteris outside, and told him, as the man of all others in Glasgow most mournfully interested in the tidings, that I had been summoned to Edinburgh. My dear eldest brother was dying, and there was no hope.

He had been ill, seriously ill. But such a termination I never dreamt of. He had been some weeks—I am not sure if it was months—before, on an endowment deputation with his like-minded friend, Dr. Smith, of North Leith. He had caught cold on the journey. Pleurisy and pneumonia had supervened, and after alternations of

revival and collapse, he was about to pass away from scenes of busy and honourable toil, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine.

I may well say, scenes of "busy and honourable toil," for his versatility of talent was exceptional. In boyhood and youth he betrayed a fascination for all branches of study, specially scientific. Geology was his favourite pursuit and pastime. I can well recall at this moment the delight, along with myself, of a first excursion to the Perthshire highlands, when we set out from Bonhard on our two ponies, with an original old servant who had charge of them and their riders; the elder brother in eager pursuit of "specimens," with a broad satchel on his back, and a big hammer strapped on the pommel of the saddle. Our first night was spent at Moulin, then—I fear no longer—the most primitive of Highland "clachans," the next at Blair Athole. At the former he revelled among the mica slate and garnets of the district; at the latter he was at home in the marble quarries of Glentilt. A still more interesting outing we enjoyed together in a subsequent year, in exploring the geological wealth of Arran, ascending Glenrosa—crossing the "saddle," with its serrated peaks and boulders, into Glen Sannox, and finishing with true Highland hospitalities in the Manse of Brodick. Albeit, a treacherous mist, at the most critical part of the journey, might have played fatal havoc, but for the sagacity of an experienced guide. In later years the enthusiasm was the same, only diverted and transfigured by higher and more urgent claims. I think I may say he never was happy but when engaged in carrying out that noble twofold object—"good to men and glory to God."

I have already, in a previous chapter, incidentally noted the conspicuous services he rendered in his own county. The prominent part he took in its meetings

attest how he was appreciated. "The satisfactory condition to which the finances of the county were brought were chiefly the result of his long unwearied labours." If not a ready speaker, he was the trusted adviser, the reliable counsellor. His legal training had given him an advantage in the transaction of public business, and "the infinite capacity for taking pains," which a great authority defines to be *genius*, was in his case amply illustrated. Two out of many important schemes he moulded into permanent shape. The one was, as chairman of the Perth District Lunacy Board, the erection of the large asylum at Murthly. The other, a still more widely known and successful institute, "the Fechney Boys' School." The original capital fund of the latter was left by a most esteemed relative of our own—Mrs. Fechney, of Ardargie, a picturesque property on the borders of Strathearn, with its share of one of the best fishing-streams in Perthshire. As she expressed it to me one day during her lifetime, she wanted to leave her means and produce of her estate for the good of "poor bairns." Never was bequest more thoughtfully and loyally carried out. My brother and I were appointed in her trust-deed, along with another, executors and life directors. Alas! my other engagements precluded any active service whatever; and even if leisure had been afforded, my efforts would have been unavailing to untie what was at first, owing to ambiguous phrases in the deed, a ravelled knot. But other hands were equal to the emergency. His organizing powers and unflagging energy (subsidized afterwards with pecuniary resources from city and county) awoke the original dormant funds into busy operation, and thousands of the homeless and helpless have to bless his memory, and that of other sympathetic workers he had gathered around him. I always look up to that bright mass of buildings on the

western slopes of Perth as the truest monument to his memory, though other tributes were not awanting.

On the death of the well-known professor, Dr. James Robertson—the doughty champion of the “Endowment Scheme”—not a few eyes were turned to my brother as one well qualified, from talent and earnest religious life, to aid, at all events as Vice-Convener, in carrying on and, it might be, completing the grand ideal of that good and holy man, who had fallen in the fight, a victim to his own Christian enthusiasm. He was not slow in responding to the call. During his winters in Edinburgh, he had ample leisure, amid other occupations, and without pay or place he would be found some hours every day in the Offices of the Schemes of the Church, with the Convener, or rather chief, Dr. Smith, and others, perpetuating Robertson’s great work—that on which their hearts were bent—evangelizing the masses; while in summer he was busied with deputations to distant places, to rouse or stimulate flagging operations. This post he held for five years. Those who know the scheme, know how these indomitable energies were rewarded. But he also, like his two distinguished predecessors, “foremost fighting fell.”

His loyal adhesion to the Church of his fathers was unalterable. He was ordained as an elder in the Church of Scone, and was unremitting in his duties as such.¹

Very far removed from ecclesiastical work was his appointment first as secretary to “the Royal Commission on Roads and Bridges in Scotland,” which sat in 1858. The Report of that commission will remain an enduring monument of his patient industry. Second, he was selected, shortly previous to his death, for one of the

¹ The conduct of the Endowment Scheme, subsequent to his death, was placed in the very reliable hands of his intimate and oldest friend, T. G. Murray, of Stenton, since then also called to his reward.

most honourable positions in the gift of "the landed interest," that of secretary to the "Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland." He had, I think, less affinity for cattle and horse-shows than for most things. A hundred others would have been as well or better adapted. But it was a voluntary and gratifying testimony, paid by the aristocracy and lairds of Scotland, to his organizing and administrative ability. He was more in his right position in another post of influence, to which he had been appointed five years before—chairman of the Scottish Central Railway. Both appointments terminated only with his death. As a tribute to his culture, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh (F.R.S.E.).

His death was in beautiful harmony with his life. As the only brother who, from circumstances, could be present with him at the last, that supreme hour has left on me an indelible impression. When, in response to the telegram, sent by order of his medical adviser, I entered the room where he was, he was sitting up in his chair, unaware that the sand-glass was so fast running to its final grain. I deemed it wrong to speak the intrusive word of alarm and hopelessness. But no sooner had he undressed and gone to bed than the fatal symptoms, temporarily warded off, were to himself too significant. His children were summoned, and the touching parting farewell given. It was a death of hallowed peace. No demonstrative "experiences," no "ecstasies"—the stream was too deep for that. He had been long prepared, and the summons came without perturbation. Strong as his mind was, he had never known, all his life long, the existence of "devil-born doubts." They were not likely to assail him now. He told me, in faltering words, that he felt the Saviour's invisible presence. I quoted some simple texts and hymn verses. I remember one of these, and the protest it drew forth: "I am now ready to be

offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me——” He stopped me. “No, that is not to my liking,—something else.” To that “something else” he smiled assent when I repeated the familiar lines,—

“Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

The brief sentence in the panegyric written by the late Sir Stafford Northcote’s biographer was true of him, “He lived without a stain, and died without an enemy.” Of few indeed could the words be more truly said,—

“His yesterdays look backward with a smile,
Nor wound him like the Parthians as they fly.”

He “sleeps with his fathers,” under a Norman arch in the walls of the historic Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, and a marble tablet is erected to his memory within the walls of Scone Church.

I am tempted, lest I might be accused of a pardonable partiality in my estimate of the best man I ever knew, or expect to know in this world, to give three specimen-tributes from other pens and lips.

“Mr. Macduff,” says the *Scotsman*, in part of its long obituary notice, “was an eminently public-spirited man, and has held many positions of public trust and responsibility. In the business of the county of Perth, in which his estate of Bonhard is situated, he took a lively interest. He was an active promoter of the Scottish Central Railway, which has done so much to open up and improve Perthshire. In the autumn of 1864, on the death of Mr. Bruce, of Kennet, he succeeded to the office of chairman. As President of the Board of Directors, he took a leading share in the amalgamation of the Scottish Central and Caledonian Companies.” Then follows an

appreciative testimony to his Church and General Assembly work. In the latter "he was invariably listened to with attention, in respect of the knowledge he was known to attain on any subject in which he interested himself, and the strong common sense which generally characterized his views." "His concern," says the *Daily Review*, in a similarly extended notice, "for the progress of Evangelical truth was not confined to enterprises belonging to his own denomination, but found scope in every good work which commended itself to his sympathies. While his public spirit and Christian philanthropy secured him general respect and admiration, his amiable private character endeared him still more to those who were ranked among his personal friends."

These sentiments were not slow to be echoed in the Metropolitan Presbytery: "Any one who had been the least acquainted with Mr. Macduff, either in his private or his public life, could not help thinking that he had not left behind him in the eldership of the Church a superior, or one to whom the Church was more indebted. He lent the weight of his accomplished mind and of his high social position to the Church which he loved. They could not meet that day, on the first occasion after his removal, without adding their testimony to his worth, expressing their great gratitude for the work he did, and their deep respect and affection for his memory." One more. On the occasion of the second annual meeting of the supporters of the Fechny Industrial School, in the Town Hall of Perth, the following were the words of the chairman, the able and deeply respected Convener of the county, Mr. Smythe, of Methven Castle: "It is impossible for me to take this chair without being painfully reminded of the loss which this and other institutions have sustained by the death of my much-valued friend, Mr. Macduff, of Bonhard. Mr. Macduff was

not only one of the benefactors of the Fechney Industrial School, but it might also be said he was its founder. With characteristic energy he carried out the intentions of his relative, sparing neither time nor pains to have an institution in every way suitable for the object contemplated. He framed a constitution, drew up rules and regulations for its government, and handed it over to the directors. This is perhaps neither the time nor the place to pass a eulogy on Mr. Macduff; still, I feel that not only was he an intimate and dear friend, but one with whom I was associated in many of the public duties of life, and therefore I can fully appreciate the soundness of his judgment, and the tact, talent, and sagacity which he carried with him into every undertaking in which he was engaged. I could also speak of the unflagging zeal and untiring diligence with which he strove to bring everything to a successful conclusion. I could tell of his kindly genial temper, of his firm and uncompromising adherence to what he believed to be right. His demeanour was so courteous and gentle, that he was endeared to every one with whom he came in contact. In addition to his many amiable qualities, he was possessed of higher virtues—virtues of an inborn character. In every respect he was a good, a kind, a just man, and an honest, sincere, devoted Christian. He is gone from among us, leaving us a bright example and a glorious pattern to imitate.”

“Mr. Smythe,” it is added in the report of the local paper, “spoke with great feeling, and we observed that, during the delivery of the speech, every eye in the room was more or less suffused with tears.”

Mr. Smythe accurately gauged his character. The poetical tribute paid to another might be transferred to him: “The adamantine granite below, the delicate moss and graceful fern above.”

Can it be wondered, after these varied spontaneous tributes, that, in publishing at the close of the year a small book of sacred poetry called "Curfew Chimes," I gave expression to my own feelings in these Dedictory *In Memoriam* lines:—

These to life's oldest, latest guide,
Translated to an early crown,
Whose sun while yet 'twas day went down,
Ere fell the shades of eventide.

In worth of heart, and wealth of brain,
In all that noble was, and pure—
All that is destined to endure,
I ne'er shall see his like again.

For long retains the western sky
The vanished orb's resplendent hue;
In gleaming memories, ever new,
That life survives. It cannot die.

This tribute of most sacred love
I lay upon his honoured bier;
If I could do it, not a tear
Would weep him from his bliss above.

Tis better far to be with HIM
Whose work gave zest to life while here;
Oh, grudge him not the wider sphere,
The Brotherhood with Seraphim!

Sir Walter Scott's words are recalled as he stood by the grave of his friend John Ballantyne: "There will be sunshine missed among us for many a long day."

Yet once more, before closing this chapter. The subject of these panegyrics, besides being an accomplished mathematician, was the writer, every now and then, of verses which he engrossed in a private MS. book. I append one specimen, which will be found inserted in my "Gates of Praise." In sending the late Dr. McCulloch, of Greenock, the most accomplished literary scholar of the

Church, a copy of my volume, he specially singled out "A Legend of Provence," as "one of the finest ballads he had read for long."

ISABELLE: A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

An aged man with tresses grey,
Whose eyes bespoke familiar tears,
With trembling lips poured forth this lay
To sympathizing ears:—

Oh! many a sweet beguiles the bee
In gay Provence's lovely bowers,
And roses garland many a tree
Entwined with fragrant flowers.

In light festoons, the clustering vine
O'ercanopies the sylvan glade,
And countless flow'rets gaily shine
Beneath its graceful shade.

The hum of glittering insect wing
Wakes music in these fairy groves,
And nightingales delight to sing,
In silvery notes their loves!

I've seen that land of beauty dressed
In radiant summer's mantle green,
And oft does pensive memory rest
Upon each witching scene!

But sacred above all the themes,
On which in lonely hours I dwell,
Is she whose image haunts my dreams—
The gentle Isabelle!

Oft had I blest the path I took
That led me to her cottage door;
Methought it wore a hallowed look
I ne'er had seen before.

The aged father welcomed me
Within his humble, peaceful cot,

And bade his duteous daughter see
My wants were not forgot.

"Oh yes," she answered, "father dear,
I'll make a fragrant flowery bed,
And welcome is the stranger here
To rest his weary head."

Away she tripped, with noiseless tread,
As if some Heavenly Being fair
Had left the regions of the dead
To dwell with mortals there.

I gazed upon the spot, where she
Had nimbly vanished from my sight,
The old man marked my ecstasy,
And smiled with fond delight.

"Thou'rt right," he said, in accents mild—
"Yes, by my troth, thou judgest well,
She is indeed a blessed child,
My darling Isabelle.

"She is my sole surviving friend,
All other joys from me are fled ;
And she alone is left, to tend
Her aged father's head :

"The angel of my closing years,
In undeservèd mercy given,
To guide, amid this vale of tears,
My feeble steps—to heaven !"

Oft I recall the guileless joy
In which that summer glided by !
As cloudless as the canopy
Of fair Provence's sky ;

The hour of prayer together spent,
Adoring HIM in accents meet,
When with united hearts we bent
Before the mercy-seat !

Who can describe the hymn of praise,
Its soft and silvery sweetness tell,

Poured from her lips in holiest lays
As evening shadows fell ?

How shall I paint the thornless bliss
In which the fleeting hours went past,
Mid joys—in such a world as this—
Too exquisite to last !

Methinks I see the trembling tear,
Which stole from eyes unused to sorrow,
When first I whispered in her ear,
“ *We part*—upon the morrow !”

The old man raised his withered head,
And gazed upon the azure sky :
Then—“ Fare thee well *awhile*,” he said,
“ We yet shall meet—on high !”

“ Nay—speak not thus, my father dear ;
But *one short year away*”—and then,
“ Make promise—thou wilt wander here,
And visit us again.

“ Daily I’ll watch thy favourite vine
Put forth its verdant shade of leaves,
And train its tendrils to entwine
And trellis all the eaves.

“ Fondly I’ll note when budding flowers
O’erhang thy favourite window-seat ;—
And eager count the passing hours
Until, at length, *we meet* !

“ Oh, quickly speed thee back again !
And now,” she cried, “ a fond farewell !
Soon will a year elapse :—till then
Remember Isabelle !”

Even now, methinks, her parting words
As if prolonged by magic spell,
Still vibrate on my spirit’s chords—
“ *Remember Isabelle !*”

* * * * *

The tedious years at length went past :
Again I reached a foreign shore :
With joyful steps I trode at last
Provence's soil once more.

I stood upon a vine-clad spot
O'erhanging yon romantic dell,
Where stands the lone sequestered cot
That sheltered Isabelle.

The balmy breath of summer eve
(Exhaled from many a fragrant flower)
Seemed to my fancy to receive
Fresh sweetness in that hour.

With eager steps, I culled a flower,
And quickly cleared the briery brake,
"And here," said I, "we'll form a bower
Beside that fairy lake."

What though the gathering clouds at last
Were shrouding all the sunset sky,
And evening's hues were yielding fast
To the fair moon on high?

I knew the scenes of former days,
Familiar every nook to me ;
The names of all the friendly fays
That owned each haunted tree !

Each blooming plant that smiled around,
Each ivied root—each grassy swell ;
For oft I've trode the hallowed ground
With her I loved so well.

"The rose-slip on the churchyard wall
Has now become a verdant tree,
The orange plants are now grown tall,—
Can time have altered *thee* ?

"Oh, yes," methought, "thine eye will show
A deeper shade of heavenly blue,
Thy cheek will have a ruddier glow—
Tinged with a brighter hue ;

“Thy hair in richer tresses shine,
Thy voice have lost its childish tone ;
But still, thy faithful heart is mine—
My beautiful ! my own !”

I trode the path along the dell,
Down by the spreading churchyard tree,
Beneath whose shade my Isabelle
First pledged her troth to me !

I passed the holy precincts, where
Her sainted mother's ashes lay :
The moonlight cold was shaded there,
Across my grave-strewn way.

On new-laid turf, with daisies fair,
The chilly moonbeams gently fell :
But what ! oh !—WHAT *was graven there !*
“REMEMBER ISABELLE !”

XIII

NEW LIFE CRISIS IMPENDING

[AT the close of the year 1866, Dr. Macduff received the kind consent of his Kirk Session, and of the Presbytery of Glasgow, to an absence of three months, in which to fulfil a long-cherished dream of visiting the Holy Land. His brother clergy willingly and generously gave their services in Sandyford pulpit during his absence, while his dear friend, Dr. Charteris, undertook the responsible duty of preparing young communicants for the approaching celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Early in 1867, accompanied by four friends (the party became subsequently known as "the Five Brothers"), he started, *viâ* Marseilles, for Egypt and Palestine. He had scarcely at the time recovered from the prostration of a severe illness, but the voyage on board a P. & O. steamer, and the healing charm of the Egyptian climate, combined with the care of the kindest of fellow-travellers, ere long completely restored him.

It has been found impossible, within the limits of this volume, to utilize the many home-letters referring to the journey. The Editor feels, however, that all allusion to an event so memorable to Dr. Macduff cannot be omitted. He was wont to say that his Palestine tour opened to him a new Bible; its memory proved a lifelong inspiration and possession, and its vivid light touched the pages of many a future volume, from "Memories of Olivet," the first published after his return, to "The Warrior King,"

completed on his death-bed. What he called his "stones of remembrance"—shells from the beach of Gennesaret, olive-wood from "the Mount," fig-branches from Bethany, water from the Dead Sea, the Jordan, etc., and more than one book of flowers from "Holy Fields"—were counted amongst his household treasures; whilst other memorials in the shape of oil-paintings from his facile brush adorned the walls of his study.

Failing any more detailed reference, the following lines may here be inserted, as embodying his impressions on bidding

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

Though many be the shores and lands
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,
From Alpine heights to classic lands,
Oh! never have I felt before

The effort to pronounce farewell
To all those varied scenes of thine;
No other spot can share thy spell,
Unique, belovèd Palestine!

Yet, not thy outward form can claim
This tribute tear in parting now;
These fields so drear, these hills so tame.
The laurels faded on thy brow.

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,
As over mount and vale I trod,
"Is this indeed the angel haunt,
The seraph-land—the Home of God?"

Beneath my childhood's skies, I ween,
A thousand spots I can recall,
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene,
Of wood, and lake, and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,
Where Syrian shepherd led his flock;
No herbage on your blighted hills,
No pine-tree in "the rifted rock."

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,
 Which verdant meadows gently lave,
 Than Jordan with its turgid foam,
 Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

Or Kishon, by whose crimsoned tide
 Confronting hosts their trumpets blew;
 What is your scanty stream beside
 My own loved Con or Avondhu?

What are the hills of Ephraim bared,
 What Moab's sombre mountain-chain,
 What Judah's limestone heights, compared
 With Grampians seen from Dunsinane?

No bosky dells with lichen grey,
 No tresses wave on birchen-tree,
 No limpid torrent sings its way,
 Mid copse and heather, to the sea.

And as the golden daylight fades,
 No antlered monarchs of the hill
 Are seen to steal through forest glades,
 And slake their thirst at lake or rill.

Grander Ben Nevis' rugged slope
 Than Carmel's cliffs of sombre hue;
 Tabor and Hermon vain can cope
 With Cruachan or Ben Venue.

* * * * *

But, hush!—the one absorbing thought
 Transfigures all the passing scene,
 And makes the present time forgot,
 In musing what the past has been:—

Here Patriarchs lived, here Prophets trod,
 Here angels on their errands sped;
 The home of sainted men of God,
 The resting-place of holy dead!

More wondrous still:—on these same hills
 The eye of God Incarnate fell;
 He walked these paths, He drank these rills
 He sat Him by yon wayside well.

Oft, by that Kedron brook, He heard
 The rustle of its olives grey
 Or carol of the matin bird,
 Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In temple court, or noisy street,
 When wearied with the wrangling cry,
 How oft He found a calm retreat
 In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany :

Watching the evening shadows fall,
 Or glow of sunbeam from the west,
 Transmuting Moab's mountain-wall
 Into a blaze of amethyst !

Or Thou, Gennesaret ! favoured Lake,
 How fragrant with His presence still :
 The deeds of love—the words He spake,
 Graved on thy shores indelible !

Thy green hills oft were altar stairs
 Up which His weary footsteps trod,
 For morning praise and midnight prayers,
 Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed thy sea,
 He trod thy groves of stately palm,
 Thy carpets of anemone,
 Thy vine-clad hills and bowers of balm.

* * * * *

Enough. With kindred interest teems
 Each scene where'er I gaze around :
 The land throughout a Bethel seems,
 And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu, each shrine of holy thought,
 Each ruined heap, each storied "Tel."
 I pluck the last "Forget-me-not,"
 And now I take a fond farewell !

To-night, on Hermon's northern brow,
 The stars upon our tents shall shine ;
 Set up the stone ! record the vow !
 "Forget thee, never—Palestine !"

The lifelong wish and dream to see
 Thy blessed acres, God has given :
 A lingering tear I drop to thee,
 Thou earthly vestibule of Heaven !

Palestine gave a new stimulus on his resumption of work and duty, and for three more busy years the life-current flowed on.—ED.]

* * * * *

Gladly would I give a roll-call of loving and devoted friends — congregational, social, ecclesiastical ; but it would be invidious to select or limit. It is better that even the choicest go unchronicled, than that I should do injustice by unintentional omissions.

I can endorse the charming verdict of Maria Edgeworth in her "Life and Letters" (vol. ii. p. 301) : "All steady, as Scotch friends ever are, and kind and warm—the warmth once raised in them never cooling—anthracite coal—layer after layer, hot to the very kernel." Let me, at all events, here recall with gratitude the names of my three successive assistants in pulpit and parish work, all now distinguished in their way—Mr. Gavin Lang, of Inverness ; Dr. Thomas Fraser, of Newport ; and Dr. George Matheson, of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh.

As years, however, flitted by, though the bow had lost none of its elasticity, the hand that drew it was beginning to feel less equal for the strain. There were causes and incidents, moreover, inseparable from a public position, which had their influence and left their traces. More than all, a new, or at least a growing feeling of nervousness, which greatly increased in later years, began to give me serious uneasiness, and to shatter my faith in aptitude for the publicities which a town minister's life entailed. One manifestation of this "all-overishness," though a trifling occurrence in itself, I believe was a "factor" in my ultimate determination. It occurred at a large and

crowded gathering in the City Hall, where I was advertised as a speaker, and went, as I always did on such occasions, well prepared. I had been in poor health for some days, and ought really to have sent an apology. Be this as it may, the speech, after its opening sentence, came to grief. I had simply to resume my seat and leave the assembly.¹

In the earlier part of my work in Glasgow I was not subject to this difficulty or discomfort. It was rather the reverse. I was frequently invited, and never reluctant, to take part in public meetings of importance. I recall, at the moment, one of these, when, along with others, I delivered a speech at a great demonstration in the same Hall in honour of Dr. Livingstone. A gratifying tribute followed a few days after, in the shape of a present from the distinguished traveller of his well-known volume—my name in bold hand on the fly-leaf, with his “kindest salutations” appended; a gift, it need not be said, I have always treasured.

Connected with the “art of public speaking” and

¹ My experience long years before this, but in the same City Hall, could not have been safely repeated on the present occasion. I was asked, when in my country parish, to come and take part in a large annual meeting of Sunday-school teachers. In the forenoon of the day on which the meeting was held (it was to be in the evening) I was waited on by the reporter of the leading newspaper, with the somewhat perplexing request to give him the MS. of my undelivered speech! I told him the thing was impossible—that, though the speech was written, I never rigidly adhered to my notes, but was in the habit of altering and otherwise, on the spur of the moment, adapting myself to circumstances. He was, nevertheless, so importunate that I had reluctantly to give way, and he marched off with a copy. Long before I had spoken—indeed, when the meeting was still engaged with the preliminaries of tea and buns—a parcel was handed along the platform to where I was sitting. This was my speech *in extenso*. Not only fully printed, but the compositor, with a gift of prophecy, had taken further liberties. I fear he had paid me with compound interest. Be that, however, as it may, it was copiously interlarded with (“hear, hear”), (“cheers”), terminating with the climax of (“loud applause”). It was to me a new peep behind the press-curtain, and a ludicrous one.

"public appearances," it may not be out of place here to add that I had no liking—the very reverse—for Church courts, and avoided them when possible. Very seldom, indeed, did I open my lips in the discussions of the Presbytery. I never disguised my ignorance of Church forms and procedure, or my dislike of polemics. Only once had I the courage to take part in a debate in the General Assembly, and on that occasion was dependent on full notes. This solitary venture was in a discussion on the Abolition of Patronage, and the substitution of popular election, to which, though in a minority, I was strongly opposed and am still. One is a very inadequate judge of one's own public performances; but a testimony to the effectiveness of what I said on this occasion was given the next evening at a "reception" in Holyrood Palace. Dean Stanley, who had been present in the Assembly, specially sent for me to be introduced to him, and complimented in terms of eulogy I do not care to reveal.¹

I have a pleasant remembrance of his conversation, and could at once understand its charm among "all sorts and conditions of men." Perhaps I was responsible, on the spur of the moment, for starting an appropriate topic, the obligations under which, in common with other travellers in Palestine, I was to him for his "Sinai and Palestine." This led, in some way or other, to Nablous and Jacob's

¹ In Dean Stanley's published "Life and Letters," there is the following reference to this address :—"The General Assemblies, both of the Established and of the Free Church, were objects of great interest to him. He studied their overtures, read their debates, and more than once attended their meetings. 'I should not have been listened to half as patiently in convocation,' was his remark after observing the fairness with which the Assembly of the Establishment heard a long aggressive and hostile speech."—*Life of Dean Stanley*, vol. ii. p. 393.

The Editor feels warranted to transcribe, in greatly abbreviated form, from a book of newspaper extracts, the speech itself, as it appeared in the Scotch daily papers. It will be found in a note appended to this chapter. She omits the tokens of approval with which the speech was received throughout.

Well, which drew from him amusing reminiscences of the Samaritan sheikh (Jacob Shulaby). He was most kind, and ended our interview by asking me when in London to come and see him at the Deanery—a pleasure and honour of which, from dislike of invading his valuable time, I foolishly, and now regretfully, failed to avail myself.

But to return from a digression into which I have been unwittingly betrayed.

The growing want of self-confidence just referred to, coupled with the singular and undiminished success in the quiet work of authorship, led me, step by step, to ponder the idea whether it would be consistent with duty, or, as it came to be debated, more in the way of duty, ere years further increased, to abandon public ministerial work, and devote myself in future, however long it pleased God to spare me, to the engagements of the Press. For a considerable time this had been maturing, and it was one strengthener, that before the death of my elder brother, on incidentally mooted the suggestion, it had been favourably and approvingly received by one to whose counsel I deferred as to no other.

The same morning that the members of my Church were reading in the newspapers of the surrender of Napoleon and his army at Sedan, they read an intimation of a much lesser event to the outside world, but which I believe to them, though I venture to say it, was as regretful as it was unexpected. It seemed, and no wonder, to be the more startling, as the congregation and all its schemes were never more flourishing, nor its organization more complete.

Though the announcement was thus publicly made, the Presbytery had to be faced, its bristling forms had to be encountered and its sanction obtained. It may perhaps be worth while briefly to recall the procedure. I knew

there would be a battle; and a small affair of arms there was. Though in the kindest and most friendly spirit, Dr. Norman Macleod—a battalion in himself—was to lead the hostile ranks, and lay arrest on the recalcitrant member. I felt tolerably confident of victory. But I did not expect the permission to march out with the honours of war—flags flying, and drums beating, and generous words of heart-cheer when the farewell came.

[The Editor here again thinks it right to exercise the discretionary power given, and on her own responsibility insert what follows, also considerably curtailed, from the same volume of printed extracts. These quotations are doubtless of a personal nature; but she deems them needful, as explanatory of an important resolution which might be otherwise misunderstood. She trusts there may be felt to be no violation of taste, if the warm expressions of friends somewhat too obviously obtrude themselves. The words of Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrews, elsewhere found in Dr. Macduff's handwriting, she feels sure would well express his own feelings:—

“I have lived long enough not to lay much store by any earthly commendation from whatever quarter it may come; only so far as it has encouraged me to any good and useful work, looking back upon it with pleasure and thankfulness; and for my readers, I give them full liberty to discount, on the score of friendship and partiality, all compliment to myself, as much or as little as they please.”

The formal letter of resignation was read by the Clerk of the Presbytery.

“GLASGOW, 5th September, 1870.

“To the Rev. the Moderator of the Presbytery of Glasgow,—

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

“With many mingled feelings, I beg through you to tender to the Presbytery my resignation of the pastoral

charge of the Church and parish, which it has been my high honour and privilege to fill for the last fifteen years. In a communication to the managers and Kirk Session I have fully detailed the reasons which have induced me to take a step so solemn, momentous, and responsible. Into these reasons I am sure I shall be forgiven if I do not now enter, the more so as I believe they are familiar to my respected fathers and brethren. It is enough to say that, though severed from my connection with Sandyford congregation, as well as from those with whom, as a Presbytery, I have been thus long and happily associated, it is with the hope that in another way my services may be made available for the good of Christ's Church. It is to me a source of gratification that my valued friends the Managers and Kirk Session of Sandyford have, in terms far too flattering and kind, expressed their resolution not to throw any impediment in the way of my carrying out the determination at which I have arrived. It is a subject of still greater gratification, in looking back on my connection with this favoured and conspicuous sphere, that I have the consciousness of having enjoyed, in no ordinary degree, the support, sympathy, and attachment of a united people; so that the parting, when it does come, will be one mutually of sincere sorrow and unfeigned regret. No congregation could have been more uniformly devoted, generous, forbearing, kind. A sense of that kindness will be the most delightful retrospect of my life. The purpose I now announce to you being the result of no hasty resolution, but formed after mature and anxious deliberation, I would venture to express a hope that, though in accordance with use and wont, this letter will be allowed to lie on your table till next meeting, the Presbytery may, in the circumstances, feel themselves at liberty to dispense with any steps being taken for

the purpose of attempting remonstrance on their part or reconsideration on mine. I beg to renew my grateful thanks to my esteemed fathers and brethren for all the unvarying courtesy and kindness I have received at their hands. My earnest prayer is, that God may more and more prosper their arduous work in this great city and surrounding district."

The clerk thought that it was only suitable, on such a momentous occasion as the present, that they should allow the letter to lie on the table till next meeting.

At the next monthly meeting Mr. White read the minutes of a meeting of the trustees and managers of Sandyford Church, held on the 31st ult., called to consider Dr. Macduff's resignation. The meeting, after carefully considering the matter, unanimously expressed their great appreciation of Dr. Macduff's services, not only in regard to the Church of Scotland at large, but especially in regard to Sandyford Church; and they had to record that, having entered on the pastorate of the Church in 1855, when it had first been erected, Dr. Macduff had gathered round him, and maintained during all these intervening years, an overflowing congregation, who valued him not less for his pulpit services, than for his ministerial visitations and private friendship. During his ministry the Church had been "erected into" a parish; and not only the congregation itself, but all the schemes and agencies in connection with it, were at present in a high state of prosperity. Under these circumstances, the trustees had received the announcement of Dr. Macduff's resignation with great regret; but after carefully weighing the reasons assigned by him for taking the step, and the definite manner in which these reasons had been expressed, they considered that the only course left to them was to acquiesce in Dr. Macduff's resignation, and to express their great appreciation of his value as a

clergyman and a friend, their sorrow at parting with him, and their anxious wishes for his future welfare and prosperity."

Dr. Macleod, after some preliminary observations, said he thought it due to the great respect which they all entertained for Dr. Macduff, to take away even the appearance of saying, "We are not going to argue the question with you; you may go when you please." No man recognised more fully than he did the good which Dr. Macduff had done by his works. God had given him peculiar gifts to do a particular good in the Church by writing, and certainly he had used those gifts well, and had been the means of affording great strength and comfort to many millions, it might be said, in the Christian Church. All this was appreciated very heartily and sincerely, but it might nevertheless be wished that he could manage, in some way or other, to do the good which he had been enabled to effect by means of the press, without giving up the pulpit. (Hear, hear.) In the midst of the great conflict now being carried on in our cities—amidst the great difficulties with which in the Church of Scotland they had to contend—such a man as Dr. Macduff could not be allowed to retire unless there were very strong reasons for doing so. There were in this city, hospitals, gaols, reformatories, workhouses. What power did the Church bring to bear upon these places? Was he blaming any one? No, he was not, because he thought all of them were overworked. He thought not that they had too little work, but that the work was so entirely thrown on the clergy, that it was physically impossible for them to take up these other duties with any degree of energy; but by a man like Dr. Macduff, with his sympathy, and love, and power to give comfort and strength—by a man loosed from his congregation and parish, and, in God's providence, not needing any

money for the doing it, but only that which he had, his own spiritual life and his own loving heart—a magnificent work might be done. His feeling was this, that there was not a single man in the Presbytery but would say in the present case, “You may know more than we do; you may have private reasons for retiring of which we know nothing; we are thoroughly persuaded you will act as towards God conscientiously, and if you must leave us we say no more, having such confidence in you, but bid you farewell with a very sorrowful heart, feeling that, in the present state of things in Glasgow and Scotland, your going away will be a loss to the Church, whatever influence you may exert through books. Far greater blessing would it be to do those works for us in the city in which you are placed, and in connection with that Church which is dear to your heart, as it is dear to us all.”

Dr. Jamieson moved that Dr. Macduff's resignation be accepted. At first the intimation called forth a great variety of feeling, and in some quarters elicited expressions of strong disapproval and dissatisfaction, and over the whole Church a universal sentiment of sorrow and regret. But time and reflection, he thought, had led most of them to form a calm and deliberate judgment in the matter, and especially it had brought the parties most deeply interested in the contemplated retirement of Dr. Macduff, to view it in a juster light than they did at first. Dr. Macduff had for many years been well known to all the Presbytery. For himself, he had been more or less acquainted with their esteemed brother since he was a student at the College of Edinburgh, and whether he was regarded as a minister whose praise was in all the Churches, or as a member of Presbytery, or as a man in private life and the general intercourse of society, it might justly be said of him that he combined

the true dignity of the servant of Christ, with all the kindness of a brother and a friend—that he united the urbanity of a polished and a lettered gentleman with the character of a man of the world in the best and truest sense of that term. It would be altogether superfluous at this time to refer, in the way of estimating their character, to the works of Dr. Macduff. They were now far beyond any petty criticism of this kind, having been stamped with approval by the strong and unmistakable verdict of the whole religious public both in Britain and America. Possessing, as he did, the imagination of a poet, as well as the taste and feeling of an artist, it was no wonder that his works were found to be so attractive. Dr. Jamieson concluded by saying that he submitted the motion, which he had already indicated, with great sorrow of heart.

Dr. Smith seconded the motion proposed by Dr. Jamieson. In doing so, he said that, however painful it was for them to part with their beloved brother, there was no other course open to the Presbytery. He had placed his letter of resignation in their hands with all the courtesy, but also with all the decision, for which he was distinguished. Sufficient for the Presbytery was the assurance that his purpose had not been hastily formed, that the step he had taken was the result of mature and most solemn consideration, and that the same pure motive which at first induced him to enter on the sacred profession he had adorned, was that which now actuated him in retiring from it.

The motion proposed by Dr. Jamieson was ultimately unanimously agreed to.]

I need not rehearse the now inevitable sequel—the much of sorrow which mingled with what was gratifying, the additional warm words spoken, the farewell, purposely taken in the closing address of a Communion Sunday.

Then "the gift," not only offered but insisted on, of a truly munificent sum to build and plenish a future "study," which, when the time came, was proudly and sacredly carried out in the spirit of the donors.

Is this the befitting place for the interposing of a sacred question, or rather for the answer to a sacred question which will naturally occur, a question and answer momentous beyond all others, at all events to the writer. What, under God, were the spiritual results of my long incumbency in Glasgow? What, to use the conventional term, were "the seals of my ministry"?

His day—the great day alone shall declare this. I believe that in not a few cases my feeble instrumentality *was* owned and acknowledged—that some were led to their first acceptance of the truth as it is in Jesus. Others were quickened. In more than one instance scoffers and sceptics were reclaimed. And while I look back with encouragement and delight to the Sunday services in our beautiful sanctuary, I have an equal, perhaps a greater, pleasure still in recalling visitations to the sick and bereaved, the suffering and dying. My own experience is (that of all ministers), that no part of their duty is more imperative and urgent—none more delightful, self-awarding, and stimulating than that of proving, in however humble a way, "sons of consolation." Hundreds of shadowed homes, and couches of suffering, and beds of death, are recalled with profoundest gratitude. Among these I may quote, as examples, references made in "Prophet of Fire," p. 303 (note); "Memories of Olivet," p. 28; and "Early Graves," p. 24. Feebly tracking the footsteps of the great apostle, may I not at all events catch the spirit of his words and be comforted by them: "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus?" (1 Thess. ii. 19.)

Yes, many of my dear flock have I followed to the

Necropolis, if I dare use such a word—that picturesque city of the dead. Among these, successful workers and toilers in the earthly sense, but who had garnered also, along with material wealth, the better heavenly riches, and are left sleeping in “the sure and certain hope.” Of not a few such could the beautiful words be said:—

“The forges glow ; the anvils all are ringing
Beneath its smoky veil,
The city where he dwelt is ever swinging
The clamorous iron flail.

But by his grave is peace and perfect beauty,
With the sweet heaven above,
Fit emblems of a life of work and duty
Transfigured into love.”

I could easily prolong, were it needful, this monograph on the home of my best years—its warm hearts, its generous sympathies, its splendid benefactions, its luxurious hospitalities. Kindnesses without stint or number, and apparently ever growing, my every wish and even whim anticipated, made one forget the din of its noisy streets and ringing hammers, its canopy of smoke, its weeping skies. Fifteen years had brought me into contact with all its best and truest. Any time towards the afternoon when I had occasion to thread my way along Sauchiehall Street, its great artery, when the tide of business men, chiefs and subordinates, were returning westwards, it was one continued courteous recognition. And all this was soon to be a dream. Though never for a moment hesitating as to the path of duty and the Directing Voice, I was at the moment fully alive to the penalties of strangely dumb Sabbaths, arrested activities, distance severing or curtailing friendships, the intermission or probably ending of much pleasant social intercourse, the dividing Tweed inevitably entailing self-effacement and the merging of public into private life.

Never can I forget that day when, accompanied for the last time to the Caledonian Station for London by my able and cherished friend Mr. R—— and his family, the shriek of the whistle announced that the farewell moment had come. There was certainly “the lump in the throat,” with which royalty has made us familiar, and a distinct proclivity to dimness in the vision. I would have had a heart of stone not to realize all that moment meant. A sable Queen she may be; but Glasgow will ever remain the queen of cities to me. As I now write with a fresh gush of old memories, I may be forgiven the pedantry of a Latin line:—

“Infandum, *Regina*, jubes renovare dolorem!”

Better than Virgil—let me merge dolorous thoughts in the bright vista of the *past*, and say with a thankful heart, in words that shall ever be dear to me,—“*Blessed be the Lord who hath showed me His marvellous loving-kindness in A STRONG CITY.*”

DR. MACDUFF'S SPEECH ON THE ABOLITION OF PATRONAGE.

(See p. 194.)

Dr. Macduff, Sandyford, Glasgow, said:—

“I regret much that, in occupying a humble position in this debate, I find myself at variance with those with whom it is generally my privilege to co-operate. I shall not follow my friends into the labyrinth of the historical question, nor into the labyrinth of this voluminous report, but shall content myself with recapitulating, as shortly as I can, the reasons I adduced when the subject was under discussion in my own Presbytery, and to which I still adhere, why I consider the raising of the present question inexpedient, untimely, unwise, and uncalled for. The first reason I would assign for deprecating this movement is, that it will have a tendency to disturb the present balance in our ecclesiastical constitution, thereby hopelessly alienating from the Church the aristocracy of Scotland and the owners of the soil, and widening the existing gulf of separation between the extremes of society. We all know how deplorable that gulf of separation is. No poor words of mine can express half what I feel as to the bearings of that alienation on the welfare of the country. If I briefly allude to this matter now, you will immediately

see that in doing so I am not travelling away from the subject under consideration. Nor shall I be deterred (referring to Dean Stanley who was seated on a reserved chair close by) by the presence of one among us to-day whose name is 'familiar as household words.' (Cheers.) I have no quarrel with Episcopacy itself. I give no deliverance whatever on the relative claims of Presbytery and Prelacy. I claim Divine right for neither. I repudiate the arrogance of such claims in the case of either. I love Episcopacy in England, where it is the accredited form of national worship, and where it is best adapted to the tastes of the people. I have worshipped at her altars. I have partaken of her Communion. I admire and venerate her. I love, on the other hand, Presbyterianism in Scotland, because while we believe it to be founded on the Word of God, it also is most in accordance with our historic habits, and national feelings and characteristics. So much so, that the attempt to impose Episcopacy on our middle and lower classes (according to the proselytizing efforts of some very short-sighted and impolitic men) is utterly and entirely impossible. And what is the result of these proselytizing efforts? Why, that a disruption, more lamentable far than that to which we apply the word, is growing in dimensions and formidableness every year; a disruption, the miserable outgrowth of pride, and the worst form of pride—the pride of rank and of would-be rank, a disruption between the rich and the poor, a disruption against which the highest lady of the land has uplifted her emphatic protest. Moderator, do we desire by the step we are counselled to take to-day, to foster and stimulate and stereotype that severance? Are we willing to incur the responsibility of helping on and perpetuating this great social wrong, by sundering one of the few last links which bind the historic Church of the nation to the upper classes of society, its territorial possessors? I for one cherish what may appear to some Utopian expectations. I for one cherish the fond and sanguine hope, that our landlords and aristocracy will yet, ere it be too late, wake up to a sense of the great and grievous injustice of their present abnormal position. If I thought otherwise, so much do I feel on the subject, I would despair of my country—I would despair of a house so divided against itself. At all events, to put it no more strongly, I would do nothing (as tampering with the existing rights of patrons unquestionably would) to increase the irritation. Make the declaration that our Church is henceforward to be congregational and democratic, and you cut off the last bridge. The gulf I have spoken of should by no means be considered insuperable. But depend upon it an anti-patronage manifesto is not the Marcus Curtius that will close it.

"I pass to another ground on which I deem the present movement inexpedient and undesirable, viz., that by infusing more of this popular element you will not raise the pulpit and ministerial standard. I do not speak of the likelihood that thereby our probationers would deteriorate in social status, and be drawn from a humbler rank than at present, although this would be an almost inevitable consequence; but I speak

of a deterioration in higher and truer qualities and qualifications. You would run the tremendous risk of resolving all ministerial gifts into the one of pulpit declamation. Even now, I ask, is it not often the case that young men, by a most cruel and objectionable system of competition and candidature, are not only pitted against one another, but without almost any inquiry, either into their antecedents or consequents, the ministerial well-being, the lifelong interests of a parish are perilled on that one day's exhibition. Let congregational dictation, in a modified and restricted form, become the accepted law of the Church, and, far more so than now, would the man of rhetorical flourishes and histrionic effects and muscular Christianity—the man whom I remember Dr. Chalmers, in one of his inimitable strokes of sarcasm, calling by the appropriate name of a ‘pulpiteer’—gain the day in preference to the one of calm, earnest, unobtrusive character and piety; not demonstrative in the pulpit, but demonstrative in the hearts and homes of his people. And I would just further add, when on this point, that a presentee is most independent when he enters on his work, not the obliged nominee of his congregation, but with his hands untied and his lips unfettered. I would not put it so strongly as a rev. prelate in the sister church the other day, that such a people's presentee runs the great risk of having the Scripture picture reversed by becoming a Paul trembling before Felix; but I, at all events, say that in many cases there would be a very strong temptation to say smoother things to Felix than he would otherwise do, and perhaps a still stronger temptation to say smoother things to Drusilla. Then I pass to another important view—what would be the practical working of popular, congregational, or committee election, whatever modest modification our friends aim at? I believe it would come to be proved anything but a boon. It would come to be the fruitful cause of cabals and heart-burnings and misunderstandings. I believe many an honest Christian man would be heard to avow, ‘Would we had been saved these miserable squabbles by the good old way, with all its alleged grievances and defects!’ Moderator, divided responsibility is never satisfactory, whether in religious matters or worldly matters. And that is true even where you have unmistakable individual ability and earnestness. I would leave safe to the unbiased judgment of one man, what would be strangled and mangled by being left to the tender mercies of a dozen; and this would be pre-eminently so in the divided responsibility of a Church election. And then, I repeat, though our friends speak of a modified system, depend upon it you cannot end there. It is unmistakably the thin end of the wedge. There are those whose voices are potential in this Church from their just, social, and material influence, who would go much farther than the farthest that popular election now contemplates, who have avowed their desire to give the people the power not only of nomination but of summary dismissal, who would abolish, in the case of the clergyman, life tenures, and inaugurate a system of periodical re-election. I say, who would like thus to be dependent on popular caprice? Who, among our friends on the other side, would care from time to time to have the roll thus called and votes marked? I have already detained

the house too long, but I pass to one other view of the question which has been so strongly urged to-day—that of union with other Presbyterian bodies. God knows how I long for that union. It has been the dream of years and the prayer of years. I do not know what I would not give and not sacrifice to see Scotland restored in faith to its grand old historic unity; and many friends, alike in the Free and United Presbyterian Church, will bear witness to my sincerity. But, sir, while I say this, I would say, alas! that unity may be too dearly purchased. I would rather far have a hearty and frank co-operation, than an unhearty and equivocal incorporation. I would rather far have boundaries and principles sharply and honestly defined, than be set adrift on the *Mare Magnum* of what are called open questions. If I enjoy the blessing of honest freedom, and if I feel that that freedom would, by an artificial union, be clogged and compromised, the blessing of Joseph, with its nominal drawbacks, would be preferable to the other, even though it be the blessing of him who is still separated from his brethren.

“Then, I ask in all deference, would the alteration in the law of Patronage—would even the abolition of patronage—were this obtained and ratified, would this satisfy, would this propitiate our dissenting brethren, and bring us back again to one fold? I trow not. The Eljahs of our Church have sent their messengers to the brow of Carmel to see if they can descry so much as a little cloud like a man’s hand; but the answer is, ‘There is nothing.’ They have neither peeped nor muttered. It reminds us of the scene depicted by our own great dramatist. But in the present case only one of three weird sisters is heard saying, ‘When shall we three meet again?’ The other two do not condescend on a reply.

“But no—I say no, and I give emphasis to the no—I will not despair. And it is because I do not despair of seeing Scotland one again in ecclesiastical polity and worship, that I take this day what may be called an obstructive, but which is a true conservative position. It is because I do not despair that I would advocate the safe *Via Media*, maintaining and upholding things as they are, and, in simple, homely phrase, letting well alone. I would counsel this *Via Media*, because, dearly though I should like to see us at one with the other Presbyterian bodies, I confess I would have an equal—I dare not, perhaps, say a stronger—desire to have the aristocracy and upper classes once more the upholders and champions of their country’s unity; because I would like once more to hear the village church-bell summoning them, as it did their fathers before them, from their baronial or castle hall to the same humble sanctuary with their lowliest dependents, to join in the same confessions, to listen to the same immortal truths, to be animated with the same immortal hopes, ay, to take their turn by the church door in receiving the offerings for the poor, and give their younger sons, with grace in their hearts, to the office of God’s ministry. Not as it now is, when that bell is rather the signal for departure, in pomp of equipage, to the near or distant town, as may be, meeting the stream of humble worshippers from distant hamlet or glen, virtually proclaiming that there is one church for the great and another for the lowly; one for Dives and another

for Lazarus ; one for the Centurion, another for his servant. That desirable consummation will not be obtained by sanctioning and abetting a democratic movement, and severing the sole remaining bond of union. Let us have back the upper ten thousand, and then would follow the severed million, and Scotland would be Scotland again. Let the wave of secession, that has spent itself, return into the bosom of its parent wave, and with united force let them gather themselves up anew to dash their full strength against Popery and Infidelity. This national division and disorganization is all the sadder when we witness the calm, steady, stealthy, yet sure progress and pretensions of a wilier foe—who is in our midst—the Church of Rome with its boasted unity. The march to archiepiscopal thrones, with silver croziers, is made easier and more triumphant through the battling ranks of divided Protestants, wasting their strength in petty skirmishes, while the gigantic powers of evil are thundering at our gates. I would close with the graphic picture which Lord Cockburn, in that most interesting book, ‘The Memorials of his Time,’ gives of the General Assembly of former days. ‘There,’ he says, ‘the clergy and the laity were combined into one brave and animated mass, where it was deemed an honour for the best of the gentry either to lead or to follow.’ Moderator, is that only a record of the past, or is it a prophecy of the future? Oh, would to God we could have the like times back again, where the peace and prosperity of the Church would be reflected upon the nation, and our land, like the house of Obed-edom, would be blessed for the Ark’s sake.”

XIV

ROME. LOCH ARD

THE next three months were spent, by appointment of the General Assembly's Continental Committee, in occupying the Scotch chaplaincy at Rome.¹ The French and German war was still raging. So, instead of the old oft-trodden way to Italy by Paris, we had to make a circuit by Cologne, Munich, and the Brenner Pass. Skirting the Rhine, we were made painfully familiar with wagon-loads of the wounded in these terrible battles. I was thankful for a quiet Sunday at Innsbruck, and felt once more at home for a few days among the familiar lovelinesses of beautiful Venice. It was our first visit to the city of the Tiber. We reached it, unhappily, in carnival time, and early impressions are not readily supplanted. I went with my mind full of classic and heroic memories. Alas! how the vision seemed dispelled, when, in the narrow and disappointing Corso, I found myself in the midst of trumpery and extravagant puerilities; my hat and person made a pillory for *confetti*, and other slight practical liberties sadly out of harmony with the home of Cicero and the Cæsars. It was refreshing next day, escaping from the

¹ My motives in leaving the Church and settling eventually in England were by a lingering few still questioned. I met on the street a good old pious, but not very luminous lady; narrow, of course, if it would be unkind to say bigoted.

"Eh, Doctor! is it true that you are going to join the Church of England?"

"No, ma'am, I am going to do worse: I am going over to Rome."

She looked unutterable things, and failed to comprehend the joke.

modernized and Anglified Rome, to breathe the air of the Capitol and Forum and noble Campagna.

The clerical duties delegated to me were not onerous. The Scotch National Church was little else than a poor hall, outside the Porto del Popolo; and the congregation was of scanty dimensions. Now and then a member of Scottish nobility, such as the Earl of Northesk and his daughter; now a stray sculptor or artist; now a representative of literature, such as William and Mary Howitt, of delightful memory;¹ supplemented with stragglers from the various hotels and pensions. I was independent alike of the paltry building and the small audience. I had a secondary—I may rather say primary—object in my mind, looming with certainty in the “near distance,” which gave a pleasure and stimulus to the Sunday work. With what, without presumption, I may call a happy adaptation, which I often succeeded in making to circumstances, I delivered to my limited flock a series of surely appropriate sermons on “St. Paul in Rome.” To these another reference may be made in a subsequent chapter, where a list of my books is given. The sermons themselves were not new, or written fresh for the occasion. Most of them had been purposely selected from my old store before leaving home, though all were materially altered or added to under the *genius loci*. There was a distinct novelty and freshness in the work. It was a sincere and unfeigned delight collecting material for the volume. I began, indeed, at a distance from Rome—traced the journey of the great Apostle from, as I believe, the very step, scarred with age

¹ Mary Howitt's life has since been read with interest. How changed her doctrinal and Church views since we met! How imperceptibly drawn into the meshes of Popery! and with what avidity at last she sought and obtained the Pope's blessing! unconsciously illustrating her own immortal “Spider and Fly.” Despite of this, a beautiful and noble life hers was. I was gratified by her sending me a carte likeness of her husband after his death.

and green with seaweed, on which he planted his foot on first landing in Italy (a bit of the seaweed I still preserve), onward, till he joined the Appian Way and reached in due time the Golden Milestone of the Forum. Thence we visited his own "hired house"—the dungeon of the Mamertine—the very pavement (possibly) in the Basilica of the Palatine where he stood before Cæsar; the spot at the *Tre Fontane* where tradition says he bowed his head to the axe of the executioner; and, finally, that noblest of all Roman churches, that which bears his name (San Paolo fuori le mura), where, too, stands his reputed tomb, the golden lettering running round the gorgeous Baldachino, supported on four pillars of red oriental alabaster:—

"TU ES VAS ELECTIONIS, SANCTE PAULE APOSTOLE.
PRÆDICATOR VERITAS. IN UNIVERSO MUNDO."

I received aid in my researches from many friends—some of them hitherto strangers. Specially courteous was the late well-known Mr. Parker, of Oxford, and of Roman ecclesiastical enthusiasm. I met him, by his own kind invitation, in the Church of St. Pudentiana. He generously explained to me the strange substructions revealed by excavations, the merit of which was all his own, and on the fragments of whose mosaic pavement the feet of the great Apostle may have trod. Another day of interesting Pauline memories was spent with the same guide on the Palatine Hill, and in the traditional Mamertine prison.

The public at home—also in Rome itself—accorded to the volume an approving verdict. The *Antelegomena*, or introductory chapter, was written with great care. Much that was original was introduced—only possible to one possessed with leisure, and interest in the theme. Here are a few lines from a long and appreciative notice in the *Daily Review*:—

““Sermons Preached in Rome during the Spring* of 1871,

with a copious Introduction, containing details of Local, Historical, and Legendary Interest gathered on the Spot.'

"These prelections show that the author's spirit has been stirred within him by the situation in which he found himself. His powers as a word-painter have been fully evoked by the theme and by the scene, and the reader is carried rapidly along with him through a series of vivid tableaux, depicting the most memorable passages in the later life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The introduction to the work is disproportionately long for an introduction, yet no one will wish it shorter."

I have purposely abstained from any aggressive or controversial remarks on the Romish Church, and *the Romish Church as seen in Rome*, where the whole system is, of course, in the state of highest development, alike in its pomps and puerilities. We saw it in its transition state. Only a few months before, the French army had been withdrawn, the Pope was relegated to his "Manse and Glebe" in the Vatican, and Victor Emmanuel reigned supreme in the Quirinal Palace. Many, at least, of the "all old things" had passed away. It was possible now to buy a Bible at the depôt of the Bible Society recently opened in the Corso. I looked in now and then on Mr. Bruce, the very intelligent, newly-installed agent, who pointed with a conqueror's pride to his big St. Bernard, "*Roma*." This canine giant was in one sense the first Protestant missionary under the new *régime* in the capital, employed, as he was, dragging hither and thither, in street and suburb, the innovating "cart," containing various editions and portions of Holy Scripture. I have used above the word "puerilities." Mr. Bruce was fully alive to these. He wanted one day to tempt me to some well-known church (I forget the name), to inspect some of its reputed relics. One of these I remember him specifying, "A feather from the tail of a descendant of the

cock that crowed before Peter." However, I declined wasting my time on the archæological wonder.

* * * * *

It would be far more than superfluous to attempt re-tailing the manifold sights of the world's old capital, now the common property of all travellers—from the overpowering and bewildering impressions of St. Peter's, to the rush of classic memories at the Capitol, the Colosseum, and the Palatine. On the last, it was irresistible for once to become a pilferer, and with a furtive effort to pick up a bit of the mosaic pavement (just uncovered) where the apostle may possibly have stood, and which I still treasure among my *penates*. If the visiting of churches becomes somewhat oppressive, so also, may it be said, that of picture galleries. Of course one *must* fall into rhapsodies (and rightly so) over the Beatrice Cenci and not a few others. THE day for art was reserved for the halls and splendid equipments of the Vatican—the mighty throng of sculptured masterpieces first, culminating in Raphael's great picture (by himself deemed his masterpiece), the *Transfiguration*. I was very familiar with it through prints and photographs; but I confess I could rise to no ecstasies with the original before me. The pose of the figures confirmed the impression, long entertained, of being strained and unnatural; certainly out of harmony with my own mental picture of the Divine reality. We went thence to the Sistine Chapel, where we gazed, without giving expression to our feelings, on the world-renowned ceiling-frescoes of Michael Angelo. Power undoubtedly; but power without pathos. Titanic in strength and boldness of conception; the great limner a *Hercules*, but no more. He was seen soon after at his best—not here, where his bold creations are blurred and besmirched with smoke and fumes of incense, but in the triumphs of his chisel in Florence, with nothing to "dull the splendour

of the sun." On leaving the famous chapel we encountered a personality of his day and time, and received a courteous bow in passing. This was Antonelli, the Pope's *alter ego*, in his cardinal's attire. Not by any means a winning or prepossessing face,—beardless, of course, with large mouth and galvanic smile, but redeemed by a flashing, yet kindly, dark eye, which almost belied his brigand pedigree. At no very distant date I had seen from a window in the Strand, in London, another Italian, of very different *genus*, type, and complexion: Garibaldi, with his fair face and long yellow hair, and an eye even more lustrous and penetrating than that of his political antagonist. The contrast suggested by the two personalities was irresistible. The Pope (Pio Nono)—that strange composite of strength and weakness—was, of course, to *me* inaccessible. My daughter and friend, however, got access to his presence, and received, along with others, kindly words and benediction. I made no scrutinizing queries as to the homage rendered in return. I might have been paternally compromised! She described him, as all the world did, to be a benignant old gentleman, retaining in age the beautiful countenance which had made his early years conspicuous. The eye seems the bewitching feature in all distinguished Italians, and its youthful fascinations still survived.

Before leaving Rome we made an enjoyable excursion to Hadrian's Villa and Tivoli, the latter romantic in the truest sense. Sad to be so near Horace's Villa and his "Fons Bandusiæ," and not to revel in the best memories of schooldays! I visited another day Albano and Frascati, and trod the ruins of Cicero's Tusculum Villa.

Before leaving the subject and scenes of Rome, I cannot forget many acquaintanceships and friendships there formed, some of which were life-long. Conspicuous among these was that of Warrington Wood, the eminent

sculptor. I shall give his portrait somewhat in full, as it is worth it. I met him first at one of those delightful reunions in an old palace on the Corso, where a wealthy resident and patron of art delighted to have frequent gatherings of all that was literary and æsthetic in the city, in which he was good enough to include English and Scottish sojourners like ourselves. A young man was introduced to me of rarely prepossessing appearance. The light that gleamed in his round hazel eye at once revealed the genius, and his whole talk and manner were singularly fascinating. We continued intimate and loyal friends to his death. His history was a remarkable—I may say a romantic one. As a youth in his native Warrington he adopted the trade of an ornamental stone sculptor. His rare mastery over his chisel was, in a very brief time, discovered by appreciative and discerning eyes. He had in him latent powers which only waited opportunity to be developed. The opportunity, so slow to most, came with marvellous celerity to him. Moneyed and interested friends sent the young Bezaleel of a bustling English town to the great *rendezvous* of sculptors in Rome. In a very few years he climbed his way to renown, and what is still rarer, to opulence. For, before he left the Italian capital, he was able from his own earnings to purchase one of the most lovely villas, full of historic associations, not only in Rome, but in Italy: a true home of art, with halls, corridors, and galleries, not to speak of a picturesque garden ready prepared for him. He was our visitor on more than one happy occasion at our cottage on Loch Ard, where boating, climbing and fishing was to his heart's content. Many an animated talk had we there, over new subjects for his chisel. His first stay was to be a complete holiday—clay and modelling tools were purposely left behind, so as to be beyond the region of

temptation. But the inner fires refused to smoulder. The passion for work clamorously re-asserted itself. Modelling clay in most primitive condition and of most inadequate quality was all our neighbourhood afforded. Such as it was, a barrow-load was procured. Tools, consisting of knives and skewers, chisel and scissors, were readily extemporised, supplemented by the best tool of all, the finger and thumb, and with the gravel walk, and the roof of heaven for his studio, the original figure of his great Elijah stood forth in triumph. How many amicable battles were fought over the *cloak*—that mystical appendage of the “Prophet of Fire”! Sir John Gilbert had done a beautiful frontispiece for my book of that name, shortly before, in which the drapery, really a shaggy sheep-skin, was too conventionally treated for my taste. But painter and sculptor both left me in a minority. The exigencies of art—shall we say, idealism—set truth and realism at defiance. Here is a subsequent letter to me on the subject. It may, among the many on other topics I retain, stand as a specimen of the man.

“I shall not fail to bear well in mind all your criticisms, which I value greatly, on my treatment of Elijah, when I come to put him up life-size in Rome. . . . I am certain many of the difficulties you so kindly mention could far more easily be overcome by a painter than a sculptor: the former by careful management of colour, etc., which can be made less obtrusive than must necessarily be in marble with its trying severity. . . .

“There are certain laws in sculpture which ought never to be lost sight of; and depend upon it, if the peculiar treatment of a mantle or girdle must be so closely followed, then I cannot help feeling the great Elijah is no subject for my Art. I have only arrived at this conclusion after anxious thought, in modelling the old Tish-

bite. I tried these experiments, and the result has been only to strengthen my feeling in this respect. It would not be a difficult matter to make the mantle more tattered and ragged-looking, but it would be without doubt perilous to make it, so as not to detract from the spirit of the figure, and for the drapery to arrest the attention first would be a most serious defect. . . . If I *must* err at all, I would far rather be on the side of Phidias than Bernini.

* * * * *

"I know you will rejoice to hear of the success I had in Rome last year. All my works were sold, and I had nothing left in my studio, even in the early part of the season."

I have the finished statue of Elijah now in my possession. The subject was a pronounced favourite with the sculptor. I think it was his laudable ambition to make the Elijah a companion to Michael Angelo's "Moses." His subsequent failing health somewhat dulled his enthusiasm for it. What I value more is a large and beautiful cast my friend was kind enough to send me from Rome, and which for years has graced my study, of his "Sisters of Bethany." All the more valued, as he used again and again to tell me that he was greatly helped in his work—indeed, that his work was suggested by my "Memories of Bethany." An engraving of the group now forms the frontispiece to that volume. I believe it was the most successful, pecuniarily, of all his subjects. Several replicas left his Roman studio for English homes and galleries. As his name will not occur again, except it may be in one or two letters, I may here transcribe a portion from a brief notice I was requested to send to Cassell's *Art Magazine*:—

"One thing struck me more than once. He was not so

much the born *artist* as the born *sculptor*. He was great in form. I would not by any means say he was defective in colour. But the beauty of a Highland landscape or the glory of a setting sun were to him little compared to the contour of a human countenance or the grace of a female hand and arm.

“As to the charm of his friendship, I dare not trust myself to speak. He seemed to carry sunshine all the day long. His conversation was full of sparkle, with a sort of chronic determination to enjoy every one and every thing. The man was, as is often the case with the truly great, greater than his works. Those of us who knew and loved him can say, in one of the most rhythmical of Shakespeare’s sonnets,—

‘When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war’s quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.’

“To one sister art he was devotedly, nay, passionately, attached. His organ was an ever-favourite resort in the villa; nor can I forget the day when that organ, before being transplanted to its Roman home, was temporarily erected in a drawing-room in London. He was proud of its power being amply tested—for Gounod was himself on the occasion the player of his own masterpieces. Let me make a casual allusion to his love of dogs. His own noble hound Eric was his constant companion in the Via Sistina. He tells me in a letter announcing his death, that in his solitary walks and rides at all hours in the Campagna, he felt safe with that strong and faithful friend at his side. All Scotch terriers, even those least amenable to first advances, seemed to have an instinctive liking for him, and clung to him as the best of associates. Broken health (possibly the penalty of too indefatigable labour) came at last—further

chequered by those disappointments inevitable to true workers, who think more of their art than of themselves. The last time we met I spent some hours with him in London when engaged on his 'Wallace' statue. His hand had by no means lost its cunning, but his physical powers were sorely impaired. He was no longer the agile friend who, in the glory of manhood, had been wont to make little of long summer rambles on Ben Lomond and Ben Venue. I saw too evidently our dreams of visiting together Horace's Villa near Tivoli were never to be realized. I received with profound emotion the tidings of his death. Rome and Warrington were that day rarely sympathetic in their sorrow. His Roman workmen, who adored him, wept like children. We all felt that one the world could ill spare had prematurely left us."

I may only add that many thoughts we had together fondly talked over—subjects for his ever-busy versatile chisel—like other cherished visions of earth, were left uncompleted.

Man proposes, God disposes. Too soon for his friends and for Art, he, one assuredly of the great and good—let me reverse the order, "the good and the great"—passed away to the more beautiful dreams of the beautiful land. He sleeps in an honoured grave in his native Warrington, with Tennyson's lines at the foot of a long epitaph,—

"His faith and work were bells of one accord."

So, to return from another long digression, with pleasant recollections of art and friends and classic haunt, we set foot, on our return journey from Rome, in the unclassic train, having a glimpse and no more, in passing, of Perugia, Assisi, and the Thrasymene Lake. We woke up next day to the charm of Florence, with its Arno and Fiesole, its Duomo and Campanile, its Pitti and Uffizi;

the most of these seen and understood under the intelligent guidance of my kind friend, Dr. Macdougall—the Scottish pastor, who has ever a warm welcome to give in his hospitable home on the Lung' Arno. With our recently evoked love of sculpture, he took us to visit the well-known American, Power, and his marble gallery. Power was a splendid-looking man himself, tall, with lustrous black eyes. His impressive figure and bearing had descended to his daughters, whom he had translated into various forms in the purest Carrara. He was at first, as was his wont, grave, silent, unconversational. But our reverend guide knew how to rouse the lion's energies, by starting a professional discussion on the recent innovation inaugurated by Gibson in the tinting of his statues. The calm of the Pacific was at once roused to a storm. The eyes flashed with their native genius, and the tongue forgot its normal quiescence. He denounced the novelty as "a base degradation of sculpture—a violation of the best recognised principles of the art." It was the finest transition imaginable from the lion *couchant* to the lion *rampant*. But to speak of Florence would be to write a book. Very early one morning, in driving out, we encountered, crossing one of the bridges, a private carriage. I was on the box beside the driver, and was elevated in my own estimation by a hat raised from a handsome, open, passing equipage. Its occupant was Victor Emmanuel. Let me record it, as I shall never receive so royal a salutation again! I thought, with the old woman of Crathie, that it was "unco' ceevil." No beauty, verily, was his majesty, but with a rugged visage of unmistakable power—a masterful personality, befitting first sovereign of united Italy.

By Pisa and Genoa we crossed to Turin, with the one object, as noted in a preceding chapter, of revisiting the Waldensian Valleys, and the varied spots which lived so

vividly in my young memory. Yes, and I had the joy not only of revisiting old scenes, but of reviving old acquaintanceships. It was specially delightful to renew my fellowship with one of these friends of my earliest Continental wanderings, the venerable M. Revel, who had been our companion and guide in an arduous tramp, endangering life and limb, thirty-three years before. No longer the stalwart pedestrian, but the calm, reverent old patriarch. It was touching to hear his brother professors calling him "Father." Dear old man! he seemed ready for his *Nunc Dimittis* whenever it would please God to call him hence. And when that "Nunc Dimittis" *did* come, a few years later, the touching death-bed saying of the ripe but humble Christian was—"Sin abounded. Grace hath superabounded."

Then by the Mont Cenis and Paris—Home!

To Loch Ard we returned to spend the summer and autumn months, while our final abode was sought, planned and prepared.

We had left behind us Italian skies. Let any who choose go into rhapsodies regarding them, and still more over those of Egypt and Syria. I give a very distinct preference to those awaiting us on our return, of "Caledonia stern and wild." Recommend me to her grand cumulus summer clouds, an ever-changing panorama of bastion and battlement, with their bright interspaces of blue. Then watch that pearly monster (cloud) coming down, a dense curtain of weird wandering mist—swathing the entire "Ben"—opening perhaps here and there a chink, only to show how sunlight glorifies all. Then does the storm gather and the rain descend. On the clearing of the sky a hundred silver rills leap and dance down the rocky "becks" or gullies—a flash of diamonds set in purple heather. These latter, however, are but accessories. I am speaking now of much-belauded southern and eastern

cerulean skies and their Scottish rivals. I am not sure but one of my supremest enjoyments on the Loch side was, book in hand, to stretch myself full length on a heathery knoll to watch with uplifted face the movements of white and grey clouds. I shall say nothing of the golden glory of a September sunset. Well, though the effect lasts but *two minutes*, it is only fair to own that Pincian must be recognised and acknowledged as a formidable rival.

* * * * *

It was indeed a sorrowful day when the last Sunday of our long sojourn at the Loch arrived. The people seemed to have the wish, that the pulpit in which I had often officiated should be occupied by me, and I felt I dare not decline. I deemed it best to select no special subject for systematic discourse, but rather take a motto-text, making a brief *résumé* of Gospel teaching, spoken in all simplicity and earnestness. The words occurred, and I could not resist adopting them as the peg on which to hang my farewell utterances (Rom. xv. 23): "But now having no more place in these parts."

The *poetry* of life closed with Loch Ard. The speech an old man made to me in another connection occurs to mind—broader Scotch I never heard: "Doctor, ye're juust in a pairfect pawridise." I might add the saying of the Lecropt villager to Dr. Muir on his first return to his former parish: "Aye, aye, and ye were juust anither Aädam—ye widna bide in it."



THE "BURN," RAVENS BROOK.

(See p. 223.)

By the late ROBERT MURRAY, ESQ. A friend of Dr. Macduff's earliest and latest years

XV

VARIOUS. FRAGMENTS OF PAST AND PRESENT

I MUCH fear I must prepare the reader yet again for a somewhat personal chapter. But I venture to hope that those who have had the patience to follow me hitherto, will have got reconciled to the bugbear they were duly warned of at the first—the obtrusion of the “perpendicular pronoun.” A new home was an anxiously debated point. I was resolved to purchase a piece of ground and build a small house, specially suited for myself. There were sundry trifling but absolute conditions annexed. It must for many reasons be near London, with its “ever-throbbing arteries of life.” There must be some large trees. If possible, undulating ground, or, better, a defunct quarry—and, rarer still, in Kentish soil, a running stream. All these conditions, even to the disused chalk-pit and “burn,” we happily found united in Lower Camden, Chislehurst. Two very stately, and other large elms, besides oak, ash, and venerable thorn. A hedge of the latter, the envy of many, rimmed a stream too copious and beneficent in winter; for it came, in after years, to leave cruel traces of devastation. But it proved a veritable Brook Cherith all summer long, with a dry, gravelly channel. I missed sorely the “land of the mountain and the flood”; but the latter, for two-thirds of the year, served in its chalky way (Scottice, drumly) to perpetuate old memories. I was in no way ambitious about a big house—indeed, the reverse.

But full instructions being given to a clever architect, he reared for me quite a pretty and æsthetic dwelling in the early Tudor style. The ground on which it stood formed part of the old, and now (owing to the residence of the Emperor Napoleon) the historic park of Camden Place. Indeed, it was during its erection that, by the courtesy of Mr. Strode, the proprietor of Camden, I obtained private entrance to see the Emperor lying in state in the temporary *Chapelle Ardente*. The olive countenance, the blaze of candles, the low muttered prayers of the attendant priests—the humbling truth, “Here lies Cæsar and all his fortunes” (his *misfortunes*)—formed an impression never to be forgotten.

“The Church” is always one of the potent forces to be taken into consideration by new settlers in a district. I knew that here, as elsewhere, I would doubtless find “the house divided against itself”; in other words, the different representative sections in the Church of England, with the chronic antagonisms of ritual or no ritual. But I had not thought of instituting special inquiries, trusting to time and the “survival of the fittest.” Moreover, to tell the honest truth, I myself, as became my Scottish antecedents, Presbyterian in heart and soul, was somewhat out of sympathy with the Anglican services. There was one church, however, just being completed close at hand, within a gunshot, but of the ecclesiastical proclivities of which I had no idea. The day on which a worthy and hearty official (Mr. Strode’s bailiff) came in to measure off my small freehold, I ventured, for lack of conversation, and with the church spire in sight, to make the inquiry: “I don’t know your different churches here; but pray, may I ask, to what party does that new church belong?” His reply was brief, instantaneous, significant: “It’s the lowest of the low!”

This “lowest,” not by any means because I liked its

lowness, formed my ordinary place of worship in the years to come.

June, 1873, found us in this our final home, near to, yet far away from, "the roar of the human torrent" in Great Babylon. Ungrateful would it be to call it anything but a very happy residence. The complete quiet, the kindness of new neighbours, the easy access to town, and many other desirable features were hailed and appreciated—by none more than myself. The delights of a garden had been a fascination from boyhood, and though the grounds are limited (hardly more than two acres), they are in form picturesque. I was in a congenial element laying them out, and have succeeded in making quite a romantic little dell out of the aforesaid chalk-pit, with pathways, bridges, etc. In other parts have grown up, in the course of a few years, a wonderfully choice collection of special favourites—conifers and weeping trees. The latter formed quite a hobby. A clever lady friend suggested an appropriate name for the house—"Niobe Lodge." Visits to Switzerland and the Riviera yielded valuable cuttings which have now transformed themselves into graceful standards. The garden, through past years, has happily alternated with busy authorship. The study, overlooking it, is generally faithfully occupied during the day. But every now and then the pen is laid aside to get a breath of inspiration among the flowers and shrubberies, returning with fresh vigour to the regular brain-work—sometimes of a lighter, sometimes of a more exacting, character.

"Here, then, I am once more," says Southey in a letter to his London Mæcenas, "at my desk, with books and papers about me, right glad to return to that *rest in labour* which I have taken for my motto, because in it I find my happiness. I shall have no interruption from without and please God that I have none from within,

my progress in this campaign will be to my heart's content."—*Letter to John Murray, Publisher*, 1813.

Let me append without comment the following additional extracts from my commonplace book:—

"I never had any desire so strong or so like to covetousness as that one which I have had always—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and thus dedicate the remainder of my life to the culture of them, and the study of nature."—*Abraham Cowley*, 1675.

"I have for some time past felt the necessity for complete rest so keenly, that I am compelled to yield to it, and hope to be able to order my life accordingly. . . . I do believe that I was intended for a quiet, uneventful life. At least, I feel more healthy and industrious and more in my element when I am living so."—*Felix Mendelssohn's "Letters from Home and Abroad,"* pp. 308-9, vol. ii.

"The fact of the change to private and independent life, in circumstances however restricted, is hailed with thankfulness. . . . Any cheerfulness I may have shown for twelve years past was putting a good face upon care, and heavy and distracting care, and you will believe, as few people do, how earnestly and constantly I have prayed to be shown a way out. . . . A sphere of duty so clear and simplified that one could always be in it and always absorbed in it, seems to me the unattainable happiness of life, and it will probably form the happiness of a higher and more perfect condition."—*Baroness Bunsen's "Life and Letters,"* vol. ii., *passim*.

"Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work—a life purpose. He has found it, and will follow it."—*Carlyle's "Past and Present."*

The climate, too, of Kent, let it only be added, was a marvellous change for the better from the weeping

skies and dingy smoke of the dear old commercial city of the Clyde. The Edinburgh east winds, which I knew too well for thirteen years, were absolutely poisonous. It is hardly a figure of speech that they cut one at times through and through. In the south of England they are not only healthful, but positively bracing and invigorating, giving, too, a real Italian blue to the sky, sometimes

"So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in heaven."

The only quarter of evil portent is the north. What Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his royal *dramatis personæ*—

"A kiss from the frozen lips of the north wind"—

is not a desired or comfortable experience in Kent; and when, with Boreas, comes the doubtful blessing of a London fog, one feels the poet must have been dilating on a Warwickshire sensation alone. Scotland still holds, and ever must hold, a loving place in memory. It is not exacting too much to be credited now and then with a tendency to home-sickness. I miss sorely, not so much its mountains as the pure, peat-moss-coloured Highland streams which were always music to me. A story of Norman Macleod is recalled, when he visited Canada as one of a deputation after the 1843 Disruption. He sat down on a wooden bench at the side of an inn or hostelry. A countryman, wearing a shepherd's plaid, revealing thereby his nationality, was there before him. A chat was inevitable, and inevitably, too, begun by the Doctor.

"What a splendid country you have here!"

"Yes, it is a fine country."

"And such glorious rivers!"

"Yes, grand rivers."

"And such mighty forests!"

"Yes," said the other, whose thoughts were on "Caledonia stern and wild," its banks, and braes, and glens; "but there are nae linties in the woods, and nae braes like Yarrow."

I love England, but I shall never cease to miss the Pass o' Killiecrankie, the rush of the Tummel and the Garry, and my native woods of larch and pine on the Sidlaws. More than one place of historic interest and wealth of natural beauty is within hail of Chislehurst, such as Knowle, Penshurst, Chevening, and Cobham. To the last—perhaps the best of all—we went with my late friend, Alexander Beattie, at the invitation of the noble proprietor. Its extensive park, with its undulations and trees of superb size, make it one of the notable places of England. It has, moreover, other associations. It was in its woods and glades Charles Dickens often wandered and "excogitated." And after his death, the favourite arbour which he so often frequented at Gad's Hill—where, indeed, he wrote his last page—was transferred to the keeping of the Earl of Darnley, and now ornaments and glorifies his flower garden. The house is in harmony with the demesne. We inspected the picture galleries thoroughly, under the guidance of the heir apparent (Lord Clifton), who also courteously did the honours of the lunch table.

Excursions to Italy or Switzerland, to the south of England or to Scotland, have varied at times the pleasant monotony of Chislehurst life. L——'s impaired health has, however, restricted these. Not by any means restricted to our regret; for the verdict never altered, nor alters, that there is no place like home. Two of these Continental raids dwell more vividly in memory. The one was in October, to the Italian Lakes, *viâ* Switzerland. On our way we spent a day near Vevey, on Lake Geneva, with our dear and faithful friend, Mdlle. D——. Her



THE HOUSE, RAVENSBRICK, AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN, WITH STUDY WINDOW IN CENTRE.
By kind permission of the photographer, S. BUCHANAN WOLLASTON, ESQ.

father was a Swiss pastor, and we had a delightful peep of affectionate family life. It happened, too, to be the time of vintage, and the trees around were taking on their early golden tints. Crossing through Switzerland, we took private carriage from Flüelen, by Andermatt, across the old St. Gothard Pass. They were in the act of felling noble chestnut and other trees to make way for the merciless iron highway, and we were glad to have another opportunity, before further mutilation, of driving along the old road by that magnificent entrance to Italy. Our headquarters for many weeks were at the Hotel Pallanza, on Lago Maggiore, kept right royally by a German, whom we always called, from the similarity of his name, Sennacherib. Maggiore—beautiful in itself—is a princely place for excursions. How many there are who know nothing of these! We have always heard of changing horses at Rome. Many do the same thing here. I since gave a dear friend a full and accurate programme for a fortnight's delightful excursions and *détours* from this Pallanza centre, including Lake Orta, the charming villas on the left bank of the Lake, and, above all, Macugnaga. Of course he followed the multitude: was a night at Pallanza, bolting off next morning by steamer to Locarno, and pronounced the thing commonplace. Macugnaga and its wonderful valley (Val d'Anzaska), with Monte Rosa at the head, is worth the surrender of many other attractions. Its extent is great; and autumn tints, as we saw them, gradating from yellow and amber to crimson, were perfectly glorious. Really, the rush and hurry of travellers—"swallows' flights," without pause or perch—is to me melancholy, and to them disastrous. But "everybody does it," is the *raison d'être*.

Another briefer and leisurely autumn tour was to ever-lovely Lake Lucerne. I say leisurely, for medical permission was accorded to a member of our party, that some

one place in Switzerland be selected, and no divergence made that necessitated the fatigue and anxiety of new hotels. The Schweitzerhof of Lucerne, from previous association, readily carried the day. Then, too, it was the end of September and first half of October, when most of the aforesaid human swallows had winged their flight home, leaving unconsciously behind them by far the best season for this Queen of Lakes: leaving also its wooded hills and promontories when autumn had clothed them in their coat of many colours. How delightful these walks and drives in the immediate vicinity, varied with strolls in the quaint old town! How heavenly the days, whether in boat or steamer, when the water, as often, was a dead calm, a mirror, reflecting mountain, and rock, and tree, and fern, the reflections seeming diviner and more perfect than the reality! Then the hotel itself, an old patriarch among hostelries, where, from landlord to waiter, the comfort of the guests seems supreme. I have spoken of one *Ille Angulus* in these pages; lovely Lucerne is conspicuously another.

Among many kind friends at Chislehurst, it would be invidious to select. Not a few have already passed to the silent land. Among the latter I recall one of my nearest neighbours, a retired clergyman of the Church of England—Rev. Wm. Wight: kind, sympathetic, hospitable, despite very pronounced eccentricities, which all his acquaintances understood, excused, and condoned. He had been during his life, and, indeed, to the last, a great traveller, specially in Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, which had impelled him, by the force of these same eccentricities, to give to his spacious house the name of "The Arab's Tent"—the penalty for which indiscretion he had, of course, himself to pay, by being called "The Arab." He had the singular and fortunate aptitude for gathering many nice, and some distinguished, people

around him: literary, artistic, secular, sacred. He could even bag an Eastern Patriarch, or a Bishop of Jerusalem, or a home Church dignitary, or a *Times* correspondent, or such a celebrity as Mr. Rassam, of Nineveh and Babylonish fame, whom he brought to spend a pleasant evening here. Alas! the old Oriental phrase, "O King, live for ever," could secure no exception in the case of my genial friend. I wrote the inscription for his tomb, now in Chislehurst churchyard.

A book published about this time (I cannot vouch for dates) had a sacred interest of its own to me—"Gleams from the Sick Chamber: Memorial Thoughts of Consolation and Hope Gathered from the Epistles of St. Peter." It was written after the death of my brother William the artist, who had lived a singularly Christian and consistent life, and was led to glorify God on a sick-bed and death-bed of protracted suffering. He and I had, through life, been peculiarly attached, and drawn to one another by congenial tastes and ways. We were together to the last, and at the last; and the writing of this tribute formed a mournful gratification. A book of kindred character was published some years before—indeed, soon after coming to Chislehurst—"A Golden Sunset." It was the memoir of a young servant who died in our house one of the happiest—if the word be not too strong, one of the most triumphant—of deaths. It was my daughter's first sight of death or of a deathbed. It was completely disarmed of its terrors. It formed, indeed, a never-to-be-forgotten fortnight of Christian faith, endurance, and victory. I could truly say, in speaking of it to others, "I have been at hundreds of death-beds, but never at one like this." It was far too impressive to be left without record, and the wide circulation of the little book has amply justified the effort.

[The Editor must claim permission here for reference

to yet another volume, "Palms of Elim; or, Rest and Refreshment in the Valleys." The author was much gratified by a note from Frances Ridley Havergal, acknowledging a copy which had been sent her. It has the touching interest of being the last in ink which she ever wrote, being then on her death-bed. After a kindly opening reference, she says: "Thank you very much indeed for the most kind gift; perhaps it will be just what I am wanting very much (being very tired and overdone), some real, sweet refreshment. . . . What a marvellous circulation your books have had! It seems that your bow is always renewed in your hand. I suppose the other half of the verse accounts for that, for your glory 'is' always fresh in you, not 'was,' like Job's."]

Shortly after, followed the little shilling Text Book, "Bible Forget-me-Nots," published by Marcus Ward & Co. For a whole year it went off at the rate of nearly 3,000 per week—reaching almost at a bound the issue of 301,000. This small volume and others were an illustration of the facility I had in composing anything which I felt suited me. Some of my Introductions to this series of Text Books were written at two sittings. One of these "at a heat." This assertion may seem a little incredible from the mere expenditure of time and of penmanship. But as A ——— was generally my copyist, the original was put into first shape with all manner of scrawls, contractions, and interlinings, which *she* was able to follow and interpret without difficulty. I have ventured on these very small self-complimentary remarks by way of contrast, for, on the other hand, the old "Sermons" especially, which were moulded into volumes, involved long, painful, and weary elaboration; cast and re-cast till I became very tired of the employment. My writings, even in advanced life, are, I think, fully equal, in any merit they may possess, to those of middle age. Yet still my affec-

tion is natural for what, in more vigorous days, had been proclaimed and assisted by the living voice.

Somewhat anticipating, I may here, in passing, record, with devout thankfulness to the gracious God who has so prospered my way, that up to this date (1887) my books in this country and America have attained a circulation of nearly three millions. If the honour of such success is great, the responsibility must be great too in these "winged words." They have, moreover, been translated, one or more, into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Welsh, and one of the vernaculars of India (Tamil).¹ Letters manifold, from all quarters of the globe, have been received with gratifying testimonies.

Somewhere in the course of these years the grave closed over two illustrious men who were interred in Westminster, and in the case of both I was honoured with a private invitation to reserved seats in the Abbey. We met, each time, in the Jerusalem Chamber, and received the invariable courtesy and kindness of the late Dean (Stanley).

The one occasion was that of the funeral of Lord Lawrence. Many attached and interested followers gathered to do last homage to their chief. The other was that of David Livingstone, around whose resting-place was similarly gathered all that was noblest and best in Britain. His negro boy Susi was there, who had been with him at the close, and with whom I had the gratification of shaking hands at the side of his dear master's tomb. On both occasions I returned on the following Sunday to the Abbey, to hear the Dean's two lofty panegyrics. Stanley was great everywhere and in everything, where taste and culture and pictorial power were demanded. He never was greater than in pronouncing

¹ Since Dr. Macduff's death a request has been received and granted for permission to translate his "Parables of the Lake" into Urdu.

these eulogiums on the illustrious dead. Livingstone's burial honours were to me peculiarly impressive and touching. The Dean, by his happy instinct, had selected for the anthem, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad for them; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," etc.; while the hymn was one most familiar to the old traveller, in the early Scottish home of his native Clydesdale. Under the inspiration of the scene and its recent memories I wrote as follows:—

There in England's reverend Minster,
 Proud custodier of the ages,
 Resting-place of kings and princes,
 Poets, heroes, statesmen, sages;
 Every head is bowed in silence
 As the mourners' tread is sounding;
 Strange, unwonted is the homage
 Of the, tear-dimmed crowd surrounding.
 Who this honoured entrant? counted
 Worthy of these precincts hoary;
 Brotherhood assigned with sleepers
 "Each one lying in his glory"?

'Tis the good man we have gazed on,
 On his desert bier reposing,
 Tender children of his wanderings
 Closing eyes and limbs composing.
 When the burst of grief was over,
 And the public days to mourn him,
 Through a thousand miles of desert
 These his faithful sons had borne him.
 Over sandy wastes they traversed,
 Scorning toil or leagues to measure;
 Bating heart or hope no moment,
 On they bore their priceless treasure.

In that ancient Fane are gathered
 Men of every clime and order,
 Brothers from his native Clydesdale,
 Clansmen from beyond the border;

Best and choicest sons of England
 In the common grief are sharing,
 Peer and statesman—royal depute,
 Each his *immortelle* is bearing :
 Hushed the shibboleth of party,
 “All the creeds” these isles are thronging ;
 Champion he of no mean faction,
 But to Christendom belonging.
 Rise ! ye warrior dead around him,
 Solemn shades of the departed !
 Rise ! and give ungrudging welcome
 To the true and noble-hearted.
 Well may costliest rites be paid him,
 Gush of song and organ pealing ;
 Wake to life your holiest echoes,
 Fretted aisle and gilded ceiling !
 * * * * *

Now the obsequies are over :
 Dust with kindred dust has blended ;
 But as Sabbath’s sun is westering,
 Multitudes anew have wended
 To the shrine which holds his ashes :
 Crowds again of every station
 Throng within the spacious precincts
 For the funeral oration.
 Who among the favoured listeners
 Can forget that music thrilling,
 Like the voice of many waters,
 Choir and nave and transept filling,
 As the words of Inspiration
 Sweetly told the Pilgrim’s story,
 Or portrayed his noble life-work
 Haloed with prophetic glory.

“When the wilderness shall blossom,
 Fountains in the deserts springing,
 And like Lebanon and Carmel
 Break forth into joy and singing.”
 Or when rose “O God of Bethel,”
 Simple words, so dearly cherished
 By the great man from his childhood
 To the day he nobly perished.

Silent then the strains of music,
 And amid a hush unbroken,
 Lofty words of panegyric
 By befitting lips were spoken.

* * * * *

Rites are ended :—and the “Dead March,”
 With a cadence slow and measured,
 Wailed its dirges o’er the ashes
 Which the nation’s crypt had treasured.
 Rest in peace, thou hero-martyr !
 Grandly simple is thy story :
 Scotland gave thee—England keeps thee,
 And to God we give the glory.

Lawrence and Livingstone (two immortal L.’s) sleep close together in the great Campo Santo of London. They were men cast very much in the same mould; even their outer rugged features were similar. Two caskets of iron, but each inclosing a true *Kohinoor*—the one of India, the other of Africa.

The love of art, in an early chapter alluded to, still continued to assert its influence. Immediately before a visit to Florence, I had received a legacy from my dearest mother, to be laid out in a personal memorial. This was accomplished in carefully selected copies from some of the great masters in the Pitti and Uffizi—Raphael, Carlo Dolci, and Fra Angelico, along with pieces of Italian sculpture, all of which now ornament my study, and from which I drink in constant inspiration. Speaking of my fondness for art—this was perhaps best attested by the value I placed on any correspondence or intercourse, however slight, I had with distinguished artists or art-lovers.¹ Let me here simply

¹ It just occurs to me in passing, that, though it was but for a few minutes, I well remember the spring morning when I went with Sir John (then Mr.) Millais, in my mother-in-law’s garden near Perth, to help him in the selection of a good tree for his “Apple-blossom”—the



THE STUDY, RAVENSBRICK.

record an amusing incident, as it happened about this time. Among the paintings of other London celebrities, Birket Foster's work I always held in great admiration, and he had done me more than once a service in illustrating my books. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' return from India, there was a magnificent public reception accorded to his Royal Highness—an ovation from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace. I was at first at a crowded part in front of the latter. As is usual on these occasions, the delay was somewhat, indeed, very, protracted, and no great certainty prevailed as to the precise route which was to be taken. Seeing a benignant and kindly-looking Englishman standing close by, I ventured to accost him, though a stranger, with the query as to the probable course of the royal cortège. His answer was an unexpected and startling one: "I think it is Dr. Macduff who now speaks to me." My astonishment was great, and as recognition on my part was impossible, I ventured on the courteous reply: "Pray, sir, may I ask your name?" The brief rejoinder was, "I am Birket Foster." We had not met for twenty-five years, on which occasion, as narrated (Chapter VIII.), we foregathered in a little inn on the Braes of Yarrow, when he was engaged in making those exquisite woodcuts for Sir Walter Scott's Poems. But he told me he never forgets a face once seen. I was full of apologies for my presumption, which he was kind enough not only to con-

well-known picture, painted when he was at the zenith of his power, at all events, if not of his fame.

Nor, to my shame be it confessed, was I fastidious in seeing the works and persons of any contemporary artists, even including, while on a visit to the Lake of Geneva, the compromising name and presence of Courbet—turbulent, Socialist, and hero of the Vendôme Column destruction. He took me with a friend through his gallery near Vevey, whither he had gone to reside, in order to escape French resentment. He was kind and courteous, a portly man of middle age, who *seemed* to have little of the Gallic *furore* or *élan* in his nature.

done in handsome terms, but added, "Let us keep together." This we did, going from one street to another, and with his eye for colour and grouping, the whole scene had a new interpretation and fascination for me, "a field of the Cloth of Gold."

But what was all other pride in meeting with members of the art brotherhood compared to that of coming in contact with their High Priest himself!

I had been one of the earliest admirers of John Ruskin. In times when a Scotch stipend was unequal to the purchase of costly books, a good friend who knew my weaknesses had gifted me with the two first volumes of "Modern Painters"; the remainder were subsequently secured. I had portions off by heart, and I own, instead of treating my visitors, lay or clerical, to systematic theology, I most frequently regaled them with bits—it might be chapters—of the "Oxford Student"—specially the magnificent piece of word-painting in one of his Introductions, where he makes the Roman Campagna and other places living realities. More than once I met him in his native haunt (Perth), and simply listened—for one could do nothing else—to his talk. He may have forgotten me now, for thirty-five long years have since elapsed. But I have not forgotten *him*. No—nor ever forgotten the fond interest he took in my dear boy, then a lovely and attractive child of four. The book he gave him, his name inscribed, and "with John Ruskin's best wishes," is among my treasures. The little gift was quite what one would expect from the donor: a small book of bird-lore, with carefully rendered illustrations. I keep it in a sacred drawer.

A very different remembrance connected with one of these meetings is too amusing and characteristic to be omitted.

Mr. Ruskin was calling at the house of a near and

dear relative, to whom I had presented one of my amateur performances in oil-painting. It was somewhat portentous in size, and my lady friend, proud of her gift, and with very exaggerated ideas of its real value, had given it the most conspicuous place in her smaller drawing-room. Of art in every shape and form she was innocently ignorant. The composition—for composition it was—was of the most bewildering character. It professed to have a Swiss pedigree, and I had contrived to cram the canvas as full as it would hold with lake and island, castle, wooded promontory, and soaring alp; while in a modest and retired bit of the foreground I had placed some red toad-stools. Mr. Ruskin would be simply nothing, whether in writing or speaking, were he not honest and true. With my own head hanging in shame and confusion, wishing myself at Jericho, my good old relative, of course, attracted Mr. Ruskin's attention to my handiwork. He gazed and better gazed—she waiting for the verdict, and doubtless anticipating that he would accord it the dignity of a Cox or Turner. The verdict came—brief, candid, humiliating. After traversing from head to foot the ambitious subject, his eye fell alone on the left corner of the foreground, as he pronounced the one sentence and no more, “I rather like those fungi.”

Ruskin in these days, or in *any* days, would not have been Ruskin, were he not the frank, pungent, outspoken critic—his words curt and caustic. A few weeks after this I happened to meet him on the opening day at the Royal Academy. There was a large picture exhibited by Paul de la Roche—“Cromwell beside the Coffin of Charles I.” I confess I liked it, was impressed with it. I thought it was the treatment of a great historical theme, combining power and elaborate finish; in a word, ideally grand. So, the uninitiated thought he might venture casually to remark to the High Priest, “I presume you

would pronounce that painting of De la Roche to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the Exhibition." The retort was immediate—it implied and conveyed much: "I think I saw it." I had forgotten at the moment, when the careful finish of the French artist was in my thoughts, what he had written of Carlo Dolci—that he "polished into inanity." The "French polish" has been translated into English as "tea-trayism," and doubtless the scrupulous over-finish of the modern French school was to him an offence and blemish. It reminded me of the critique I had recently heard pronounced by one clergyman friend on the sermons of a very finished brother minister: "They were a string of prettinesses without any of the beauties of holiness." I have, in this room, a copy of two large Carlo Dolcis from the Pitti Palace, notwithstanding.

May I further add, that I owe to the same Prophet of the Beautiful one of the most charming of my older summer excursions. On telling him of an indeterminate tour somewhere in the south of England, I mentioned my partiality for visiting a place I had not seen—the Isle of Wight. His reply was, "If you wish to see a lovely toy, by all means go there. But if you wish to enjoy the finest scenery in the south of England, take my advice: change your purpose, and go to North Devon. Above all, if you are equal to the fatigue, never hesitate taking the grandest walk I know, between Linton and Ilfracombe—not the public highway, for that is nothing; but follow little else than a footpath close to the sea, passing a succession of beautiful 'becks' (wooded valleys) all the way."

Under such an authority I did not hesitate. Shanklin, Ventnor, and Freshwater were for the time laid aside, and to Linton I went, accomplishing—I own with fatigue, but with supreme enjoyment—that delightful pedestrian route by the Valley of Rocks and to Ilfracombe. One, I



(See pp. 225, 250.)

THE GARDEN, RAVENSBROOK, AS SEEN FROM THE STUDY WINDOW.

By the late ROBERT MURRAY, Esq. A friend of Dr. Maccluff's earliest and latest years.

think the only small solitary farmhouse on the way, afforded the most refreshing and sustaining of beverages in these lonely regions—Devonshire cream. After thirty-seven years that dream of miniature Alpine beauty, *plus* the blue Atlantic and the sunset on “the western wave,” lovingly lingers. Let no Englishman or Scotchman be betrayed into crossing the Channel in search of “fresh fields and pastures new,” before first following the recommendation of Nature’s best acknowledged interpreter.

The only drawback to the aforesaid brief tour was that it was taken alone. This, in the best of outings, Madame de Staël truthfully calls a *triste plaisir*.

XVI

SUBJECTS SMALL AND GREAT

AFTER leaving regular pulpit work, I did not feel it easy or congenial to assume again, by fits and starts, the old harness, and I came at last to decline nearly all invitations, though of these I had not a few from London and elsewhere. One exception I was specially requested to make in the earlier part of my Chislehurst residence. For several consecutive Sundays, and that, too, in the dead of winter, I agreed, as a free-will offering, to supply the late Dr. Cumming's pulpit in Crown Court: an important position, specially with a new West End Church (now St. Columba) looming in the distance. Indeed, the too partial friends in the eldership made overtures to me regarding the permanent pastorate. This, however, without hesitation, I declined. It is a story worth remembering, in which the Father of the Kirk Session paid me what I imagined to be a singular compliment, although it turned out to be rather of a meagre character. Let me say that a friend—Dr. Macbeth—had for many years carried on a faithful ministry in a small church in the West End of London, where he was much appreciated.

"I shall never forget," said worthy Mr. L—— to me in Crown Court vestry, in presence of his brother elders, "the Sunday you preached here twenty-five years ago." I never felt more elevated in my life. That any poor services of mine, as to day and date, could live in the

excellent elder's memory! *Me* and my duties in Crown Court Church, making an impression for over a quarter of a century! It was for the moment an encouragement and incentive. Alas! the proud vision collapsed with the explanatory sequel. When I expressed a gratifying surprise—

"Yes," he added, "Mr. Macduff preached in the forenoon, and Mr. Macbeth in the evening. How was it possible to forget your two names; the conjunction, you know."

My countenance fell.

It was somewhat about this time I heard, with great sorrow, of the death of a revered friend—one of my most regular assistants on communion occasions in Sandyford—Dr. McCulloch, of Greenock. He had no peer in the Scottish pulpit. He had long occupied, with acceptance and rare dignity, one of the most important charges in the Church. The whole service in his hands, from first to last, was ideally perfect. He was one of the very few who wisely refused to surrender himself to the vague impulses of purely *extempore* prayers. These public devotions were as faithfully committed to memory as was the sermon that followed, and never a word was halting or out of joint. How vividly I now recall a noble spring sermon he preached to my people from the text, "Thou renewest the face of the earth"! He was an intellectual giant, and yet the meekest and lowliest of men. It was always a rare pleasure to me to be with him at his communion seasons, and the quiet meeting at his dinner-table—generally all alone—was indeed a memory and refreshment. No one had won my regard more, if I may except my still older and most constant of friends, Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Longforgan, whose admirable pulpit services were appreciated equally in Kettins, St. Madoes, and Glasgow; and the influence of

whose masculine common-sense, and unobtrusive piety, was felt by all who came in contact with him.

Perhaps I may here say, parenthetically, that though England was now my adopted country, I naturally, from preference and conviction, retained my old love for Presbyterianism. But, there being no Scottish church in the neighbourhood, with my loyalty to "Establishment," I worshipped in a Church of England close by, with occasional, but rare, deflection to "chapel." I am neither bigot nor partisan. I can worship with a good conscience anywhere. The one thing I hate and have no toleration for is *Churchianity* (or, what old Dr. Muir used to call "ministereverous folks," and I care not whether it be in cathedral or meeting-house); "*Churchianity*"—that travesty of *Christianity*. The wretched spirit, however, finds its place and development in all grades and classes. Yes, even children are trained to it as part of their education, or else these pigmy nonentities contrive to train themselves. It was but the other day, two mites of "the little people," in humble life and clothing, were ushered into my study, carrying a collecting book for Wesleyan Missions. From their size and appearance they would be little beyond the alphabet stage. After giving them a trifle, I accommodately mentioned a person who would likely be a contributor.

"Oh, no," replied mite senior, "she is not one of our *body*."

A pleasing piece of pulpit duty I also performed in the present year. I purposely went all the way to Edinburgh to introduce my friend, Dr. George Matheson, to his new charge of St. Bernard's in that city. The occasion, to me, was a deeply interesting one. I had followed the career of this now distinguished man from his early boyhood, when he, along with his family, attended Sandyford Church. I was on most intimate terms

with the household. I foresaw his future—his wondrous triumph over physical difficulties, his literary successes—the subtlety of the metaphysician, wedded to the imagination of the poet, and the eloquence of the pulpit orator. It was with pride and satisfaction that I took this journey to bear tribute and testimony to the friend of so many years.

[The Editor cannot forbear here transcribing the words spoken at the close of the sermon. They are extracted from the following month's number of the *St. Bernard's Parish Magazine*. The text was 1 Samuel iii. 19: "And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground."]

"After illustrating the perpetuity of spiritual influence from the life and character of Samuel, Dr. Macduff spoke thus:—

"My dear friends, a living influence is to be among you from this day. I trust a bright illustration and example of much that has been said. I have a peculiar and exceptional gratification in discharging the task which has fallen to me on this occasion. I speak of one endeared to me by a long and affectionate friendship, and doubly endeared because of those, thank God! still surviving, who are honoured to call him "son," and who have done much, by judicious and loving training, in moulding a unique and beautiful and cheerful life. I have been privileged to trace his career from early boyhood, in which were impressed all the characteristics of ingenuous youth. What to others would have been a depressing calamity, was in his case made only a stimulus to exertion, an incentive to higher deeds. The mental and intellectual vigour was too strong for the opposing boulders. That river could brook no impediment which now, and we trust for many a year, will, with its varied streams, "make glad the city of God, the holy place of the taber-

nacles of the Most High." I augur much from the auspicious bond which henceforth links minister and people.

* * * * *

"My friend comes to you fully equipped and panoplied for service. It is eighteen years since, at the quiet shores of Innellan, I performed the same pleasant duty I am doing now. But the intervening period has been full of gracious results. While the fruit has been profusely scattered for the use and instruction of others, his own intellect has been maturing and ripening; and I feel to-day as if he were on the threshold of a new and still more noble future. I have watched, with something akin to pride, his varied literary labours and achievements, from that singularly interesting work, which to me, considering the disadvantages under which it was written, is a marvel in literature, "The Growth of the Spirit of Christianity," on through more speculative books where he has mastered and expounded the best of German philosophy and theology, and grappled with the agnosticism and infidelity rampant in our own country; on yet further, to his meditative volumes, and some of those precious hymns which the religious world will not willingly let die. I am guilty of no exaggerated panegyric when I say, that to him God has confided that rare, subtle, undefinable thing—genius.

"But, brethren, genius is nothing in the sacred ground of the pulpit, unless mated with what is higher and better, unless lighted by a flame from above, kindled at the vestal-fires of heaven. If I do not greatly mistake, his will be no strange fire-sparks of their own kindling, which some of the sons of Aaron are still prone to use, but the living flame lighted from the inner sanctuary, feeling that he has got his high consecration from Him, who alone "takes the censer and fills it with the fire of the altar."

“If I dare venture, reverting to our text, on the delicate ground of what his words will be, this, at least, without presumption, I may more than conjecture as to the central word and central truth of all. As the highways of Rome met at the golden milestone of her forum, and radiated from it, so will his teachings centre in, and emanate from, the Cross of Christ. Moreover, though loyal to the fundamental doctrines of our common Christianity, safeguarding the more precious truths of our most holy faith, immutable as the stars of heaven, he will not be driven into strained mental postures, cramping thought in iron, rigid, unnatural moulds. He has sat with childlike reverence, yet fearlessness, at the feet of Him who said, “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free.” I was reading but the other day, in connection with an incident in the life of St. Paul, what Dean Stanley observes in his own graphic epigrammatic way—I shall leave them to their own application, “To believe in Christ crucified and risen, to serve Him on earth, to be with Him hereafter—these, if we may trust the account of his own motives by any human writer whatever, were the chief, if not the only, thoughts which sustained Paul of Tarsus through all the troubles and sorrows of his twenty years’ conflict. . . . The more highly we exalt these in our estimate of his work, the larger share we attribute to them in the performance of his mission, the more are we compelled to believe that he spake the words of truth and soberness, when he told the Corinthians that ‘last of all He was seen of him also,’ and ‘by the grace of God, he was what he was.’”

“There is one phase of your minister’s work in Edinburgh which is specially impressed on me. That is, with a mind so cultured and familiarized with the last phases of religious thought and theological speculation, his power and influence with young men, and specially those

training for the ministry. I cannot forget one relation in the manifold life of the subject of our text—Samuel's deep interest in the schools of the prophets, nurturing the Hebrew youth to noble aspirations and deeds (arrows in the hands of the mighty), and instructing them in the principles of theocracy; thus doing his best to ensure the existence of a seed to serve God when he was gathered to his fathers; those who, when the helmsman was gone, would steer the shattered vessel through the surging sea. I believe the bitterest tears of the nation which fell over the prophet's grave at Ramah were shed by those youthful disciples—the future hopes of Israel and their Church—who had drunk inspiration from the lips of their Master.

“‘No part, particularly in these days, of a clergyman's vocation seems more important, more noble, than this—helping and fitting aspirants for the angel-work of preaching Christ and leading souls to God.

“‘My own student-life was spent in this city, and I can never forget the influence which the distinguished clergy of a remarkable time exercised on me. The best part of my theological training was derived from these never-to-be-forgotten Sundays, hallowed by private intercourse.

“‘May I be forgiven personal allusions? The great Chalmers, greatest of all; the pictorial power and winning eloquence of Dr. Guthrie; the analytic grasp of Dr. Candlish; the masculine and graceful expositions of Dr. James Buchanan; the consecrated influence of Dr. William Muir and Dr. Robert Gordon; and, though totally devoid of any pulpit power or eloquence, or any pretence to it, to me and many others to whom character and human kindness were better and more enduring than all words and sermons—the almost paternal love of Dr. John Hunter.

“‘These are great and revered footsteps for my

friend to follow. But his voice will, doubtless, like that of such Greathearts I have mentioned, be equal to the occasion. In his own sympathetic way, as they did, and with a power all his own, he will help to exorcise devil-born doubts, and rock the wavering waves of the soul to rest in the peace of Christ. Thus may God doubly honour him, by enabling him to show strength to this generation, and power to the generation to come. . . . This is our comfort—let our meeting to-day attest it—that when one champion and honoured servant is removed, another is found ready to take his place. “Moses, My servant, is dead”; but no sooner is that announcement made, than Joshua is summoned from his tent with the salutation and commission, “Be strong and of a good courage.” Elijah is carried up to heaven in a fiery chariot; but the same hour Elisha stands before us, his worthy and accredited successor. The thunder-tones of Luther are in course of time silenced, but the voice of other faithful witnesses and sponsors—our own Knox among them—are prepared in turn to prolong the echoes. There is thus a blessed continuity in the Church of Christ—a true apostolic succession. No sooner is the mandate given, “Remove the diadem, take off the crown,” than some other is served heir to it, some new shoulder ready for the burden, some fresh hand ready, as in the Olympic race of old, to snatch up the surrendered torch and bear it onward. “The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of those that published it.” As generation after generation passes away our text is repeated and illustrated: “And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.”

“Receive, brethren, in closing, my congratulations. My dear friend comes to you in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. His reliance is on a strength mightier than his own. Amid his trials and difficulties and

anxieties, I know that his feelings to-day are expressed and interpreted in words for the beauty of which I appeal, not to him, but to you, his future congregation:—

“I come not to avoid my care,
I come not to desert the strife;
I come to seek new strength to bear,
I fly to find new power for life.

“When noontide brings its work to all,
I find my task so hard to be,
That I would sink didst Thou not call,—
My strength is perfected in Thee.’”

* * * * *

On my way home I spent a night at York, to get an ever-genial breath of inspiration from the venerable Minster. What heads to plan! What hands to fabricate such a miracle in stone and lime! What patient, elaborate toil! Yes! “middle ages” indeed! “There were giants in those days.”

But home is always home; and, if it be not a sudden transition, let me here speak of some of its minor living appendages—the “*Dii minorum gentium*.”

I had, and have, a never-ceasing delight, during these my latter years of quiet retirement, in the beauty of nature in all its forms. I have already spoken of “my garden”; but, like a true lover, I like to recur to the object of my affections. If the reader wearies of my prolixity, I don’t. It is essentially on the roll of “the good friends I have known.” More and more I have made it an elaborate study, touched and retouched it with all the fond and fastidious care of an artist, in going back again and again on his picture—a nook to be corrected here, the turn of a walk there; a dash of golden colour here, the contrast of a purple beech there. I have even been guilty of the vile cockneyism of “artificial rocks” (tell it not to Mr. Ruskin). Then, what nurseries in all this

southern realm of England have I not explored? Veitch's at Norbiton, Lee's at Isleworth, Cripp's at Tunbridge Wells, Smith's at Worcester. While the very paths seem to smile at me in my oft-repeated visits to Young's at Milford. Well, ye give the most innocent, as well as delightful, of outings. Besides more potential reasons, I have no envious feelings towards Epsom and Ascot, Ryde or Henley, when I have *you*. A garden, with its trees and flowers and shrubberies, forms truly a part of that nature which, Wordsworth assures us, "never betrays." I hug you as the miser does his bags of gold. How far you remove one from "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"! No friends or friendship like you, no possibility of coldness or alienation, resentment or ingratitude, scornful word or unworthy deed. My dear plants! you illustrate indeed what others preach: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" No wonder that the Bible opens with a garden and closes with a garden.

So much for one of the tastes and delights of all my life long, but especially of old age. And now for another. That other is—if the two can be conjoined—the innocent happiness of little children. The *Saturday Review*, in its appreciative notice of "Taxwood," expresses its unhesitating conviction that the portraits of "the Laird" and the "child Daisy" could only be from real life. The reviewer was strictly correct; but whatever the originals were which floated in my mind, this I am sure of, that the picture was one essentially of myself and of a little fascinating Daisy nearer home. I am not ashamed to avow the unmistakable errands made at the time to the lower garden for a talk and walk with the tiny captivator.¹

* * * * *

¹ The sayings and doings of children have always had an amusing

One of larger growth—in humble life, but a heroine in her way—must have a place in my roll, not of the great, but of the good. She was an aged “good and faithful servant,” to whom partial neighbours gave the name of “Highland Mary.” She was one of those sterling “family pieces” that have the true ring of that virtue which the great poet has called “the law of kings,” but which fortunately has its place in the code of many a humble soul also. Conspicuously so was it in this case. By her fidelity and scrupulous frugality, she had added pittances from her wages to a money gift from an earlier friend, the amount confided to my keeping being between £500 and £600. She could not write, or read writing, or sign her name. What of that? She, worthy soul, if she only knew it, dignified labour. The old Scotchwoman, in dress and speech, was a puzzle and amusement to not a few in the vicinity. She was

fascination for me—many of them unspeakably droll. Goldsmith’s familiar lines often recalled, slightly altered,—

“And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all it knew.”

Many a little saying, many a big word, one would think incompatible with childhood. Here are two at a venture—and, let me say, my interlocutor of humble life on this occasion was not a pert child, otherwise her remark and reproof would have been somewhat unpardonable. She was a staid and sensible specimen of the genus. But where she obtained her legal knowledge and technical expression was, and is, a mystery to me. I was addressing to her very juvenile ears the delights of travelling in Switzerland, adding, “Who knows, Katie, but you and I, one of these days, may be there?” The reply was immediate, in rather solemn tones, “Oh, no, Doctor; that would not be right. That would be *eloping*!”

The other had an air of greater solemnity about it. One day—it matters not where—I was struck with the tinkling of a tiny bell. On turning the corner I saw two children—two small mourners. They were engaged in funeral rites over a chicken that had paid the debt of nature the day before. The extemporised coffin was a wooden box draped in black, and it would be perhaps profane to enter too minutely into the nature of the burial service, surplice included. I arrived in time to be a reverent spectator and worshipper.

credited with being upwards of a hundred years old, which deepened the interest and mystery. The Sunday paraphernalia was specially "pronounced"—indeed, portentous. Before she entered our service she had been a member of Sandyford.

"Who was your clergyman in the north?" asked our pastor here, one day, when he met her on the road.

Her answer was returned in a true Scotticism,—“Sir, for fifteen years I sat under the Doctor.”

“I hope,” was his ready reply, “he did not crush you.”

Only once was I really angry with her. That was when she carried out an original idea of her own, by ornamenting one morning my study grate with the large log of olive-wood I had cut on the Mount of Olives. She doubtless deemed it the best way of consecrating my apartment. I was only thankful it had not occurred in winter, in one of her fits of economy. In addition to her own broad Scotch, she attempted, on one occasion at least, to express herself in French. Speaking of a long wait for an expected friend, she told me she had been all day on the “kee vee” (*qui vive!*).

In this matter of language, let it be added, she was intolerant, almost to resentment, of the murdering and misplacement of the letter H by her English fellow-servants and tradesmen. As we have drifted into the subject, it must here be conceded that there are ample grounds for the impeachment, even when every acknowledgment is made of the polished manners of the humbler classes in England. I was hiring an excellent servant, who remained with us fourteen years. A near relative of hers came to see me, as she herself was at a distance, in her native Cornwall. I asked her name. His reply was utterly and altogether unintelligible. Again I asked. The rejoinder left me as bewildered as ever. “Would

you be kind enough to spell it?" was my reasonable request. Here was the reply: "Han, Wy, He, Ho." This left me only in an aggravated state of bamboozlement. At last the interpretation came. It was a good old Cornish name — Ann Yeo — mangled and burlesqued into "Han," "Wy," "He," "Ho"! Another. At a well-known large hotel, at a well-known watering-place in the south of England, there was one of those indispensable "lifts," of which I regularly availed myself. In descending one day, alone with the conductor, I asked him a question as to the safety and durability of the rope. He assured me of its strength. I continued: "How long do you suppose it will last?" Answer: "*For hever and haye.*"

I have just spoken of a unique personality in my faithful old Mary. The good old creature suggests two further personalities, equally unique in their way, and intimately connected with herself. This volume, I have said more than once, was written so as to include honourable mention of others. As a picture of family life, why should bipeds claim a monopoly, and quadrupeds be excluded? No. Two splendid specimens of the *genus* "dog" can never be dissociated from our "family life," and old Mary's maternal supervision. "Pepper" and "Nelson" had been identified with all the pleasures and cares of Loch Ard and Glasgow; and—why should I be ashamed to avow it?—they had a positive hold on our deepest affections. The former was a rough terrier—kinsman, at all events, to a Dandy Dinmont. He was bigger than his companion, and made no hesitation in asserting his superiority. Yet he was kind, gentle, considerate as an elder brother; and in their gambols never took unfair advantage, though often provoked to reprisals. He was up to anything and everything, from a swim of a mile across the loch, to a pedestrian feat of thirty miles on

his own hook to Glasgow. A postman of sinister visage seemed alone to rouse his antipathies. He knew the precise time of the letter-carrier's advent, and watched with erected ears at the window daily, for the sound of his footsteps. That dog had assuredly a conscience. He was sensible of his wrong-doings, and a penitential thud of his tail under the dining-room table revealed delinquencies. He always insisted on being present at family prayers; he knew exactly when the benediction came, and specially the "Amen," the utterance of which he took as the termination of enforced silence, and the permitted signal for furious barking. "Amen" on one occasion occurred before the termination of the chapter. He knew it well: the benediction was forestalled, and the service had to be suspended that morning. His companion survived him fourteen years. How he came to be called "Nelson," and what affinity he had with the hero of Trafalgar, will be a problem for antiquaries. He was not "of the stuff of which heroes are made." A lovely little creature, with long, silky hair of purest white, save a dash of delicate yellow on the tips of the ears, and two eyes of diamonds. He was the dearest tiny specimen of the canine race we ever saw. I believe he claimed, or others claimed for him, a Patagonian pedigree. He was nursed and fondled like a child. After reaching the advanced age of eighteen, he succumbed to the inevitable, and now sleeps under a rockery within sight of the windows, with the following words of George Eliot on a slab of terra cotta:—

NELSON.

"One of those benignant lovely creatures, that make a happy difference in the lives close around them."

—*George Eliot.*

It was the daily walk of poor old Highland Mary, to visit the primitive mausoleum of her favourite, with

something of the sailor's feeling in treading the spot on the deck of the *Victory*, which bears the inscription, "Here Nelson fell."

Let cynics quarrel with this last page if they like. I have no faith in the head or heart of those who are intolerant of dogs. Yes, I enrol you among my "good and great."

Though now eschewing meetings, public and private, drawing-room and otherwise, there was one departure made in a select gathering I attended (date unremembered) in the Deanery at Westminster. Of all contemporary poets, and certainly of American, Longfellow had ever been my favourite. An illustrated "*Evangeline*" was one of my oft-read volumes, and the interest never palled. I know not how I came to be put on the committee for a memorial to this sweet singer. But so it was. Lord Granville inaugurated the movement with a felicitous oration, at which I was also present; and a second meeting was held in the Deanery drawing-room, under Dr. Bradley's auspices—the whole culminating in a bust in the appropriate "Poet's Corner."

Several nice friends, from time to time, broke the monotony of home life with longer and shorter sojourns. Among others we had more than one forenoon visit from Sir George Lawrence. In genuine and hearty kindness, he was not the least of that family of heroes. His tragic struggle, with its long captivity at Cabul, is now historic, and his own volume on the same is one of thrilling interest. Alas, for the caprice of that indeterminate name and quantity, "*the Public*"! While not a few books of most ephemeral worth and interest find their numerous readers, works which ought to be fervently received, and worthy of permanent life, are not unfrequently dismissed with scant justice. Such was his experience. His book was in all respects admirable, and if it had

not been that it was a narrative of rigid *facts*, I would call it *sensational*. It has all the fascination of a romance. There is a wonderful brotherhood among soldiers, and specially Christian soldiers. Knowing of one who, while he lived, was greatly to his liking—heart beating to heart—I took him to Beckenham to see the monument erected by Miss Marsh to the memory of Hedley Vicars, in the Parish Church, with the appropriate motto-verse inscribed under the honoured name—

“O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.”

We had not many literary friends in our Kent neighbourhood, but among these was a gifted novelist who more than once found her way to Ravensbrook—the well-known authoress of “John Halifax, Gentleman.” Her husband was one of my oldest acquaintances—indeed, from youth upward. She was very simple, kind, unassuming, with none of the pretentious airs of a “celebrity.” She was, besides, a gifted musician, and, specially, no Scottish song was strange to her. Her abode—“The Corner House”—was about four miles distant from us—quaint, beautiful, and in no small way the haunt of art. She sleeps the long sleep in a primitive, picturesque country churchyard—a true “Poet’s Corner.”

I have talked in the preceding pages of meetings and gatherings. May I here include a home “reception”—one of a very different and very primitive kind—enjoyed to the full more than once by us. I have no right to call it an assemblage of either good or great; certainly not of the latter, for it was entirely composed of those who bear the honourable title of “Christ’s poor.” The congregation of our church, in the absence of any claimant of poverty

in this favoured corner of Kent, had assumed charge and supervision of one of the most destitute districts in the south side of London. Penury of an appalling kind was relieved, and what was more, and better than all, personal sympathy was in very practical shape manifested for struggling families, and response given to the bitter cry! Both ladies and gentlemen, inspired with enthusiasm for "the poor also, and him that hath no helper," consecrated their energies with a rare self-denial. The results, specially in the case of the mothers' and women's weekly meeting, which took place in a defunct chapel, leased for the purpose, were fruitful of good. It was always one happy holiday to these toiling and moiling sufferers, to come out and breathe the free air of Chislehurst. A much-respected family of the parish provided for them with sumptuous hospitality. It was something to talk about the whole year through. One supreme difficulty with very many was the want of tolerable garments. But London is equal to all emergencies. There exist, in the midst of poverty-stricken districts, shops or stores for impecunious customers innocent of wardrobe, where they can be rigged out for the day in borrowed plumes. Our part in the entertainment was of a very fragmentary character, but the good souls, as unaccustomed to trees and flowers as to millinery, dearly liked (from 150 to 180 of them) to walk through my garden. They all were most deferential, happy, and grateful. One only of this regiment of Southwark women was on one occasion a little—indeed, not a little—pretentious, both in loud tones of dress and conversation. I headed the party, pointing out some shrubs and trees, with their respective names. The born leader of the battalion followed close up with an assumption of precedence. "Here," said I to the company in general, "is a favourite tree of mine. I shall give you its name. It is *the Chinese Golden Juniper*."

"Oh yes, I know," said my pretentious follower; "I know it well—the Chinese Golden *Jupiter*!"

Another group were taken down to the lower dell, and for their delectation I had let on the stream, which came briskly down over some artificial rocks, making really a tolerable waterfall. One of these innocent friends had evidently never seen such a phenomenon in her life. She was transfixed with amazement—dumb before the prodigy. But at last she gave expression to her feelings in two words: "Good gracious!"

What of all the pleasure of life is equal to *giving* pleasure, and in so cheap and easy a form? I must not forget, in chronicling one of these small memories, the unanimous request to see "the dear old lady." This was old Highland Mary, whom they also credited with a century on her shoulders. Nor did I undeceive them. Out she came, leaning on my arm. The cry arose: "There she comes!" A lane was formed, and she received the homage, in a small way, that would have been accorded to one of her Celtic chieftainesses. It was the red-letter day of her life.¹

I may here record, in passing, my own thankful possession of "normal" health and vigour, and for this I must pay a passing tribute to galvanism. I attribute, greatly, present immunity from what are, after all, very trifling ailments (for from illness, in the true sense of the word, I am mercifully free), to the treatment described by the good old Dundee woman (though she gave by mistake the wrong word) as "shocks of Calvinism." Let neither her nor me be mistaken for austere Puritans. Galvanism and Calvinism are both good in their way, when not

¹ "I love a person like that immensely. I know nothing more beautiful than such a faithful old being going about in a household, who really lives only in taking interest in what concerns her master's family—in feeling for them and with them. Greet this dear old soul."—*Jenny Lind's Life. Letter to Madame Wichmann*, vol. ii. p. 351.

carried too far, although a monster shock, in either case, kills as well as cures.

This chapter seems to be made up of scraps, odds and ends, where chronology, too, is set at defiance, and singular transitions are made, from the conspicuous to the inconspicuous. I shall close with the most pronounced transition of all, for surely no bound can be greater than that from Highland Mary and her worshippers, and Calvinism, to the Archbishop of Canterbury!

The late Archbishop Tait was, by a very long way, my favourite on the Bench. Not so because he was a Scotchman, and had won his first spurs in the University of Glasgow; but he was a cosmopolitan. He dignified, as none other had done, the Chair of Canterbury. He ruled, with a mild but efficient despotism, the whole fraternity of which he was the head; and the *confrères* of the Upper House, however differing occasionally from his views, were at one in doing homage to his character and worth. I did not know him. Scotch parsons have few opportunities of coming in contact with Anglican dignitaries, much less with their distinguished Primate. But in addition to honouring him during his long career, I happened to be under special obligation to him, indirectly, immediately before his last illness, for his kindness and condescension to a friend who sought and readily obtained his counsel, and my name, I know, helped the suit. I am about to record a piece of great, but, in the circumstances, may I call it pardonable, presumption. I was calling for a relative at Croydon. Croydon was within easy access of Addington, where the great Prelate was dying, beyond hope of recovery. I thought I might dare, with that recent kind act fresh in my mind—and I did dare—to leave my card at the house of death. The sequel I did not deem presumption. It was a wintry day, with snow on the ground. No ordinary one-horse conveyance was equal

to the heavy roads. But I readily departed from my more primitive habit, and with a pair drove across to the churchyard at Addington to mingle with the large crowd, from royal princes to lowly cottagers, which gathered round the modest place of burial in paying tribute to the departed. How touching were the words sung with the gushing memories of his sorely chequered life and successive family bereavements—words which he himself had so treasured in life, and which now formed the most impressive part of the last requiem:—

“And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”
* * * * *

At a later date I made a pilgrimage to Canterbury Cathedral. All that old historic building was full of interest, though the mere architecture (I speak specially of the chancel) is inferior to several others of the great “sisterhoods” of the Middle Ages. It is a jumble of Norman and Gothic (the Transition period). The main point of attraction to me was not the localities and associations, real or mythical, connected either with Augustine or Thomas à Becket, but the impressive marble sarcophagus—a most befitting memorial to the good Archbishop. It is a fine specimen of the artistic power of Boehm—calm, dignified. The simplicity of the statue is aided by contrast with a somewhat florid, but very handsome, pedestal of varied marbles. It cost £3,000. It is close under the window filled with stained glass by Dean Stanley, to commemorate his journeyings in Sinai and Palestine. Here was a befitting sequel to Addington Churchyard. I looked with profound emotion on this “Father in God” taking his rest in sleep. I only missed the presence and aid of Canon Cadman, who had, not long before, given me a warm invitation to see him in Canterbury. The latter had married me in St. Luke’s, Chelsea, forty years before, and had

strong and sacred links of affection with all my wife's family. But he, too, at the time of my visit to the great Kentish Cathedral, had joined "the majority." Cadman was one of the strong—the strongest props of the Evangelical party—calm, devout, wise, judicious; his personal religion of an elevated kind. He was well worthy of his canonry, and had "the powers that be," of the time being, been favourable, he would assuredly have had his deserved place in the higher bench of dignitaries. But the Master he faithfully served saw otherwise, and called him to the higher ministries of the Church above.

* * * *

[The Editor is here for once forbidden to claim a discretionary right to *exclude* what follows, sacred as it is, and not intended, when written, to go beyond a private record. It would gratify the writer that it should be preserved exactly as it stands.]

"RAVENSBRICK, *April*, 1887.

"I cannot close these personal jottings without *one* reference and testimony of a very special kind. What, dearest A——, would *my* life, and that of your dear mother, have been without you—your tender, loving, dutiful ways, by word and deed? With a devotion in which self had no consideration, or rather was thrust too pertinaciously aside, have you kept watch and ward over us, blessing and brightening the livelong day with your cheerfulness and smiles, absolutely no thought but that of duty, love, daughter-consecration. Much, natural to a young life, has been cheerfully and resolutely surrendered for our sake. Your one happiness has been to try to ensure ours—ministering angel that you are! No wonder that my long 'April day' has had more sunshine than cloud in it! God will reward you. We cannot, except by undying affection. I might well put, as I did, on the fly-leaf of my

last gift: 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' "

[Let it be here added, that the years which have elapsed since the above words were written, have only deepened and intensified their truth an hundredfold. These wavelets—golden wavelets of dearest love—will ripple on for ever!]

XVII

MY BOOKS

THE following "notes" were dashed off evidently during some idle hours, when the pen, generally busy, was claiming a holiday. With truth may be appropriated the familiar assertion—of their being "written with no thought whatever of publication." Had it been otherwise, they would doubtless have been cast in a different shape from what may be called that of an honest gossip. They may, however, here find a not unsuitable place, nor be denounced as intruders. Let them be taken as a plain-spoken record of my publishing experiences. Being the experiences of what, without presumption, may be called a successful author, the April day described may give heart and hope and warning to others, besides having an interest of its own to the uninitiated.

NOTES ON MY BOOKS.

I pass over the volumes, some of them of larger, some of tinier growth, that had their birth in the quiet rural "studies" of Kettins and St. Madoes. Among these were what have been already mentioned, "The Faithful Promiser," "Morning and Night Watches," "The Woodcutter of Lebanon," "The Footsteps of St. Paul," etc. I had added, too, to my series of *Tracts*, which in their lowly way had proved widely useful, "A Tract on Baptism," "A Harvest Tract," and a "Tract for Soldiers." This last had a gratifying association and patronage. A

well-known speaker, in the course of an address in Exeter Hall, London—these are the words of his reported speech—said, “I have unquestionable information that the Duke of Wellington recommended and ordered to be circulated in the army a tract called ‘A Tract for Soldiers,’ rich in practical and Evangelical Christianity.”

I prefer, however, occupying these jottings with maturer work in Glasgow.

1856.

“MEMORIES OF BETHANY”

(Now [1887] in its 57th thousand.)

First book published after going to Glasgow, and after preaching the series of discourses it contains (generally in the forenoon) to a more limited audience in Sandyford. It was carefully thought over, arranged and preached in St. Madoes; but re-written and expanded for the Glasgow congregation. Its characteristic is its perfect simplicity. I never dreamt of its success, wonderful circulation, and, what is better, its blessing. My old friend Sheriff Arkley led off the chorus of thanks (it was a voluntary expression, for I had not sent him a copy). But he wrote warmly from Geneva, and referred specially to the chapter on “Second Causes.” He shortly before had lost, by sad accident, his only son—the heir of his name and property. The series of chapters evolved naturally in that lovely gospel *Idyll* made it unique in its way, and helped its acceptance.

One singular and gratifying result of it was the offer, on the part of the family of my deceased friend John Macgregor, who heard all the series, to put in a large memorial “Bethany window” in Sandyford Church. It was executed by Wailes, of Newcastle, and cost £300. It is filled exactly with the succession of incidents described in “Memories of Bethany.” The large north window fronting the pulpit.

As previously noted, for many years the later editions of this volume have been graced by a steel engraving of "the Sisters of Bethany," taken from an enlarged photograph of my dear friend Warrington Wood's marble group.

1857.

"MEMORIES OF GENNESARET."

This formed the second volume published after going to Glasgow.

The origin of the volume, as mentioned in the Introduction, was reading the charming description given by Dean Stanley in my favourite of many favourite volumes of his—"Sinai and Palestine,"—the chapter he names "Gennesaret and the Land of Gennesaret." I at once saw what a full and instructive picture I could attempt inserting in the beautiful frame already made by him. I grouped, in chronological order, Sunday after Sunday, the memories of that lake-shore and their spiritual teachings. I had a great stimulus and incentive in composing these discourses, for during their delivery (almost always in the afternoon) the vast area of the church was densely crowded. The volume was handsomely brought out by Nisbet, with a frontispiece of "the Lake" by Birket Foster. The success was immediate; and as I write these lines, the circulation attained is something like 27,000. The reviews were very gratifying and encouraging. Even the *Free Church Witness* joined in the chorus of satisfaction. Also Dean Stanley, to whom I had the boldness to send a copy, was not behind in kind words of approval.

The end of this year likewise saw the "Bow in the Cloud" published, elsewhere described.

All my books from this time, including "Gennesaret," were read and corrected in proof by my beloved brother Alexander. He always assured me it was a pleasure and enjoyment to him.

1858.

"GRAPES OF ESHCOL."

This had been so far thought out, and several portions made use of in the pulpit at St. Madoes. But the ideas and themes were greatly added to, and were utilized as *simple meditative addresses* now and then in the forenoon, at Sandyford, when the congregation was never so large. The volume is a succession of meditations on the glories of heaven—Eshcol clusters, with no attempt at "fine writing"—what would rather be suited to a sick-bed sufferer, or offer quiet solace to those mourning their "loved and lost." My friend Mr. Watson got it up tastefully, in title page, and with antique heading to each chapter. It met with acceptance far beyond my expectations, or its own merits. But I know it has gladdened more than one sick-bed and death-bed.

Some of its opening chapters were, at Dr. Norman Macleod's earnest wish, inserted in the very earliest numbers of *Good Words*. The "Final Rest" will be found in *Good Words*, No. I., his starting number.

It has now reached a circulation approaching 20,000. The name was a happy one, and doubtless helped it.

1859.

"THE HART AND THE WATERBROOKS." *A Practical Exposition of the 42nd Psalm.*

This, too, was a favourite child of St. Madoes. I think it was Harrington Evans' words quoted on the title page which first suggested it, and it was lovingly taken up, meditated on, and expanded. The whole was recast and improved, and, of course, preached in Glasgow—some of the meditations with acceptance and blessing. I was helped in its inception by my dear venerable old friend Mrs. Hay, of Killiecrankie, showing me, as previously

noted, on a visit to her in her home of unrivalled beauty, the Bible belonging to the great Marquis of Argyle, which had come into her possession. I was much struck by his markings of the 42nd Psalm: some verses with a single, others with a double mark.

This book, too, has well-nigh reached its 20th thousand.

1860.

“SUNSETS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.” *Being some of the more prominent Biographies of Sacred Story viewed from Life's Close.*

A poetical and fanciful, yet, on the whole, happy title. They were entirely “*excogitated*” for Sandyford, and were generally delivered to the crowded congregation in the afternoon, of course alternated with other themes. I had great pleasure in preparing the volume. One of them at least, though by no means the best, had a very sacred interest to me as linked with the past—that on old Simeon. In another shape I had often used it. (*Ille dies!*) “*Sunsets*,” too, has had a wonderful acceptance, far beyond my thoughts (now 21st thousand).

I was much amused, as well as gratified, by an attestation. When we were travelling, as described, very delightfully in the north of Ireland, we met one day an Irish colporteur with his large boxful, or trunk, of books, great and small. He was greatly interested when he heard that some of the volumes he had in his pack owned me for their author. On asking him which of all my books was most in favour, the answer came in a moment, with the most unhesitating volley of Irish enthusiasm and brogue—“‘*Soonsets on the Haibrew Mountains.*’”

1861-2.

I cannot recall any special volumes these years. I think they must have given birth to some smaller and

less important ones; such as "*Ploughman's Text Book*," "*Tales of the Warrior Judges*," the latter a Sunday book for boys, suggested to me by my dear friend, Rev. William Robertson, of Hamilton, one of the grandest of men, and most powerful of preachers, cut off in his vigorous prime; "*Story of Bethlehem*," a book for children, very beautifully illustrated by Thomas. Also "*Thoughts of God*," which has had similar remarkable success accorded to other devotional books. Indeed, the volume of that sort which is my own favourite, is when the two are bound together for morning and evening. "*The Thoughts of God and the Words of Jesus*." A very poor book of sacred poetry must have been composed at Loch Ard at this time—"Curfew Chimes." Save the dedication verses, it was altogether unworthy, and is long ago suppressed. What was worth anything in it is engrossed in the "*Gates of Praise*."

1863.

"THE PROPHET OF FIRE. *The Life and Times of Elijah*."

The subject exactly suited me—pictorial and descriptive, and the grand character that was its theme, full of varied interest. It was my dear mother's favourite, and her verdict was always seen to be an unerring one. It was altogether a Sandyford production, preached generally in the afternoons. I do not think, long as the series was, that the dear people got weary of it. As a volume it received very favourable—too favourable—notice on both sides of the Tweed. It was chapter XIII.—"*The Seven Thousand*"—which drew forth the interesting letter as described in next page. Earl Russell (Lord John) was one of the worshippers in Kinclaven Church, where I preached the same sermon.

Sir John Gilbert made a noble drawing, which I still possess, for a frontispiece, "the Great Elijah," with the fiery symbols close by.

Note on "PROPHET OF FIRE."

The enclosed letter is of an interest of its own. It will speak for itself. It is from the father of the now widely-known Rev. Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, whose sermons came with a new power to me, as they did to many.

I took care honestly, but in the most delicate way, in writing in reply to his cousin (who opened the correspondence), and subsequently to the venerable father in Cheltenham, to state my inability to accept all the theological views in these wonderful and altogether unique discourses, at the same time expressing my great esteem for his ministerial character, his genius, and rare spiritual insight. This will explain the references in the letter I have sacredly kept, of the father of a gifted son.—J. R. M.

"RODNEY HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
"7th Dec., 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"My cousin, Robert Robertson, of Gourock, has forwarded to me your letter confirming our belief that in page 199 of your 'Prophet of Fire,' you had him in view of whom I am the honoured father. His 'Life and Letters,' which it appears you are in possession of, will further show how right you have been in likening his temperament to that of Elijah's. All, indeed, you have written in allusion to one who appears to me to have been at times 'caught up in the third heaven,' is very touching, very true. 'The converted sceptic in humble attire' is one who, when my son went to Brighton, was 'something more than a sceptic.' One Sunday he went to Trinity Chapel 'to hear what the new preacher had to say!' Ever after he attended the chapel, inducing young men to go with him. The morning after his funeral, this 'converted sceptic,' at dawn of day, was seen with

his family, weeping over the grave! This anecdote—a fact—appeared in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* of July and August, 1857, in a short memoir of Mr. Robertson.

“I am quite aware that many differ in theological ‘views’ with my sainted dear one—indeed, it is difficult now-a-days to find any two men wholly agreeing—still, men so differing, as in your own case, unite in testifying to his being one of ‘the great and good.’ Not only his sermons, but his ‘Life and Letters’ show with what adoring love he clung to Christ as his ‘Redeemer and his God.’ His view of vicarious *suffering*—not vicarious PUNISHMENT of God’s dear Son, *with whom He was well pleased*—is gaining ground; it not being simply the blood that satisfied God, but the willingness with which that blood was shed; the *self-sacrifice* of the sinless, atoning for the sins of the whole world! I think I state his ‘views’ correctly. I confess they appear to me more consonant with the dealings of One whose name is ‘Love,’ than that of a father *punishing* his eldest son for the transgressions of his brothers, while he was faultless in that father’s sight.

“It is verily gratifying to us of his family and very many friends that men of various ‘views’—High Church and Low Church—among these eight bishops, should have subscribed to put up a stained glass window to his memory, in the Chapel of his college at Oxford!—Brasenose.

“My son, as you will perceive, had Scotch blood in his veins, in reading the accompanying *brochure*, ‘The Landing of the French in Jersey’; my father there alluded to having been born in Glasgow.

“That my departed dear one should have had a predilection for the army is but natural, when his grandfather and his father were soldiers; his father’s brother a captain in the Engineers, who died in the West Indies in 1813,

and his two brothers in the army, one now a colonel of Engineers, the other, who died eighteen months ago, a captain in the Rifle Brigade—formerly of the 60th Rifles—another a captain of Militia! But I doubt not I was directed from above to decide upon his doing the work as an Ambassador of Christ, as the vast good he has done, and is doing, fully testifies.

“I venture to send, herewith, for your acceptance, some memorial papers, which are of a size corresponding with that of the volumes of sermons.

“I have, as you kindly permitted, made a note at page 199 of ‘The Prophet of Fire,’ that the ‘illustrious minister’ is F. W. R., of Trinity Chapel, Brighton.

“I am,

“Faithfully and obliged,

“FREDERICK ROBERTSON,

“*Retired Captain, R.A.*

“You will see in the Life that my son finished his education in Edinboro’.”

1865.

“THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.”

This, too, was alike a favourite subject and a favourite book, and gave occasion for varied presentation of doctrine from the Bible emblem. It may be regarded by some to be too thoroughly Calvinistic in the teaching of a few of its chapters. But that has not affected or arrested its circulation in England or elsewhere. Also another to which my mother was partial—the chapter on entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death, read by my dear brother Alexander to his dying wife. The original frontispiece was from a careful drawing by Sir Noël Paton—the foundation of the large oil-painting subsequently commissioned by the Queen—the Saviour bearing the lamb entangled

in thorns in His arm. It is now in its 17th thousand.

1867.

“MEMORIES OF OLIVET.”

This volume was the earliest result of my tour to the Holy Land—an event, for many years to come, of great assistance in my writings. Several of the chapters which compose it had been preached in Sandyford. The name and volume had *mentally* taken shape, indeed been resolved on, previous to the journey. When, on our first Sunday in Jerusalem, I asked my good friend, Mr. Fergusson, to accompany me alone after morning service to the Mount of Olives, and spend the remainder of that “Sabbath on the Mount,” I had, long before (D.V.) determined on thus devoting some quiet and delightful hours; and, indeed, of jotting down such notes and observations on the spot, which might after, in their unaltered or almost unaltered form, compose the Introduction to the projected volume when issued in autumn. This desire I was enabled, with the greatest comfort, to accomplish. No wonder, after this explanation, that I had a special interest in a book so associated, and whose contents travelled over so much that is of moment, both in Old and New Testament association!

I tried inadequately to give from my own sketch a frontispiece of “Olivet as it was in our Lord’s time,” including, though doubtful, the “Red Heifer Bridge.”

1868.

“NOONTIDE AT SYCHAR.”

When standing one afternoon, in March of the previous year, by the *Well of Jacob*, I saw an Arab woman bearing on her head a pitcher, to draw water (so strangely suggestive on the spot), I said to one of my companions, Dr. S—— (and the thought had *not* occurred till that

moment), "When I get home, if I am spared, I shall write a book on '*Jacob's Well*.'" The purpose was faithfully carried out. Alternating with other themes, I had great pleasure in making that most beautiful, picturesque fourth chapter of St. John, so full of Gospel truth and lessons, my subject for Sandyford pulpit in the winter and spring of 1868.

The book, more from its theme than its treatment, has had a gratifying success (14th thousand). The vignette is from a careful drawing of my own on the spot, made at leisure, while an Arab was despatched to the village to obtain a rope that would enable us to bring up a bucket of water.

On reaching Glasgow in the summer of 1867, after our tour, I happened to meet that good man Mr. Maccallum, of the Religious Institution Rooms. He thus accosted me: "Eh, doctor, hae ye been at *the Well*?" (as if nothing else in the world, or at least the Palestine world, was of any interest to him compared to this). When the volume was published, I sent him a copy with these words on the fly-leaf: "Dear sir, you once asked me the question—'Doctor, have you been at the Well?' Here is the reply."

1869.

"MEMORIES OF PATMOS."

In sailing through the Archipelago, I put the question to the civil captain of the steamer: "I presume we do not go near Patmos?" "There it is," was his prompt reply, pointing in the far distance to a miniature Arran, over which the sun was setting. He little knew that his answer made him responsible for a coming volume. For there and then it was resolved on—the name, too, being in rather happy harmony with the "memory" predecessors.

It was a difficult theme to manage; but, as explained in the Preface, it was not my object to follow the steps of apocalyptic soothsayers, but to cull, for practical illustration and enforcement, some of the most beautiful visions and passages. I think I sustained the interest of the congregation. It has proved a successful volume, and seems still to keep its hold. The frontispiece was from a hurried sketch of my own, made at that moment from the deck of the steamer, and which my dear brother William put really into quite Turneresque shape and effect.

1870.

“COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE.”

Rather a favourite of my own, and to which the outside Christian world of readers has responded. The name was a happy one, and the full verse, of which it formed a part, made an appropriate key-note or motto-verse to the wondrous “repertory” of Divine promises heading each chapter. There is no attempt at powerful or “fine writing” (unlovable things) in the book. It is more a series of simple expositions and meditations. It was helped both by my design on binding and the lovely frontispiece of the well-known artist. The Introduction is a careful vindication of the “*one* Isaiah,” *versus* the disruption of the book by modern criticism; and from my own view I have never seen reason to depart.

1871.

“ST. PAUL IN ROME.”

A volume in which I took a great interest. But, being already specially referred to at the close of the seventeenth chapter, I need not dwell on it here. I dedicated the work to Warrington Wood, who was often a worshipper in the tiny “Tabernacle” outside the Porto del Popolo; and the frontispiece of St. Paul’s Tomb was both good and appro-

priate. The well-known Roman bookseller on the Piazza di Spagna still keeps on a local sale.

1872.

“HEALING WATERS OF ISRAEL. *The Story of Naaman the Syrian.*”

This was the first of my volumes out of harness.

It had been preached in a series of sermons the year after I came to Glasgow. But I laid it quite aside, to be possibly taken up, and improved, recast and amplified, at some future time. Having no other special work in hand, I got engrossed with it during the winter spent at Norwood, when my new house was being built at Chislehurst. A lodging—the deprivation of a quiet study, and all my books locked away—was not favourable for any literary or theological work. I toiled through it, not with much comfort. Even the name was one that had nothing novel or distinctive about it. The volume, notwithstanding, has done fairly well, and I trust its practical tone has made it a blessing. I never ranked it among my *favourites*; though Mr. Spurgeon, in his “Comment and Commentaries for Students,” is kind enough to say of it: “Here we have Dr. Macduff at his best.”

When it was passing through the press, I gave the chapter on “The Little Maid” to my friend Warrington Wood, to help him with the same subject in sculpture, at which he was then busy. It was not, however, one of his happiest efforts.

1873.

“CLEFTS OF THE ROCK.”

No author—no preacher is judge of his own writings or sermons. This, I hoped, was to be the most stable of my books. It has proved, and I believe rightly so,

the least successful. Others, I expected less from, have mounted to their 15th or 20th thousand. This has only reached its modest fourth. The name I deemed a happy one; and, as I thought, much careful writing was bestowed on the all-embracing theme. But I quite believe the public judgment was correct. It was too doctrinal, and little scope left for descriptive illustration, which was the forte of many of the others. I always recall, however, my able and learned friend Dr. Jamieson of Glasgow's note—deeming it “my best.” I certainly published it with that impression, and with the wish that it should be a kind of *résumé* and *epitome* of my pulpit work and doctrinal teaching. The preface was brief, but in its way interesting.

1876.

“GATES OF PRAYER.”

A happy enough name for a book of private prayers. But it was altogether a failure. Written in a totally wrong key—too flowery and ornate—and devoid of the simplicity so requisite in such a volume. An edition of 10,000 was thrown off. But I petitioned my ever-kind and considerate friend Watson to get rid of or destroy it, in order that I might recast and simplify—which he generously did. It is, of course, much better than it was—and one notable thing about it is—that, of all my *recent* books, it has had the widest circulation in America.

It was followed two years afterwards by my most careful book of poetry, “GATES OF PRAISE.” Both were identical in size, shape, and decorative binding. On this book I bestowed much pains, and many of the notices were gratifying. Spurgeon's is characteristic: “Our soul is burdened with the poor ‘try’ which is daily sent to us. We are therefore the more pleased when, amid the mountains of rubbish, we now and then find a jewel.

When we light upon one good poem amid 10,000, we are charmed indeed. This has been the case while we have had the 'Gates of Praise' before us."—*Sword and Trowel*.

Any kind thing Mr. Spurgeon has said of my books (and that is often the case) is all the more gratifying, as it is no result of personal acquaintance. We had never met.

I had published a small book or "booklet" of poetry some years before, which I have omitted to mention, "Altar Stones"—not up to the mark. A few respectable, one or two good. The last hymn in the volume is one which has found its way now into many Church collections, "*Christ is coming! let Creation,*" etc. But I believe others would be found better. A book of verse, long antecedent to these, "*The Wells of Baca,*" or solaces of the Christian mourner, with other thoughts on bereavement, has attained a circulation considerably upwards of 30,000.

1877.

"FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PETER."

This is a companion volume to "Footsteps of St. Paul." It makes little or no claim to originality. Indeed, as fully stated in Preface, I have laid all available books under contribution—my aim, as in the other, being to make a readable and interesting narrative for *youth*. Some notices were a little severe on this, but others spoke very favourably. It was not a subject I took kindly to personally. But it has been an ample success, and includes much that is interesting, specially in St. Peter's later life. It doubtless will survive, when other worthier volumes of mine collapse.

1878.

"BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN."

This is, beyond all comparison, my favourite and best

work; that which has been most complementarily and *brilliantly* reviewed. And yet, many a night, after its publication, I went sorrowful to bed, brooding over a disastrous *failure*! The book was written for *youth*. Yet it was quite well adapted for all ages. I was at great pains with it—took great delight in writing it—and never for a moment doubted it would come to be known and received as my most useful and successful volume. It was amply illustrated—and, I thought, in a novel, artistic way—by my friend Mr. Rowan. Type good, and binding attractive; and thus floated, on admirable criticisms both here and in America, I forecasted, with God's blessing, an ample future for it. Alas! year by year passed, and I myself, adding to the advertisements of the publishers, was only grievously out of pocket. It was, and is, a mystery. The original price (7s. 6d.) doubtless was against it. Possibly, too, the *name*—add to this the number of volumes on the same great theme. I was much discouraged. An idea struck me—willingly to abandon all expectation or wish for remuneration for my own long toil and thought, and, rather than that the book should go to utter wreck and failure, get out a cheap shilling edition, in paper covers. This my publishers kindly did, issuing one of the same in limp covers. The success of this experiment was better than I expected, 56,000 being now sold in all. I myself sent a copy to each city missionary, both in London and Glasgow. I am constantly receiving approving and encouraging letters about it. But I honestly avow I have never yet recovered the disappointment of its first years of publication. I still adhere to my perhaps too partial verdict, and cherish the hope it may be among the few volumes that will survive its author. The figurative *name* was well carried out in the chapters.

Ah! it was the first of future ominous clouds in the publishing sky.

1879.

"EVENTIDE AT BETHEL."

This I took to as kindly as to "Brighter than the Sun," and the reviewers and readers stamped it with peculiar approval. It was no mere compendium of sermons, but a book altogether freshly written. Its foundation, indeed, was a sermon on "Jacob's ladder," dating from the dear Kettins days: the inspiration for which I got from my ever-to-be-reverenced old "Uncle Tom." I well remember with what gleaming eyes he compared the silken couches and unquiet sleep of the monarchs of the earth that night, with those of the wanderer, with his pillow of stone and angel dreams. Mr. Rowan made a most happy and beautiful frontispiece, showing his power and artistic delicacy. Certainly, but with humility and gratitude, I place "Eventide" on the same shelf with "Brighter." I trust it has proved a healthy and invigorating present for young men. So I have been often told. America was as hearty as England in its critiques and reception. I must add that a further inducement to write it was as a companion volume to "*Noontide at Sychar*." They are bound together—"An Old and New Testament Story of Providence and Grace." "Sychar," however (though inferior), being the *New Testament*, exceeds it in circulation.

1879.

"PALMS OF ELIM."

Compilations are never a success, and, indeed, do an author much harm. My good friend Mr. Watson warned me of this, when in his homely advice he said: "Oh, no; you will do yourself wrong: the public will think you *pumped out*!"

It was not, however, with reference to this volume he said so, for he took to it. The name I had selected in

the St. Madoes days, as a companion to the "Grapes of Eshcol." It lay dormant all these years, and at last it came out, partially with new matter, but mainly composed of suitable extracts from all my other volumes. It was this volume which Miss Havergal, besides a letter to myself, in her last pencilled note written on her death-bed, spoke so kindly of to her publisher as being the one, next to the "Faithful Promiser," she liked best of my books. The name is all that could be wished. I only wonder that it and "Grapes" were never taken before by another. The woodcuts and binding, for which I am responsible, are in harmony, and doubtless helped it to a fair acceptance. But only fair, and no more.

1880.

"IN CHRISTO: *The Monogram of St. Paul.*"

One Wednesday evening I went up to Christ Church Schoolroom to hear a lecture or address by a gifted Christian layman, Mr. James Crowther, author of several popular books. His subject that evening led him to speak of the Roman Catacombs, and the frequency of the inscription IN CHRISTO. A new book was then and there resolved on, retaining the suggestive name! It has met with fair success, not more. Can the Latin title have deterred "simple readers"? The theme is a fresh and varied one. Perhaps from lack of scenery and description, and being more doctrinal, it fails in interest. It was altogether freshly written, and no old material incorporated.

1880.

"STORY OF A DEWDROP."

Published in quite sumptuous shape, with full-page chromo-lithographs, and handsome binding. It was most warmly reviewed. But, alas! it was simply too dear (5s.)

for the amount of matter, and it did not succeed; was, I fear, a heavy loss to the publishers: both to them and to me a disappointing failure. But they were not deterred from further ventures. First, "ANCHOR AND HAVEN," some of my smaller poems and hymns in an attractive form. Then followed "BIBLE FORGET-ME-NOTS," now, as previously stated, in its 301st thousand: a success, in the brief time, quite unprecedented, I believe, in the trade!

1881.

"HOSANNAHS OF THE CHILDREN."

I had long wished to put some of the rude jottings I had of "Children's Sermons," or fragments of sermons in Sandyford, into a volume form. I did so, and selected as the appropriate title: "*The Little Sanctuary*." My old respected colleague in Glasgow, Dr. Raleigh, beautifully anticipated me in the name, and I had to fall back on the above (not far behind the forfeited one), taken from the opening sermon in the volume. I believe I fettered myself unduly with old scraps. It would have been easier and better to have written, as in "Bethel," the whole volume afresh. The book is tastefully and handsomely got up, dedicated to one of my oldest and warmest friends. Somehow or other it was not the success I anticipated. Indeed, about this time the tide was beginning ominously to turn. My list in Nisbets' hand was getting quite overburdened and overloaded, and the public (who could blame them?) were getting tired and sated with one who had prated to them so long. A long-suffering public truly you have been to me! I have nothing to retaliate but gratitude, and *Soli Deo Gloria*.

1882.

"STORY OF A SHELL."

Feeling always a kindly side for descriptive and pic-

torial writing, and perhaps with the devout imagination that I had a niche in writing for the young, I boldly essayed the above—an imaginative sea-story: I believe, so I was told, like "Alice in Wonderland," of which book, however, to this hour, I have never seen the outside. The failure of this volume was a dismal disappointment; and that fatal, despotic ruler of all authors known as "*The Trade*" simply ignored it. It was "not my vocation," I was "stepping aside from my allotted sphere," and so forth; and I and the publishers had to bow. We had no weapons to fight the autocrat. What is the result? I had fondly hoped for many happy hours' work in similar "pastures new." But I reeled at once under the blow. The Nisbets have brought out a cheap shilling edition, which I fear, too, is doomed. In a word, both "Story of a Dewdrop" and "Story of a Shell" had burial honours fired over their grave, and "*Hic jacet*" is the epitaph on the shelves in Berners Street. Rowan's frontispiece was simply perfect, and ought to have redeemed the book.

Dear, undiscerning public! I cannot thank you for the cold shoulder after our intimacy of half a century. I am beginning, at times of authorship-despondency, to wonder if it had not been well for me to have been, as Sir Walter Scott describes the Hermit of Prague, "one who never saw either pens or ink!" Here is, perhaps, a too truthful bit from Oliver Wendell Holmes: "There must be others—I am afraid many others—who will exclaim, 'He has had his day, and why can't he be content? We don't want literary *revenants*, superfluous veterans, writers who have worn out their welcome, and still insist on being attended to. Give us something fresh—something that belongs to our day and generation. Your morning draught was well enough, but we don't care for your evening slip-slop. You are not in relation with

us—with our time, our ideas, our aims, our aspirations.’”

I may quote the only too appropriate words of an equally distinguished fellow-countryman of his—Russell Lowell: “I feel every day more sensibly that I belong to a former age. A new generation has grown up that knows not Joseph, and I have nothing left to do but to rake together what embers are left of my fire, and get what warmth out of them I may. I still take an interest, however, in what some of the young ones are doing.” (“Letters,” vol. ii. p. 271). No! it would be ungrateful in me to be such a pessimist as this. All the length I would go is, that I intended and aimed at something fresh in my sea story. But though not actually spurned and doomed—indeed, most flatteringly reviewed beyond its merits—it has not taken “position,” but has shared the scrimp fate of its more recent brothers and sisters. I deem it, however, worthy of survival.

Who ought to feel crushed or discouraged after Thomas Hood’s authorship experiences? He took his “Song of the Shirt”—the song (may I not call it the moral *sermon*?) which has made him immortal—three times to three different publishers, only to be rejected. And when at last accepted for a noted “weekly,” it was only on the pleading of the Editor *versus* his board, that the discouraged poet and preacher of his age was heard, and that the poem, as he had resolved, was, after these rebuffs, saved from the flames!

1883.

“EARLY GRAVES.”

Here follows a work in the swift downward course. In publishing it, I am myself alone to blame: and I suffer for it to this hour.

I thought (and others urged me) that a volume of the

character described by the name, would have a special comfort and blessing attending it.

But it was a *compilation* from previously published matter: and the public (*i.e.*, "the *Trade*") would have nothing to do with it.

Altogether it was a mistake. Too long—too dear. And the fresh and attractive portions were out of place. Very specially the two carefully written memorials of Janson and Gill—which, if I had published by themselves, under the title of "Two Comrades in the Great Army," as I once intended—would have had a success.

1884.

PARISH OF TAXWOOD.

A new adventure, a volume wholly to my mind in writing; and no wonder, for it was the *ideal* story of my own life and first parish—with pardonable disguises, and exaggerations of all sorts—the object being to give a bright and yet tolerably true and faithful picture of the Scottish Manse, and the minister's life and people.

As a volume—a *deplorable failure!* I purposely selected a most reliable Edinburgh publisher—the book being essentially *Scottish*. But it mattered not. All this, too—I mean the utter and disastrous collapse—was despite wonderfully eulogistic criticisms (see, very specially, the one from that most fastidious and merciless of literary organs, *The Saturday Review*). No testimony or testimonies could be higher—yet after the lapse of a fair time there was nothing for it but virtual cremation. The causes of failure were mainly twofold. (1) Too exclusively Scotch, and with the Scotch *Ecclesiastical* element. (2) Before it was published as a *book*, it went through the twelve monthly parts of the magazine *Life and Work*. And in this form it had reached all who

were likely to care for it. (*Life and Work* had a circulation of 90,000.)

Might a good strong Scotch publisher not be tempted to re-awaken to life, say twenty years hence, a book that really (though I say it) deserved a better fate?¹

1885.

"KNOCKING." *The Words of Jesus at the Door of the Heart. A Sacred Monody.*

I had hopes from another new departure—a little book of poetry on the well-known impressive verse. I had, and have, a special partiality for this small effort, alike from the theme and what I may term the novel treatment. The subject was employed in a different way in one of the early sermons in my "Memories of Patmos." That sermon I often preached, and it was of this special interest to me, that in more than one instance I knew it had been blest to some hearer. The "Monody" had quite another history. One night between Paris and Neuchâtel, when, with my wife and daughter, I was on

¹ I may give in this note an extract from the extended notice in the *Saturday Review*: "Dr. Macduff has written a delightful little volume, as true to the life as it is picturesque in its subjects. We fancy that we can recognise something of its scenes and scenery, whether they be actually laid in the 'Presbytery of Forglen' or no; and we are sure, if we may trust early reminiscences, that the types which he illustrates are singularly faithful. Books of the kind, when they are pleasantly and simply written, have a strange fascination, at all events for Scotchmen. We like to refresh our memories of former days by references to such genuinely Scotch authors as 'Christopher North' or the late Dr. Norman Macleod. As devoted to the Fatherland as Walter Scott, they loved the humbler classes of their fellow-countrymen, and not a few of their descriptions hold a place in our affections with the interior of the Mucklebackits' cottage in 'The Antiquary' or with 'The Cottar's Saturday Night.' We shall be inclined to add this unpretentious little volume to the standard authorities on these favourite subjects. . . . We think we have said enough to send our readers to a book which, while showing unusual powers of observation, is written with equal simplicity and deep earnestness of feeling."

my way to Switzerland, the idea of the book occurred. As was always my habit, a fresh thought was never allowed to slumber. The very next day (the cause of absorption all unknown to them) I was seated in busy work under the row of shady trees lining the beautiful lakeside of Neuchâtel. It was prosecuted without interruption during the next fortnight (thanks to the very broken weather and confinement to a hotel) in the Bernese Oberlands. In my solitary walks by lake or mountain side, I had pencil and paper in hand; and what was more exacting still, many a night did I burn the dim hotel candles, till morning broke on a needlessly taxed brain. When on our return journey we spent a Sunday at Berne, I was able to read to my companions in our sitting-room overlooking the range of Bernese Alps the completed poem, including the preface. It was published by Nisbet, and well got up, with a frontispiece by Rowan. But it put no spoke in the descending wheel. People talked of it approvingly, and so did the critics. But what of that? The inexorable "*Trade*" thought and decided otherwise, and Marius had simply to weep over these bits of treasured Corinthian in ruins. It was, however, two years afterwards, brought out by Marcus Ward in the attractive form of my other small books, and started with a circulation of 8,000. This, of course, in its way, was a *solatium*, and I do not despair of it yet.

1885.

"COMMUNION MEMORIES."

I was bold enough, same year, to compile (?), from my old Communion Sabbaths, Sermons, "Table Services," Meditations, Prayers, Addresses. Well received in Scotland, but in England shares the fate of "Taxwood" and all that is Presbyterian, or suspected of Calvinism. My

brother William's excellent picture of "The First and Last Communion" made a beautiful frontispiece.

1886.

"PARABLES OF THE LAKE."

This brought with it a partial revival. Why, I cannot say. For I ranked it, in real merit, much below others. But the name, and the scope for description,—the personal element of a Palestine visit,—and being a book for the *young*, gave an impetus to the volume, and it has done fairly well; indeed, the only bit of silver lining in the growing cloud. For, year by year, the *new* books have been simply a loss both to publisher and author.

1886.

"THE GOLDEN GOSPEL."

Most tasteful, beautiful, artistic in its clothing. The only part for which I am responsible is what the *Times* was good enough to call "an able introduction."

Alas! contrary to both publisher's and author's hopes, trade and public together conspired in apathy. What I deemed its beauty and speciality (the *golden* type) was *the* fatal error. No human eye can read it undazzled. No one would ever pay 5s. for this glaring setting, when the same eyes could read it unscathed in the Bible Society's edition for a penny! It had a chorus of approval. This could hardly have been otherwise; for art-designer, printer, and bookbinder were at their very best. But failure, serious failure, nevertheless it was.

1886.

"MORNING FAMILY PRAYERS."

I was beginning to be oppressed with the thought that my lists in Berners Street were overloaded, and that I might make an effort with some other reliable publisher,

though still retaining my old allegiance to the house which had befriended me for nearly half a century.

I had resolved on a book of "*Family Prayers* for an entire year," and on what I ventured to think was a new plan, "ensuring variety and comprehension." I thought, moreover, some publisher accustomed to bringing out such a work in *parts* would be preferable. Accordingly I applied to —, of —. They were quite courteous in their reply, but with the knowledge of many similar volumes in the past (though in this they were in error), they declined. I put it without hesitation in the hands of my old friends the Nisbets. After the failure of my negotiations with another house, which of course I frankly told them of, I insisted in this case, what was done with not one of its predecessors, on bringing out the volume at my own risk—generally speaking (and the present was no exception) an undesirable arrangement. But I made it a point of honour.

I do not regard the volume as at all up to the mark. I was not in good health during its composition. It could be improved much by recasting, and this on the side of simplification. I wrote it under other discouragements. The length of it was irksome, and my *forte* for illustration and description was of course quite inadmissible here. It was *a labour*, and yet I far from regret it, as I trust and hope a blessing will yet go with it when I feel equal to revision

1887.

LIST OF SMALL TEXT-BOOKS, "BIBLE FORGET-ME-NOT SERIES" AND "SPEEDWELL SERIES."

These were spread over preceding and subsequent years. Though none approached the marvellous success of the first of them all (the "Forget-me-Nots"), yet all have inspired me with fresh hope and heart. Their

circulation has been very great. The idea of such books was a small novelty. Of course, whenever the singular success was ascertained, publishers and "trade" were unanimous in enlisting recruits for similar volumes, and in the course of a year or two, as is well known, the shops were inundated and surfeited with duplicates and triplicates *usque ad nauseam*. Is there not, or ought there not to be, an unwritten code of honour in this? The "golden rule," at least, would have conceded to me a sort of right in the matter, and so I ventured to plead with the first and greatest wrong-doer and invader of this small territory I had marked out as my own. But I soon found that no such delicate considerations were in the ascendant. I must only flatter myself with the numbers at least of the now huge progeny.

Singular, when I first took "Bible Forget-me-Nots" to my friend Mr. Ward, he shook his head and pronounced an ominous *negative*. He volunteered to bring it out as "Christmas Cards." To this I at once demurred, and said I would put it in the hands of others. He was always very kind. The possibility of bringing it out as a shilling book flashed across him. The thing was decided, and decided the existence of the dozen booklets which followed.

The rush on "Bible Forget-me-Nots" at Christmas was amusing and amazing. Lady enters the largest religious repository of books in a capital city; asks: "Have you copies of 'Bible Forget-me-Not'?" Answer: "That book is an unmitigated nuisance."

I told my publisher he never received a greater compliment!

1887.

"ST. PAUL IN ATHENS."

A distinct advance this, as a literary effort. Having been in Athens, and deeply interested in its localities,

stood on Mars Hill, and gazed across to the Acropoliis ("these temples made with hands"), I had long projected this volume; indeed, ever since preaching upon that grand chapter in the Acts (about Paul's visit), the Sunday after the tidings reached of the Marathon Brigands. Taylor engraved for frontispiece an excellent photo of the Parthenon I brought from Athens with me, and one of the Caryatidæ for the title page. I dedicated my companion volume, "St. Paul in Rome," to Warrington Wood *in life*. I dedicated this to the same *In Memoriam*. It has been exceptionally well received and reviewed by all, I fear, except by that important afore-mentioned factor, *the Trade*. I deem it specially well suited as a gift to thoughtful young men, who often are repelled by books of a more Evangelical cast. I would be glad to think, when I am no more, that it survived me. I was pleased, among other private notes, with one from George Tinworth, the great mural sculptor of the day, or almost of any day.

1887.

"RIPPLES IN THE TWILIGHT."

Why speak of overloaded and overburdened lists, when in the same year—indeed, a month after the publication of "St. Paul in Athens"—the above was ushered on the long-suffering public and trade? But the truth is, it was ready, and had previously been arranged for, while two others of the same series, "Moonlight" and "Starlight," were clamorous for the immediately *following* years. They were all composed of "flashes of thought," extracts, some brief, and others longer, from old sermons, MSS., and suggestions of the passing hour. Being original — *i.e.*, not gathered from published material—I was sanguine of success, so also at Berners Street. But it turned out to be of a very qualified kind,

and had the other two of the series not been ready, they would not have been thought of.

A little book, "SILVER AND GOLDEN BELLS," was published, end of this year, by Marcus Ward. Artistically, it was even charmingly brought out; name, and I think I may even include my Introduction, in its favour. It would have proved more of a favourite, but it was simply ruined by delay. It was not in the hands of the trade till two days before the New Year, and this spoiled it as a Christmas book.

Authors, like others, have often to exercise the grace of forbearance. Literature is not all Elysian fields, or Bunyan's "enchanted ground."

1888.

"RIPPLES IN THE MOONLIGHT."

Alas! this year, on its opening days, was ushered in by an unspeakable trial. But for several weeks before, the eyes which, on January 4th, were closed in death, had lovingly read the above both in MS. and in proof, and consequently it is always tenderly associated with her voice, and her wise counsels and corrections. It was all ready for the binder before we left home for the Riviera. The last sheet I had to correct was the Preface and *Dedication*. The latter had, a few days before, been resolved upon to another. But I had no hesitation, for a moment, in superseding the name by one far dearer. The book, moreover, itself, from its theme, was singularly in accordance with my own feelings at the time, and the "Moonlight Memories" of the hallowed past.

It came out in spring; but, though a failure, I shall never regret it. It was an appropriate souvenir to many.

This same spring, Marcus Ward brought out "THE GOLDEN SCEPTRE." The Introduction was a favourite of mine, and the whole idea of the book. But in conse-

quence of absence from home, and inability to supervise, it got spoilt in two small ways, the special blunder being the oft introduction of the Bishop's *Crosier* in the decoration, which simply ruined it for scrupulous Protestants!

1889.

“RIPPLES IN THE STARLIGHT.”

The third and last of the series. Very similar in merit to its two predecessors.

Let me, at the date in which I now write these lines, record, as an author, the memories of God's great goodness. My books, far more than other ministerial duties, have been my heart-work and my hands-work; dreaming over them by day and in “the night-watches.” A delightful life-dream, truly! I hope I can say not one of the ten thousand lines I have written would I recall or cancel, though possibly with new light and progress of thought I might modify or slightly alter. But thanks be to God (whose gracious eye and hand have supervised and strengthened me in this occupation of long and laborious years) I have written and printed nothing I am ashamed of, or that would do injury to the minds and hopes of my readers. It is indeed a solemn and thrilling responsibility to have been the teacher of such vast multitudes on the most momentous of all themes; moreover, that these books *may* live on—in the case of a few, probably *will* live on—after my voice is silenced (*Scriptæ manent.*) I feel how greatly helped and indebted in many ways I have been in the composing of these volumes—quite a small library in themselves—to my peaceful home, the best and most forbearing of dear wives and daughters, ever ready to aid and cheer, and often materially to assist; the abundant leisure, at first of one of the smallest country parishes in Scotland, then

the noble stimulus of an intelligent, and in some cases cultured, congregation in Glasgow, the studied adaptation of pulpit work to that of the Press. Then, the kindest of publishers ready to anticipate my every wish in the style and decoration and illustration of my volumes. Then, the fifteen years of absolute quiet in the loveliest of "studies," with its cheering hearts within, and its beautiful prospect without;—all this, and much else, filled my sails with propitious breezes. A very small teacher of the age, verily, when compared with the great hearts that have gone before me, or who are still my contemporaries! But, with humble gratitude I *think* I can say, "I have done what I could." The responsibility of a writer is indeed a very great one. As Bishop Thorold has well said, "The work of the pen lives on, when the fingers are dust." May I venture to appropriate Tennyson's lines—the words and request put into the lips of his hero in the "*Idylls of the King*":—

"I have lived my life,
And that which I have done may God make pure.

If His name be glorified, and Christ's kingdom advanced, I shall be glad indeed. Yes! O God, they are but mites, but, such as they are, I cast them into Thy treasury!

RAVENSBROOK,
19th Jan., 1889.

January, 1890.

SUPPLEMENT.

"GLORIA PATRI." A Book of Private Devotions for Morning and Evening. Published by Nelson, and chastely got up.

1891.

A companion volume, same in size and type, "HOSPICE OF THE PILGRIM," the great rest-word of Christ. This has

not been so well known. But regarding none of my books have I received such warm and gratifying tributes. I would earnestly wish that means may be taken for it to survive me.

1892.

Published at the close of last year, "ST. PAUL'S SONG OF SONGS": a Practical Exposition of the Eighth Chapter of Romans (Nisbet & Co.). An original treatment, as a "Golden Canticle," of St. Paul's greatest writing. I have received gratifying testimonies regarding it, which may find a more suitable place in a future chapter.

1892.

"BIRTHDAYS." A birthday book compiled by myself and daughter, of a wholly different character. The Trade have again smiled through evening clouds.

[The Editor may here insert the opening verses on the fly-leaf.]

Birthdays! ye recall the olden
 Years of childhood brimmed with glee,
 Ringing laugh and ringlets golden,
 As I climbed my mother's knee.

When the tasks of boyhood found me,
 Still the day was hailed with cheers:
 Brothers, sisters, clambering round me,
 Kissed and wished me happy years.

When engaged in life's stern battle,
 Holding on my anxious way,
 Voices old and childish prattle
 Still kept fresh the natal day.

Now, though age's snows are falling,
 Birthday tributes greet my eyes;
 Household angels come recalling
 Golden anniversaries.

1892.

"PILLAR IN THE NIGHT."

A book for the afflicted and bereaved. A companion volume to "Bow in the Cloud." It has been pronounced by competent judges one of my best, if not *the* best. It was written at a time of sorrow. I took great pains with it. Being for a special and limited circle, its first circulation cannot be great; but on that very account it may, and I trust will, be more permanent. I know it has already proved a solace to not a few.

1893.

"THE STORY OF JESUS," in Verse.

This book is just published as I write. Should it prove a failure, I may simply turn the key in my MSS. drawer. It was a great strain in the composition, but a very delightful strain. Much of it was composed during a pleasant tour in South Wales, beguiling time in inns, trains, railway stations, wakeful nights, etc., etc. A few letters already received from men of "light and leading" have cheered me much. I may venture to append the following as a specimen of the poem. It is the Gospel episode of the two thieves who were crucified with Jesus.

[Supposed appeal of the penitent thief to the impenitent.]

[*Penitent Thief.*]

Why mockest thou this dying Man of God,
His guiltless life-blood crimsoning the sod?
What gracious thought within His bosom stirs,
That prompts the pleading for His murderers?
May we not, wretched felons, share it too—

"Father, forgive them!

They know not what they do."

What ! railing still against that Holy One?
We justly suffer. But the Christ hath done
 Nothing amiss. Steeped though we be in crime,
 May we not listen to His words sublime :
 Take to ourselves the prayer so strangely new—

*“Father, forgive them !
 They know not what they do.”*

Methought no voice of pardon was for me,
 No place of safety whither I could flee.
 I deemed my flagrant guiltiness too great ;
 All hope was gone : I sank disconsolate.
 I heard—what seemed too gracious to be true—

*“Father, forgive them !
 They know not what they do.”*

He spake to God as “*Father.*” Once that Name
 Was lisped by me with reverence : ere shame
 Forbade its utterance ; and I had yet
 No robber-haunt at far Gennesaret.
 Its magic charm in happier days I knew—

FATHER, forgive them !
 They know not what they do.

I have done evil—countless sins arise
 In all their ghastliness before mine eyes.
 Oft have my hands with human blood been stained,
 Earth has been wronged, and Heaven has been profaned.
 Still may the prayer be said for me and you—

*“Father, forgive them !
 They know not what they do.”*

I too was privileged His face to see ;
 I heard His words in distant Galilee,—
 Their music lingered in my rocky cave—
 “Those that are lost I came to seek and save,”
 His tones of pity greet my ears anew—

*“Father, forgive them !
 They know not what they do.”*

Except for Him, of peace I could not dream,
 With impious thoughts I dared the Great Supreme.
 Nor God, nor man, I ever sought to please ;
 Outcast, despairing, vile,—no words but these

Could ever guilty memories undo—

“Father, forgive them!

They know not what they do.”

I prayed the prayer—“O Lord, remember me,
When death has severed between me and Thee”

Swift came the answer, “Verily, I say,
Thou shalt Me find in Paradise to-day!”

O welcome words with that glad Heaven in view—

“Father, forgive them!

They know not what they do.”

If He hath told of pardoning mercy great

To crucifiers, base and reprobate :—

A message of salvation full and free :

O if for them—why not for you and me?

Grasp firm His death-prayer for the murderous crew—

“Father, forgive them!

They know not what they do.”

These racking tortures will not be in vain

Which close this cruel tragedy of pain,

If, ere the final sleep, you hear His voice,

Confess your guilt, repent, believe, rejoice!

Take His last pleading as if meant for you—

“Father, forgive them!

They know not what they do.”

[The thief on the left hand dies impenitent. The penitent thief, the first trophy of redeeming love, ascends with his Lord.]

Death ends at last his agony : he is

The chartered citizen of Paradise.

The dying Jesus for the saved one waits.

Together as they reach the heavenly gates,

Above, the golden words still gleam in view—

“Father, forgive them!

They know not what they do.”

* * * *

Whoe'er thou art, make the same comfort thine,
Which rose of old to Heaven from lips Divine;

Blest accents, uttered with His parting breath,
When, rising far above the death of death,
He pled for all the world—for me—for you—

*"Father, forgive them!
They know not what they do."*

1893.

Another slight essay in verse. A rendering of Psalm xxiii. into Scotch—and just inserted in *Life and Work*, where it will have a Scotch circulation of 100,000. I had long thought of this small effort. But it recently took shape one morning, after reading Principal Fairbairn's thoughtful sermon on that favourite Psalm. Like all my real successes, it was written "at a heat"—indeed, in two hours. McMurtrie, the good Editor of *Life and Work*, calls it "a treasure." I hope my Northern friends will take kindly to it, and be pleased that I have not forgotten my native tongue. It is the most blessed Psalm in all the Psalter.

An "After-word."

I would be doing injustice to my own feelings—I would be doing injustice to the memory of a very faithful friend, if in these authorship jottings I failed to record a deep debt of obligation to Mr. James Watson, for very many years the head of "Nisbet & Co." I have had several kind and sympathetic publishers; but he stands conspicuous among all. I owe him a debt of personal gratitude, which no words, however strong and pronounced, can discharge. He was friend, publisher, and man of culture and attainment all in one. He rose to prominence and success by reason of what I would call his quiet power—the same power which raised him to the honourable position of member of the first London School Board, where his influence and business habits were felt and duly appreciated.

Everything Watson did was on a most generous scale. As one of the best known and most successful of present London publishers recently said to me: "Ah! Mr. Watson was a *Prince*." I never had an unpleasant or jarring word with him in the course of our many dealings, extending over long years. He anticipated, in the same princely scale, my every wish. On more than one occasion, he, his wife and daughter, were our guests for some days at Lochard, where the superiority of his mind and his diversified tastes in music, literature, and art were conspicuously evinced. Yes, dear friend, you took me warmly by the hand, and never relaxed the grasp till that grasp was given for the last time on your dying bed.

XVIII

LETTERS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS

THIS is the chapter above all others for which I altogether decline to be responsible. To others it will be left to cull and lop, admit and exclude, as is deemed best. There are many far too generous expressions in the letters of partial friends which may well be suppressed. That good man, Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, says in his autobiography (may I, without presumption, appropriate his words to a humbler subject?): "In the course of composing this volume, I have been repeatedly conscious that I was exposing myself to unkind reflections on the part of those who do not know me, from the frequency with which I have occasion to speak—and still more to suffer others to speak—of my own performances. Yes, so it has been; but then, when I have considered the matter, I have felt that the danger was unavoidable. It lies in the nature of the work itself. Autobiography is, and must be, essentially egotistical."—"Life," vol. i. p. x.

Therefore may I plead that, if with freedom the too kind words of others may be used, I am not responsible for these; and if some undeserved encomiums be retained, why should I demur with coldness to the decree of my Editor, and insist that all be relegated without mercy to erasure or to the waste basket?

A goodly number of such notes and valued letters, specially in earlier years of my ministry, have, to my regret now, been condemned to that unlovable region, and are irrevocable.

[The ensuing are necessarily of a most heterogeneous

and unconnected character, as they are given in the order of time and date, irrespective of subject.—Ed.]

The penmanship (is the deliverance on the whole unassorted bundle) of some of them, it must be confessed, is a *study*, if not a trial, of patience and temper. Perhaps in two notes I received from Dean Stanley he is the greatest of transgressors. No wonder his printers were in the habit, it was said, of demanding or expecting a *honorarium*! And some artists (strange in their case) are quite as bad. The wielding of brush and quill would seem to belong to two different departments.¹

[The Editor has curtailed most of the letters as too long and diffuse for insertion in full. But the discretion allowed has been used to exclude as few as possible, all having a bearing on life and life-work.]

(*The Degree of D.D.*)

“UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

“30th June, 1858.

“To REV. J. R. MACDUFF.

“DEAR SIR,—

“I have the pleasure to communicate to you that the Council of this Institution have this day conferred on you the honorary degree of *Doctor of Divinity*.

¹ I have heard, from an artist friend, an amusing and characteristic story illustrating the above. I would not have chronicled it unless I had believed it to be true, and it was one of his brother, or rather father, *artists* whose character, or, at least, handwriting, was involved.

No one was more fastidious about the legibility of his penmanship than the Duke of Wellington, and few, perhaps, were subjected to greater perplexity from the reverse in his multiform correspondents. On one occasion he had received a letter from a well-known artist, named Loudon, containing a special request for permission to draw some famous beeches in the park at Strathfieldsay.

The answer was, as usual, prompt, and as follows :—

“F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London, and encloses what he asks, although what the Bishop wants with them his Grace cannot imagine.”

The parcel contained a pair of breeches (pants). The request of

"We rejoice in the widely extended usefulness with which it has pleased the Master to favor you, and trust you may be spared to see still greater things.

"I am yours, and most truly,

"ISAAC FERRIS,

"Chancellor of the University."

1857.

[An urgent and gratifying letter was sent to him on 18th December, 1857, followed by personal calls and solicitations from appointed leading Elders, conveying their wishes and that of the congregation that he should accept the charge of the Cathedral (or High Church) of Glasgow.

The following will give a brief detail of the circumstances of his declinature.]

(Declinature of the Offer of the High Church of Glasgow.)

"GENTLEMEN,—

"The strong and urgent representations that have been made to me by my present congregation constrain me to address you on the subject of the memorial recently transmitted in my favour, with reference to the vacancy in the High Church.

"After earnest deliberation on a matter of such grave importance, and duly weighing the manifold claims of the respective spheres of labour, I have come to the determination that it is my duty, all the circumstances of the case being weighed, to remain with my present flock.

"May I, therefore, request you to take, without delay, the necessary steps for conferring on another the high distinction you had, in so gratifying a manner, proposed for myself.

the badly-written note was about beeches; the Duke had read it breeches. It was signed C. H. Loudon; the Duke had read it T. C. London.

“In making this communication, permit me to express my unfeigned sense of the honour you have done me. I shall never cease to esteem this testimony of your regard as the highest privilege of my life. I feel, however, that the claims and kindness of a loving and attached people are imperious, and must outweigh the advantages of position and influence which pre-eminently belong to the minister of the High Church of Glasgow.

“I owe it to you and to myself to state that my own wishes and feelings from the first tended towards this decision, and it was only the counsel and importunity of others which led to any hesitancy.

“While deeply regretting my inability to entertain the recommendation which, I understand, has been forwarded to the Home Secretary on my behalf, I do not regret the opportunity you have afforded me of testifying that attachment to a devoted congregation is a tie too sacred to be broken, even when there is the conflicting claim of one of the prizes in the Church of Scotland.”

[In 1843, during his early Kettins days, he received the offer of the parish of Dirleton, in East Lothian. It is credited with being the most beautiful village in Scotland. An oblong green, bordered by picturesque cottages, an ancient castle, and a sea-view with the well-known Berwick Law and Bass Rock in sight. The same year he was requested to become the pastor of St. Paul's, Glasgow, and of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh (afterwards the Assembly Hall), while the acceptance of Lady Yester's Church was repeatedly urged upon him. In 1862 he was also asked if he would be disposed to entertain an offer of South Leith Parish Church.

The limits of this chapter do not admit the inclusion of gratifying letters connected with these various overtures, all of which were declined.—ED.]

*(Excerpt from Minutes of Meeting of Managers of
Sandyford Church.)*

"At a meeting of the Managers of the South West Church, Sandyford, held on the 11th January, 1858, within the Secretary's Office, 54, West Nile Street.

"Present, etc.

"It was unanimously resolved that the cordial and grateful thanks of the managers, as representing the congregation, are due to the Reverend Mr. Macduff, for the attached and disinterested conduct displayed by him in declining the highly complimentary and advantageous offer, recently made, of the pastoral charge of the Metropolitan Church of Glasgow, and in preferring, at so great a sacrifice, to continue his connection with the congregation at Sandyford. And the Secretary was instructed to convey the expression of these thanks to the Reverend Mr. Macduff accordingly."

[From a well-known Indian Missionary, Rev. Mr. Grant, now a respected minister of Dundee. It is given simply as a specimen of the many hundred letters of a similar kind received.]

"THE MANSE,

"July 31.

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"The reason of my troubling you with these few lines will appear as you read on. You may have observed in one of my reports from Calcutta that I mentioned having obtained an introduction to a club of native gentlemen, embracing some of the first leaders of native society, who met regularly for the study of the Bible and for devotional purposes. The interest I took in this corner of the field of my work was intense, and for eighteen months every Saturday evening I met with them, and spent several hours in the endeavour to open up truth as in Christ re-

vealed. Several of these began to call themselves openly 'Christians,' to attend regularly on the preaching of the Word at Church, and four of these even sat down together and commemorated Christ's death.

"One of my great objects was to direct their reading (they were all thoroughly educated men, and the youngest of them several years older than myself), and, among others, I took the liberty of recommending some of your books. (One of their number, a wealthy merchant, spent several hundred rupees in buying *distinctively Christian* books for their own reading, and for distribution among their friends.) Soon every one of your books which could be got in Calcutta was read by them, and two—but I forget which of them—which could not be got there, were sent for to England.

"I now come to the reason for my writing to you. My illness came, and, about the same time, the gentleman in whose house we had been accustomed to meet began to sink in a consumptive decline. Hearing that I was finally ordered home, he got his son to write to me, asking me, if I could possibly manage it, to visit him before I left. I got over to see him, and sat by his side as long as either of us could stand it, and as long as I live I can never forget the scene. He held my hand in his, while he expressed his firm faith in Christ. 'He, and He alone, is my Hope; I trust in Him, and no one or nothing else. Oh! Mr. Grant, I do love Him' (and I remember these his exact words whilst the tears rained down his cheeks), 'and my only sorrow is that I can't love Him enough. But He is strengthening it.' And then he continued: 'When you go to Scotland you will see Dr. Macduff; tell him from me, that if I had sufficient strength I would write to him myself, but that I have not; that I thank God for him, and that on this my death-bed I have received' (these again are his exact words, and I am rather

softening in the other words his expressions of gratitude) 'inexpressible consolation from his books. My son reads them to me, and he has now gone through them all except' (mentioning the two which he had not received), 'and these are on their way from England, and I hope they may reach me in time.'

"I promised to tell you of this, and as I am not likely to have an opportunity of seeing you, I take the liberty of writing. I am sure I need no further apology, knowing, as I do, how the heart yearns for some token of successful work. Though unbaptized with water, yet I fully believe that if ever a Christian man lived or died, my friend was one—and I would prefer the blessing he gave to you, to any treasure the world could give. This man was a Brahmin by caste, about sixty-five years of age, a member of the Legislative Council of Bengal (which fact shows what his social position was), and one of the leaders of native society. For the past year or two he made no secret of his belief in Christ, as he once said to me in the presence of some twenty native gentlemen, 'as the One Mediator between God and man.' In his heart, comforted and built up in the faith and love of Christ, you have an everlasting monument.

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES M. GRANT."

(From the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, Edinburgh.)

"I, SALISBURY ROAD, EDINBURGH,

"8th November, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. MACDUFF,—

"You served, as we all recollect, our Ragged School cause once. I applied last year to Dr. N. Macleod, and he kindly came to our aid. . . . I have no help for it but to apply to you. The real truth is, I must have a man of mark. In our present position we cannot put our

trust in Government grants; and since we cannot trust to support from national funds, we must, under God, trust to the heads and hearts of the people. Our meeting will be held some time next month. . . . My anxieties will cease if I can secure you. So do come, and bring with you Mrs. Macduff, and take up your abode with us. My wife sends her kind regards, and hopes you will do this, and we will do our best to make you comfortable, and we will get some friends to meet you at dinner, and after they are off we can crack over our Continental expeditions till midnight. . . . We have very pleasant recollections of our Paris *rencontre*.

“Yours with much esteem,

“THOMAS GUTHRIE.”

I had several pleasant meetings with Dr. Guthrie, “*domo, forique*,” social and platform: whether at the hospitable table of Mr., afterwards Sir, George Burns (an evening when the Doctor was all aglow with his fund of anecdote); or in the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris, with a happy family gathering; or in the town of Geneva, where I was one of many hearers in the old Cathedral, listening to his fascinating pleadings on the favourite theme of Ragged Schools, and that, too, from the pulpit of Calvin! A note from myself to him, from another part of Switzerland, in which I alluded to the memories of that day and address, I see he had kept, as I found it, to my surprise, in his Biography. One token of his regard I cannot readily forget. When the bitterness of Free-Churchism was still rampant, and the strength of his own convictions was well known, a proposal (which, however, “fell through”) was made to unite “Bond” and “Free” one winter in the same Church in Rome. He, the representative of the latter, kindly stipulated that I should be his colleague.

With these recollections of, and associations with, the greatest pulpit orator and most genial man of his day, the following "In Memoriam" tribute was at least genuine and from the heart. I may give it here. I wrote it one day in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, on hearing of his death, the winter spent at Norwood while my house was being built at Chislehurst.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

FUNERAL DAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1873.

A Prince in Israel and Great Man has fallen,
Loved and revered by peasant and by peer;
No pompous rites—no hired minstrels call in,—
A mourning Nation gathers round his bier.
On comes the funeral car! All heads uncover
Down the long surging crowd which line the way;
With bated breath each whispers to the other,
"A Prince and Great Man fallen has to-day!"
By whom shall best the funeral hymn be chanted?
Who on his sod shall lay the *Immortelle*?
Shall some Cathedral's chancel-choir be wanted,
And courtly fingers strew the mute farewell?
No! call the Arabs of his much-loved city,
Those once of ragged dress and weary limb,
The outcasts who engrossed his manly pity,
No surpliced choristers so dear to him.
Still are his words of burning pathos ringing—
Who can forget the magic of their power?
New strength imparting—fresh resolves upbrining
That long survived their fleeting Sabbath hour.
He's gone!—Yet not with folded wing inglorious,
To cease his loves and labours in the skies;
But to still nobler heights to soar victorious,
New wastes reclaim—new worlds evangelize.
Lay him to slumber, full of years, and hoary,
Where rests his Chief, with Chieftains all around,
No mighty Minster, with its sculptured story,
Garners such dust as does that hallowed ground.

He needs no funeral bell from tower or steeple,
 No salvo loud, no roll of muffled drum,
 His panegyric is a mourning people,
 His unhired Minstrel—wailing Christendom.

To the loved turf—baptized to-day with weeping,
 No age will cease its tribute tear to bring;
 This choice "God's acre" is in Angel-keeping;
 Leave him to slumber, "every inch a King."

(*From Lord Lawrence, on the Death of his Child.*)

"6, UPPER HYDE PARK GARDENS, W.,
 "6th March, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. MACDUFF,—

"I write to thank you and your dear wife for your very kind letter, sympathizing with us on the death of our darling child. Assuredly it has been a sad blow to us, but particularly to the dear mother. But we bow to the will of our God, and feel that He knows best what is good for us all.

"There cannot be any doubt that such afflictions are calculated to do us good, by awakening in us more lively thoughts of the shortness of time, of the certainty of eternity, and of the paramount importance of living in the fear and love of God. My dear wife, though deeply afflicted, bears up wonderfully, sustained by the best of all consolations.

"Pray give my kind love to your good wife. We both feel much your kindness and sympathy, and feel very grateful on that account.

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN LAWRENCE."

(*Glasgow Degree of D.D. From Rev. Professor Weir, D.D.*)

"COLLEGE, February 14, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"It gives me great pleasure to be the official medium of informing you that, at their meeting to-day, the Senate

of this University unanimously resolved to confer on you the honorary degree of D.D. May you long enjoy the well-merited distinction.

“Yours very truly,

“DUNCAN H. WEIR,

“*Clerk of Senate.*”

(*From Dean Howson, of Chester, on sending him Copy of
“Prophet of Fire.”*)

“LIVERPOOL, November 26, 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“I am much gratified and obliged by your kind present of your new book on Elijah, which came to me to-day. It harmonizes well with the current of my thoughts this week: for to-morrow I hope to be hearing and studying the music of Mendelssohn's oratorio; and just now I am reading this part of the Old Testament in the Septuagint with my head-boys. It is a rich and instructive part of the Sacred Volume, about which I once ventured to write a little in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, which you may have noticed, in September, 1859. I hope a rich blessing will go with the attractive books you write for the edification of others, with a rich blessing also resting on you, the writer.

“Your very faithful and much obliged

“J. S. HOWSON.”

(*From Mr.—now Sir—George Grove, on the same.*)

“C. P., SYDENHAM,

“Nov. 26, 1863.

“DEAR SIR,—

“I hasten to thank you for your note of the 23rd, and for the volume of your lectures on Elijah which has accompanied it. It is very gratifying to me to find my

humble labours so appreciated—and still more to find (as I do by the very cursory examination which I have been able to bestow on the volume) that you have entered so fully into the character and achievements of that truly remarkable man. I am also highly delighted to find what an intimate acquaintance you have with Professor Stanley's works. When the new volume of the Lectures on the Jewish Church appears, you will be delighted to find how wonderfully he has treated both Elijah and Elisha. . . .

“And believe me to be, dear sir,

“Yours very faithfully and gratefully,

“G. GROVE.”

(*From Dean Stanley.*)

“DEAR SIR,—

“You have forestalled me in my intention of purchasing your book. I was attracted by the subject and title, and I am much obliged to you for the present, as well as for the very kind way in which you are pleased to speak of my works, both in your letter and in your preface.

“Yours faithfully,

“A. P. STANLEY.

“OXFORD, Nov. 29.”

(*From Sir Noël Paton, R.S.A., about Frontispiece to
“The Shepherd and His Flock.”*)

“33, GEORGE SQUARE,

“EDINBURGH,

“Nov. 10, 1866.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“It has given me very sincere pleasure to learn, through Mr. McFarlane, that my drawing of ‘The Good Shepherd’ has, at least to some extent, fulfilled the expectations you were good enough to entertain. But in judging of this sketch as compared with the beautiful

German design, I hope you did not overlook the difference that must necessarily exist between a delicate *reduction* from a large, thoroughly studied and elaborately finished *picture*, and a pen-and-ink sketch, the results of a few comparatively rough and haphazard lines, which, once set down, could not be amended.

"Slight as my design is, however, it has been *felt* by a certain class of minds so strongly, that I have resolved, (D.V.) to paint it *in extenso* so soon as my present tasks are accomplished. And as a companion to this picture I purpose to paint another, designed several years ago, to be called 'Mors Janua Vitæ'—the cartoon of which I should much like to show you, should you be able, when at any time in Edinburgh, to spare an hour and visit my *bodega*. . . .

"My dear sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"J. NOËL PATON."

"The Rev. Dr. MACDUFF."

(*From the same.*)

"33, GEORGE SQUARE,

"EDINBURGH,

"Nov. 30, 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I snatch a moment to thank you very sincerely for the copy of your new book, which you have so kindly sent me, and in the perusal of which I hope ere long to spend some pleasant and profitable hours.

"The approval of my attempt to meet your wishes in the matter of the Frontispiece, which you have expressed with so much cordiality, gives me more than ordinary pleasure, because I know it to be the appreciation of one well qualified to judge of such things, and who, at the

same time, is incapable of giving utterance to those mere 'pretty speeches,' the prevalence of which in this *refined age* makes one chary of attaching any value to the general run of complimentary remarks.

"I am much pleased also by your apprehending and approving the thought of the thorn in the side of the rescued lamb, as I felt *you* would. The thought is simple and obvious enough. . . . Allow me, in conclusion, to assure you how much pleasure it has given me in any way to co-operate with a writer, the spirit of whose works is so truly liberal and Christian, or, I ought *rather* to say, so truly *Christian*, and *therefore liberal*.

"Believe me to remain,

"Very sincerely yours,

"J. NOËL PATON."

The following letters and documents refer to the Resignation of Sandyford Church and parish.

(*From James Ritchie, Esq., Writer, Glasgow, one of the Managers of Sandyford Church.*)

"5, PARK CIRCUS,

"GLASGOW,

"4th August, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I am sure I need not express the deep regret which I felt in receiving your note of yesterday, with the enclosed letter to the Kirk Session and Managers. I at once arranged that a joint meeting should be called for to-morrow at two o'clock, as I felt that a document of such great importance should be submitted without delay to the responsible managers of the Church. I know very well that the assembled meeting will be overwhelmed with sorrow on hearing your letter, and that the congregation will be greatly grieved and disheartened. For myself I

must say that it has crossed my mind more than once that such a result might be, and that on the very grounds to which you refer ; but I did not expect it quite so soon, and I always felt the deep pain it would occasion, if ever the event did happen, to every one concerned. I shall do everything I can to have all carried out in accordance with the admirable spirit of your letter. I thoroughly agree with you in regarding with contempt any sensational acting on such a solemn occasion. We will not compromise each other by parading our grief. We will act like gentlemen towards each other. We know full well that you never would have sent such a communication, without such a full consideration of the subject as to render any remonstrance or entreaty on our part out of the question. The parting will be sorrowful indeed, but we will take care that there shall be nothing to embitter it, and that we shall all remain the very best of friends for ever.

“With great regard,
“Yours very truly,
“JAMES RITCHIE.”

“At Glasgow, the sixteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and seventy.

“At a Meeting of the Kirk Session and Trustees of the Church and Parish of Sandyford.

Present, etc.

““The Managers and Kirk Session of Sandyford were so affected by the unexpected communication addressed to them by Dr. Macduff on the 3rd instant, and which was read to them on the 5th, that they felt it was quite impossible for them in their sad state of feeling to express in adequate terms their disappointment and sorrow. . . . The meeting was adjourned till Tuesday, the 16th, for reconsideration. They find themselves in the position of

not being able to controvert any of the statements contained in Dr. Macduff's letter, or to offer any solution which could affect Dr. Macduff's proposed intention. They have long recognised the great value of Dr. Macduff's contributions to religious literature, the enormous circulation of his works, and the widespread feeling that exists that these works have conferred inestimable benefits upon great numbers. They cannot take upon them the deep responsibility of offering any opposition to Dr. Macduff's determination, however painful and distressing it is to them; and the depth of their feelings cannot be exaggerated. They feel that to offer any opposition to the change, or to make any remonstrance on the subject, would be very much out of place, and most unseemly on their part. They would rather, since a parting must be, cordially co-operate with Dr. Macduff in making all the necessary arrangements which this change will involve. They will consult his wishes and attend to his convenience, that so the fine feeling and cordial relations which have existed in the congregation from the first, will remain to the last; and when the parting does come, it shall be not only without any reproachful feeling, but with large sympathy and warm regards for each other, and cordial hopes for each other's future welfare.' "

(From Rev. Dr. Watson, of Dundee, one of the Moderators of the Church of Scotland.)

" DUNDEE,

" August 12, 1870.

" MY DEAR MACDUFF,—

" I have read with great regret an announcement of your intended resignation of Sandyford Church. I dare-say you have weighed the matter well before taking this step, but your congregation and the town of Glasgow and the Church of Scotland are not the less losers on that

account. . . . We have need of every variety of gift and character in the Church, and I say no more than the truth when I assure you of my great regret that you are quitting the ranks of us who are engaged in the plodding work of the ministry. Your name has been a strength to the old Kirk, and has given it a good savour in many circles, where otherwise it would have been counted fit to cast out. . . .

"I wish you all comfort in your new sphere of rest from pastoral cares; and I only ask that you do not let your sympathies drop away from us who are left behind.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"ARCH. WATSON.

*(Rev. Dr. Smith, of Cathcart, on my resignation of
Sandyford.)*

"MANSE OF CATHCART,

"7th September, 1870.

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"Upon my return from my little summer trip, I found your very kind and friendly letter waiting me. I shall say nothing of the feeling with which its announcement almost overcame me, save that I had not known till then the depth of that esteem with which I regard you as an ornament of our Church, and of that affection which I bear towards you. Do not suppose that under any circumstances I would have presumed to remonstrate with you as to the momentous step you have taken. The very attempt to do so would have been in the face of the estimate I have always had of your sincere devotion to our Saviour's cause, and of your own wisdom to determine how that may be best promoted. Deeply as I must deplore, on public and personal grounds, your going away from us, my only object now is, to carry out your purpose in the manner most agreeable to your own desire,

while at the same time maintaining the form of procedure which the rules of the Church require. The Presbytery was pretty full this forenoon, and there was an almost solemn stillness when your letter was being read and laid upon the table. . . . Be assured that no man ever left the Presbytery bearing with him the same measure of esteem and regard which you will do, or leaving behind a deeper sense of the loss sustained by his departure. Excuse me if I say no more at present.

“My dear Dr. Macduff,

“Yours most sincerely,

“JAMES SMITH.”

(The Rev. Dr. McTaggart, of St. James', Glasgow, Moderator of the Presbytery at the time.)

“GLASGOW,

“9th September, 1870.

“MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

“I laid your communication before the Presbytery on Thursday.

“It was received by the whole Presbytery with the very deepest feelings of regret. They felt that they were soon to be deprived of the co-operation of one whom they esteemed to be an ornament to themselves and to the Church. I cannot describe the silent sorrow depicted on the faces of all your brethren. It was something akin to that described so beautifully by the inspired Evangelist (Acts xx. 38).

“You cannot imagine the esteem and reverence in which you are held by us all. . . .”

(Rev. Professor Charteris, of Edinburgh.)

“UNIVERSITY CLUB, EDINBURGH,

“August 10, 1870.

“MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

“ . . . I am very glad that I am not in Glasgow.

I don't know what I should have done without your kind help and advice and friendship. But I must mourn for the Church of Scotland's sake, and for the Church of Christ's sake, if you have resolved to give up preaching and the pastorate. . . . Will you let me just say that you are probably not aware of the powerful influence you have exercised on the ministers of our Church. We have always been proud to have you among us; and that very pride was a good influence.

". . . I could easily say much more, without telling you all I feel. Again and again I would like to thank you on my own account, if I thought you would bear with me.

"I am, very sincerely yours,

"A. H. CHARTERIS."

(*Rev. Dr. Jamieson, Glasgow, on receiving "Clefts of the Rock."*)

"GLASGOW,

"10th November, 1874.

". . . You have always been happy in the titles of your books, and, in my opinion, the 'Clefts of the Rock' is the happiest of all. Not only is there a peculiar charm in Toplady's hymn, which is a universal favourite, but in these days of unrest, when multitudes of disquieted minds are anxiously seeking the way to peace, and being seduced to go in a wrong direction, your book will be a welcome guide, and teach them, in a very attractive manner, the true doctrine of Scripture for the salvation of man. I am delighted to think that a writer who is so sound as you are in the faith, possesses so strong a hold of the Christian public. You have gained this position as an author, both by your explicitness in the statement of Scriptural truth, and the poetic beauty of your style, both of which qualities are conspicuously displayed in the middle and latter parts of 'The Clefts.' The beginning,

being wholly occupied with Scripture quotations in support of the Divinity of Christ, did not afford you scope for embellishment."

(From R. Bosworth Smith, Esq., on Lord Lawrence's
Memoir.)

"THE KNOLL, HARROW,

"December 16.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"Thank you very much indeed for the most interesting reminiscences that you have been good enough to send me. They will help materially to fill up the vast blank which at present exists in the record of his early life. I had seen nothing hitherto to make me suppose Lord Lawrence had at all *buoyant* spirits in early life; and the account about his choice of profession in Letitia's room is most graphic, and will assuredly find a place in the Biography. Most unfortunately John Lawrence's letters to Letitia have all been lost or are not forthcoming now, and anything that *proves* her influence over him is therefore doubly valuable. . . . An enormous task lies before me, and I feel heavily weighted in the race, never having been in India, and not having known Lord Lawrence till the last five years of his life; but I shall do my best, and reminiscences such as yours and your sister's will help me greatly. . . . It is extraordinary how few private letters of his have been preserved, and therefore it will be difficult to show the *gentler* side of his grand rugged character. There are many excellent anecdotes that illustrate the latter, but not many, as yet, which show the former.

"Excuse great haste,

"With my warm thanks,

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"R. BOSWORTH SMITH."

(From Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., on receiving a Copy
of "The Golden Gospel.")

"GREENOCK,
"Christmas Day.

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"How can I thank you sufficiently for your most beautiful Christmas gift, and for the very kind words that accompany it! It is indeed a golden gift in every way. . . . The Gospel of St. John is the '*cor cordium*' of Scripture to me, the deepest and tenderest revelation of heaven. And there seems something very appropriate in printing it in golden letters, not only because of the wealth of meaning in it, but also because it presents a different appearance from each new view-point. You see the type like ordinary type when you look straight at it; in a side light it shines with a golden sheen; and in another light it becomes dim and indistinct, and you can hardly read it for the excess of radiance. Is it not so with the wonderful words of the Eagle of God? Clear and simple to the straightforward gaze of the child and of the simple-hearted; shining with the light of heaven's glory to the eye that sees with the second-sight of faith; mystical and dim, like an Eastern night palpitating with stars, full of thoughts of the illimitable to the soul with the seer's vision, that can see through its tears a door opened in heaven. . . . Such a '*libro d'oro*' deserves to be carefully preserved, and I feel highly flattered that my name should be inscribed in it by your pen.

"And with kindest regards and the best wishes of the season,

"I am, my dear Dr. Macduff,
"Yours most faithfully and gratefully,
"HUGH MACMILLAN.'

(*From Rev. R. H. Lovell, of Bromley, whose services Dr. Macduff frequently enjoyed.*)

“ . . . How we influence each other! how little do you know what a stimulus and help your genial, kindly presence is to me! May you long be spared and enjoy increasingly the Divine secret. Your works, *I know*, bless many now, and will do for many, many years to come.

“With heartiest wishes for you and yours.”

* * * * *

(*From J. Warrington Wood, Sculptor, Rome.*)

“7, TRINITA DI MONTE,

“16th May, 1871.

“DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

“How glad I am to have received your very, very kind letter, giving me such pleasant news of the good situation of my ‘Eve’! I cannot tell you how delighted I feel, and also with your kind wish to have my group of ‘The Sisters of Bethany’ engraved as a frontispiece to your beautiful work, which I read, little dreaming, six years ago, that I should have the pleasure of making the author’s acquaintance in such a happy way. . . . I think I told you one day in my studio, that it was reading your ‘Memories of Bethany’ that led me to the decision of modelling that group, and after I had made the sketches I showed them to the great Gibson, which pleased him greatly, and he strongly advised me to make it life-size, giving at the same time most valuable hints which I endeavoured to follow.

“I am so glad to think you and Mrs. and Miss Macduff enjoyed Italy so very, very much. How I do wish you were to be here next winter!

“I look forward with *much pleasure* to your kind and valued invitation to come and visit you in Scotland. . . .”

(From his ever-kind friend James Watson, Esq., Head of
Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)

“21, BERNERS STREET,

“LONDON,

“10th June, 1879.

“MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

“I have just returned from Miss Havergal's funeral—such a bright sunset. . . . We laid all that the earth now holds of her beside her father, in the quiet churchyard of the parish of which for many years he was rector, and where she was born.

“I received her last note only yesterday morning, and as it contains a reference to you, I send it to you. Kindly return it to me.

“Ever yours most truly,

“JAMES WATSON.”

(From Mr. Sankey—Moody and Sankey.)

“LONDON, E.C.,

“December 13.

“DEAR SIR,—

“I am desirous of using your fine hymn, ‘Christ is coming, let Creation,’ etc., in a new collection of Sacred Songs and Solos, and write to you for permission to use the same. The hymn has been set to an excellent tune by a friend in Brooklyn, N.Y., and is quite a favourite in that country.

“Your kind consent for its use in my new book will very greatly oblige,

“Yours truly,

“IRA D. SANKEY.

(From the same.)

"LONDON, E.C.,
"Dec. 15, 1887.

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"Your very kind note just received, and I hasten to thank you for the permission granted. And may the Master grant His rich blessing to its use. Our new book is now made up, and will be published in a few days; but I will take your new hymn home with me to America, and do the best I can at setting it to music, and have it ready for future use.

"With kindest regards,

"I am, yours truly,
"IRA D. SANKEY."

That "new hymn" above referred to had a special interest to both writers. It was composed on one of those occasions, not readily to be forgot, when the two American Evangelists had taken the religious world of London by storm, and gathered vast crowds to listen to their earnest pleadings. I found myself in the midst of that dense multitude in the Haymarket Theatre. I had gone long before the appointed hour of meeting, but could only find space in the upper gallery. To while away the time, I was under the spell of some strange irresistible impulse to take out my pencil, and on a scrap of paper to *write a hymn*. It was somewhat polished and improved on my return home. I may give it here *in extenso*. In sending it to Mr. S., I am not sure that I revealed fully to him its occasion and birth-place (which I should have done).

THE YEARNING OF THE FATHER AND THE SIGH OF THE PRODIGAL.

"Return, return, the way is long and dreary;
Return, return, O wand'rer sad and weary;

Why so with sin beguiled?
 Thy Father's heart is breaking
 With this cruel long forsaking,
 Come back, come back, My child."

"Gladly I would, for with hunger I am perishing,
 The memories of home still fondly I am cherishing,
 I am weary in the wild:
 No Sabbath bells now ringing,
 No loving voices bringing
 Peace to this heart defiled!"

"Return, return; why any longer linger?
 There are sandals for your feet, and a ring to deck your finger;
 Your Father, reconciled,
 With pity will behold you,
 In His arms He will enfold you,
 Come back, come back, My child!"

"I come, I come; my heart with joy is beating;
 I come, I come, as I hear Thee thus entreating,
 With accents fond and mild.
 I thought myself forsaken,
 But to-morrow I'll awaken—
 Waken once more, Thy child!"

"Oh, joyful sight! at last he is appearing;
 Light up the festal hall—the wanderer is nearing;
 Go let the board be piled:
 Let fatted calf be killed for him,
 And golden goblets filled for him,—
 I've found, I've found My child!"

October, 1884.

Fragments of notes on the receipt of his book of verse,
 "Knocking."

(From Dr. Hugh Macmillan.)

"GREENOCK, N.B.,

"9th October, 1884.

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"Allow me to thank you warmly for your very
 kind presentation copy of your last book, 'Knocking.' It

is most beautifully got up, and its contents possess all the charm and suggestiveness which we are accustomed to expect from the author. I have read it with unfeigned pleasure and profit. It is a gem with many facets exquisitely cut, and radiating the many lights of the subject. . . . I rejoice to find a tree that, season after season, has produced such a bountiful crop of precious fruit for so many long years, still laden with beautiful blooms.

"Yours most faithfully,
"HUGH MACMILLAN."

(*From Miss S. Doudney.*)

"Nov. 7, 1884.

"DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

" . . . 'Knocking' has only just reached me. I have been moving from place to place, and it has followed me here.

"How beautiful your poetry is! It has on me a calming, soothing influence which words fail to describe. When I take the book at the close of a busy day, and ponder alone over the verses, I feel that the world's din is hushed for a time, and I am drawing near the 'everlasting doors.'

" . . . May you be spared for many years to a world which is always needing a calm voice like yours. It goes a great deal farther than some of the louder tones, and its echoes linger long in the heart.

"Ever yours gratefully and truly,
"SARAH DOUDNEY."

(*From Rev. R. H. Lovell, Bromley.*)

"October 4, 1884.

"DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"You have kept the best wine until now. I was

obliged to put down my sermon-writing and read without a stop till done. It is a series of Life Chords. . . .

“R. H. LOVELL.”

(*From Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*)

“NIGHTINGALE LANE,

“CLAPHAM,

“December 30, 1883.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“Your good words are a cordial to me. I have learned to live above human sympathy, and at the same time to feel the sweetness of it.

“Any good word I have spoken of your works may bear interest rather than discount, for I have sought rather to be fair than favourable, having an eye to the interest of readers rather than authors, as I think a reviewer should. Your numerous works have brought truth under the eyes of thousands who would not have seen it unless you had put it so pleasantly.

“I had no idea you were so near a neighbour. How you northern brethren love us and dwell among us! And how welcome you are!

“Yours heartily,

“C. H. SPURGEON.”

(*From the late Bishop French.*)

“CHISLEHURST,

“November 7.

“MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—

“Though overtaxed with heavy engagements at this time, I must write one line of grateful acknowledgment of your note received in Sussex two days ago; and desire to praise God with you for the measure of strength restored to you, so as to be able, even with *weakened* frame, yet

'shew Thy *strength* unto this generation, and Thy power to them that are yet to come.'

"This affliction has doubtless brought with it some fresh precious lessons and messages to you, from which myself and many others of the friends yet spared you would be thankful to have a seasonable portion in these days of perplexity and longing for more rooting and grounding in Christ, and perfecting in the Divine life.

"I may not add more to-night, having returned from Sussex to-day and pledged to work in S. London to-morrow.

"What a mystery is the bringing back of Zion's captivity, which causes the Jewish population in the Holy Land to reach near 70,000! Of this more hereafter.

"I am,

"With kind regards to your daughter,

"Yours with most sincere esteem,

"THOS. VALPY FRENCH,

"*Bishop.*"

The following note prefaces the letter subjoined, written in Dr. Macduff's hand.

From the Rev. Dr. Matheson, St. Bernard's, Edinburgh.

His verdict is accepted *cum grano*—beyond the mark. But as his name will doubtless survive when mine is forgotten, let the blare of trumpet be.

(*On receipt of "St. Paul's Song of Songs."*)

"EDINBURGH,

"October 17, 1891.

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"I have delayed writing to you until I could complete the perusal of your volume.

"I have, therefore, finished your work before writing to you. And now that I have done so, let me congratulate

you warmly on the great success with which you have achieved your object. You have invested a very trite theme with a new interest and an unwonted glow.

"I have read nearly all your books from the early days of Sandyford up to the present hour—from the time when you stood before the burning bush, until this moment when you stand upon the summit of Mount Nebo.

". . . The links of this golden chain are taken up and rivetted, until they form a sequence of which I was hardly myself aware until I read your book.

"With kindest regards,

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"GEORGE MATHESON."

"Story of Jesus" in Verse.

(From Rev. Dr. Matheson, to whom the Book is Dedicated.)

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"I do not know how to thank you—how to express what I feel. You have done me the greatest honour I ever received in my life. By the way, have I ever received any honour except through you? I think not. You encouraged my school-days; you put me into Sandyford; you introduced me at Innellan; you inducted me at St. Bernard's; you stimulated my literary efforts; you got me a call to London; you procured me my degree; and now you have lent me your great name as an introduction to my own small one. I think it is only now that I thoroughly and fully realize how persistent and unvaried has been your kindness towards me.

"I am proud to have my name associated with one whom I esteem and love. Of the book itself I have read enough to see its beauties. It is full of gems that would grace any hymnal. . . . I think you have struck a

richer mine than ever before, and one more in the direction of pure literature as distinct from Theology.

"Believe me,

"Your very sincere friend,

"GEORGE MATHESON."

"Story of Jesus."

(*From Professor Dickson, of Glasgow University.*)

"13, THE COLLEGE,

"GLASGOW,

"5th December, 1893.

"MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

"I am very much obliged by your kind remembrance of me, whereof you have sent so agreeable and welcome a token in the gift of your new book.

"I am glad to see that, so far from laying aside or intermitting your literary activity, you are turning it into new channels. . . . It has needed but a glance to fill me with wonder at the rare mastery of various metres which you have brought to the service of thus clothing in new forms the chief incidents of the life of our Lord. . . ."

"Pillar in the Night."

(*J. H. Kerr, Esq.*)

"8, HAMPTON COURT TERRACE,

"GARNETHILL,

"GLASGOW,

"November 11, 1892.

". . . I always remember Dr. Norman Macleod's remarks in the Presbytery at the time of your retirement—'That it was nothing short of a calamity, that one who was so gifted with the power to comfort should be lost to the Church'; but I often think that by your writings you are ministering to the larger Church—to all Christendom

—not the minister of one Church, but of all the Churches. And long may you be spared to do so, as your own experience has been a great teacher. . . .”

(*From Rev. Professor Charteris.*)

“ 22, FERDINAND STRASSE,

“BAD HOMBURG,

“ 16th June, 1894.

“ MY DEAR DR. MACDUFF,—

“ I know you will be interested in hearing from us, but I do not wish to entangle you in any necessity of answering, though always and everywhere your hand upon an envelope is a delight. . . .

“ We often talk over those two or three beautiful days with you and Miss Macduff. Not for many a day have we enjoyed anything so greatly. It reminded us so much of the never-forgotten Glasgow days, when you were as an elder brother to me; and when I was too young and stupid and busy to be able to take it all in, though I am sure, then and always, my heart has been yours. You and Professor Mitchell took me to Switzerland also in such kind, fatherly care as one seldom gets anywhere.

“ It was very delightful to see you both in that Eden of your own planting.”

XIX

A GREAT SORROW

OLD age has been spoken of as the Holy Place of the Life-Sanctuary. Poetry, too, has sung of it, again and again, as the calm sunset of existence—the golden glory at the close of day.

‘Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in its sober livery all things clad.’

These beautiful images are—I concede—often, generally true. Alas! not invariably so. The Holy Place—the Adytum of the heathen temple—all hallowed and sacred as it was, was frequently enshrined in thick darkness: the radiance as well as festal gladness of the outer courts were there unknown. Then, the glow of sunset. Yes, but at times afternoon promise is dashed with storm-clouds, and the sun descends murky, and blurred, and gloomy in the western wave.

Such was to be my experience, after a long mingled day of shadow and sunshine; but with the sunshine far in excess. The life-sky was suddenly to be darkened, in the mysterious Providence of an All-Wise Disposer. A *great* sorrow was to dim the horizon. I was, and am, glad of the inspired utterance: “Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.” Thank God for the thought that the morrow is veiled—that when treading what is bright with flowers, we are ignorant of the slumbering forces that may be underneath our feet.

The first cloud that burst over our peaceful home was

that which deprived me of the loved companion of thirty-eight years. The Roman fever she had while in Rome, fifteen years before, strangely returned; and, after weeks of great suffering, she was in a moment (*syncope* of the heart) called to surrender the long trust she had so nobly discharged.

I read lately, in an eminently readable book, as follows: and to which from my heart-depths I say, "Amen":—

"Some men would have wavered in their purpose, and fallen short of their mission, had it not been for those faithful ones who knew how to brace their courage by a helpful word, and soothe their disappointments with a tender, healing touch. When such a woman comes to a house, she enters it like a guardian-angel, and remains like a blessing."

The funeral was a sad and solemn one. The gathering in the Parish Church was evidence to the depth and reality of sympathy. One very incidental memory of that day must be recorded. In the course of the morning and forenoon, several boxes came from friends at a distance, containing tribute flower-wreaths. There was one case of large dimensions, but small width, which I opened under the impression that it was similar to the others. The contents deeply touched me. All ignorant of what had occurred, that artist of rare power, George Tinworth, had most kindly sent me, as a gift, a large photograph of his wonderful terra cotta (*alto rilievo*), Cidippe and her sons. The present—in other circumstances much valued—would now have simply been put aside in the occupation of sadder thoughts. But the subject, and the treatment of it, came to me with all the power of a messenger of consolation: and that very evening, in the depths of my sorrow, I could not resist sitting down to tell the donor the balm-word of comfort which he and his beautiful art had conveyed. It seemed

like an angel come down at the troubling of the waters. All know the old classical legend. Cidippe, living at a distance from the temple of her deity, had arranged at a certain hour to come and offer sacrifice. As the hour drew nigh, the oxen that were to convey her in her chariot had wandered astray, and were not to be found. But her two sons, ever loving and faithful, added this new proof of filial regard, by volunteering to take the place of the lost animals and drag her to the Fane. They did so. And the point of the artist's representation is, when they had reached the front of the Temple. The votive oxen are seen with garlands round their necks, while the Priestess and her companions are on the steps under the portico, ready to receive the illustrious worshipper. The latter stands up conspicuous in her chariot : and with uplifted right hand asks the Priestess to confer on her sons, as a reward for their goodness, the greatest boon she could bestow. Her answer was at once returned—"DEATH!" The two sons, just as they are fulfilling their mission, are pathetically represented as falling down in the last long sleep. *Death* a "boon." "Death" the best and most valued "gift," was the lesson I needed that day. How it was silently read and given by the sympathetic soul of genius! It has ever since occupied, and will continue to occupy, a place all its own in my drawing-room. "For so He giveth His beloved SLEEP."¹

Immediately after the funeral, we were urgently advised, in consequence of the long strain of waiting and

¹ In answer to my note, I received the following :—

"I was very sorry to hear of your great loss. I hope that God may give you strength according to your day of bereavement.

"I thank you for your good book : glad to see such a kind tone running through it. Your letter did me good, as I had a large panel broken in half in the kiln, which upset me very much the day before. I remain,

"Yours truly,

"G. TINWORTH."

watching, to take change of air and scene. My dear daughter—now only child—pride and comforter, had tended her mother through all these trying weeks with an absolute consecration, rejecting all proposals to have a trained nurse — keeping up with an heroic bravery while her sense of duty claimed her. The collapse, as I dreaded, too surely came. The shores of the Riviera became specially desirable to revive her prostrate energies, and under these heavenly skies and balmy airs, to help to bring comfort to her broken heart. We divided our three and a half months' absence between Cannes, Valescure, and Hyères. No wonder that Cannes, during the first month of our residence abroad, should have captivated us. After the dull and dreary winter fogs of England, its balmy air, combined with the clear atmosphere, seemed like a breath from the Elysian Fields. It was absolutely intoxicating. While the sunsets on the Esterels, as seen from the windows of the Windsor Hotel, were something surpassingly glorious. The second day after reaching this true Heliopolis, "City of the Sun," I felt it a congenial occupation to visit the grave of my ever-faithful and able friend, the late Dr. William Robertson, of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. He was a man of singular culture. Under an abrupt manner, there was a true, glowing heart and vigorous enthusiasm. In the Church of Scotland he was patron and promoter of all schemes bearing on the interests of continental Protestant Churches. He could speak Italian as fluently as his own vernacular. Many a time the Waldensian Synod at La Tour were cheered and animated by this gifted Scotchman—eloquent with the music of their own tongue. Yes, I stood with a full heart that day, gazing on the simple epitaph. One objection alone there was to Cannes. It was too gay and fashionable for sad hearts. We longed for something quieter, if it could be had—some more sacred and soothing communion with

nature. We had heard of a retired hotel embosomed in the pine woods of the Esterels, away from this babble and bustle. We were glad when a bright afternoon towards the end of February found us leaving the station of San Raphael, a small unattractive town on the western shores, and making our way through some three miles of pleasant circuitous road to Valescure. The surroundings of Valescure realized much of what we desired and anticipated. Indeed, it suited us so well, that I may be pardoned lingering on it with greater detail. Nothing could be more delightful than to wander at will among the tiny pathways intersecting these boundless forests, stretching northwards and eastwards as far as the eye could reach. The trees themselves are, in the immediate vicinity, not large. But in the distance there are lovely specimens of the Aleppo, Maritime, and Stone pine; the latter the same which Turner delighted in, and with which he has made us all so familiar in his Italian pictures and engravings. The only other tree which disputes the monopoly of the Esterel pine, and in various ways peculiarly attractive, is the cork oak. Its bark, besides more homely purposes (cork-cutting forms an important industry both in the neighbouring towns and mountain villages), has home associations, owing to its extensive use for decoration in English gardens and London West-End balconies. The larger examples look strangely marred and contorted by being stripped of their rugged but most picturesque "hide." But, like the crab or lobster similarly mutilated, the deprivation does not seem in the least degree to affect their subsequent vitality; for the barest and nudest of them continue in unimpaired vigour and exuberant foliage. One feature impressed us. Owing to the resemblance of the evergreen leafage to the best known and loved British deciduous trees—such as the elm and oak—these vast expanses of wood, far up the hills and in the gentle

valleys, give quite the impression of the clothing of early summer; and the illusion is increased by the sky of May or June above head, rather than that of the least genial month of sterner climes. This reference to the vegetation on the Esterels—indeed, all along the shores of the Riviera—would be incomplete without including the *Erica Arborea*, the “Mediterranean heath,” which had been for long a familiar plant in my Kentish “dell,” and fair representatives too; but which there, of course, indigenous, attains wonderful development under its native skies and favouring soil. The flower, then in full bloom, is simply perfect, whether the prevailing white, or occasional delicate flush of pink.

To enumerate the more distant excursions in this favoured region would be impossible. To those of antiquarian tastes, an hour’s walk to the old Roman town of Fréjus, standing on the site of Forum Julii, and the birth, place of Agricola, the conqueror of Britain, amply repays the trouble. What a wonderful race, to be sure, these old Romans were! Here we have extensive ruins, yet complete in their way, of wall and tower, rampart and citadel, theatre and amphitheatre; though this latter, with its capacity for containing 9,000 spectators, is suggestive of the less lovable side of that blood and iron nation. More to my taste were the vast fragments of the aqueduct,—no ephemeral engineering feat—by which, in spite of natural obstacles, they conveyed the water of the modern Siagnole from near Mons to Forum Julii, covering a distance of twenty miles, and requiring eighty-seven arches. Magnificent specimens of the Stone pine, already alluded to, are seen all around in abundance. We somewhat coveted the choice of a fellow-countryman, who has built a beautiful villa on a height hard by. A lover surely, moreover, of the imperial old-world colonizers and their works; for he has managed to include the most picturesque of the

aqueduct remains within his *demesne*—in harmony, or rather contrast, with the pines and their umbrella canopy which stud his lawn. The sea, in olden times, must have well-nigh washed the base of these Titan structures. Here there is still, in wonderful preservation, the “sea-gate”; nigh to which, after the battle of Actium, a fleet of some hundred galleys was kept for the defence of the coast. While, farther on, in a similar state of pristine strength and durability, is the “land-gate,” or portal, under which passed the great Aurelian highway, issuing from the golden milestone of the Forum, and terminating at Arles. Can I venture still farther to expand, and give to one special excursion, in a later week, from our pine-enshrined hotel, a more circumstantial narration?

In that exquisite circle of mountains known (as already said) as *the Esterels*, the highest point is *Mont Vinaigre*, 2,020 feet above the sea level. The circuit and ascent, partly by carriage, partly by foot, can be accomplished with ease in six and a half hours. Suitable conveyances can readily be had at Valescure by telegraphing to San Raphael.

“Paul,” the young intelligent driver of two Algerian brown ponies, had all the winning characteristics possessed in these parts by Frenchmen—civil, affable, intelligent; his cap not only *taken* off, but *kept* scrupulously off so long as he talks with you, whether a monosyllabic reply, or, more frequently, a gush or torrent of *patois*—the whole set off by a pair of gleaming eyes, such as you somehow expect in this land of the Troubadours.

Commencing our expedition by what is called the “New Cannes Road,” we speedily diverged into a succession of pine-clad valleys, whose brilliant green was intensified now and then by a sprinkling of olives, and our already-mentioned ubiquitous friend the cork tree, recalling as

counterpart home-scenes the best glens of Ross-shire or the braes of Athole.

We had pleasantly threaded our course for about a couple of hours, with no apparent failure in the capacities of the "Algerines." What though the primitive rope-traces give way? Paul is equal to the occasion, and so are his trusty friends, who seem, from their suddenly staid demeanour, to have laid their account with such mishaps as one of the ordinary incidents and conditions of the journey. For, immediately after, their temper and rhythm of pace re-assert themselves. It was singular that in this remote region we should have come, for the first time since leaving England, on worthy specimens of Tennyson's "immemorial elms." Here, however, they were. Many of them, indeed, lopped, some injured by storm, others gashed and crippled with age. But elms, undoubtedly, worthy of Knole or Penshurst. They were, of course, leafless. Not so a large weeping willow, which revealed at its base, in the shape of an ancient water-trough, the secret of its luxuriance.

The Riviera willow, as seen first at Cannes and now in this higher latitude, is something altogether unique; the long green tresses are pendants of exquisite beauty. I could not help the verdict at the time, that these delicate tapering "frondes" dispute with Wordsworth his assignment of "Lady of the Wood" to our home-birch.

We ere long commenced a long and arduous pull up a picturesque valley. The road is excellent, though but scant allowance is made in the matter of latitude; and woe betide any serious divergence. Drafted soldiers, or guardsmen, have assigned to them the keeping of these hill-roads in repair, and they seem no unfaithful stewards.

A point was at last reached when Paul brought the vehicle to a pause, and pointed to a well-defined pathway to the mountain-top. Two of our party essayed the by no

means formidable effort. The track, indeed, is rough with stones; and, what was worse, where the *mauvais pas* skirted the north of the hill, it was here and there covered with snow, which had been congealed into an icy glissade. But these small difficulties were surmounted by dint of caution and extemporized alpenstocks. Paul was left meanwhile to complete, by the low road, the circuit of the hill, leaving injunctions as to the place of *rendezvous* on the southern side. The ascent was in every way interesting. Despite of February's "mistrals," and elevation, there were wild hyacinths in abundance, though it must be owned the frost, and snow, and aforesaid mistral had worked havoc with their otherwise fully developed flowers. One modest violet alone challenged admiration and appropriation in the very centre of the stony path. Some of the trees, especially the Aleppo pine, had, pendent from their branches, or attached to these, the singular, cobweb-spun nest of the caterpillar, *Bombyx processionaria*. The tribe, or rather pest, is by no means restricted to these higher regions. I believe they are beginning to make such ravages in the plains among the fruit-trees, roses, vines, anything and everything, as to demand extirpation. The numerous progeny, when they reach maturity, are either deposited, or deposit themselves, on the ground. A lady told me she had, a few days before, encountered on the pathway a squadron—she spoke of about a hundred—of these little creatures linked together in single file, moving in the most homogeneous fashion, in accordance with the above appropriate name given them by naturalists. I understand that they are not unknown in some parts of England. But they were new to me. These occasional monstrosities were perhaps all the more noticeable owing to the strange and complete absence of other animated life, whether buzz of insect or song and flight of bird. Even the wild boar, which there

had once a formidable repute, seems to have yielded to "nature's great silences." But what mainly arrested the eye was the wonderful clothing of the rocks and boulders. I have often gazed, with Mr. Ruskin's nowise overweening admiration, on the lichen of the Alps that had battled with the storms and "reflected the sunsets of a thousand years." But never have I seen anything to compare with the green and golden carpeting on these Esterel summits. I dare not pronounce which of the two colours is the more lovely. Vain was the attempt to detach specimens from the tenacious stone. Recollection, at all events, will not lose its tenacity of these "things of beauty."

It need hardly be said, however, that it is not so much near objects as distant ones which lend enchantment to this as to many other scenes. The view gradually unfolded was most varied. Towards the east, in the middle distance, rose the main chain of our favourite Esterels, whose serrated peaks singularly reminded of Arran, with Goatfell and Glen Sannox, only the red porphyry rocks of Provence glowed with singular warmth and brightness of tone under a southern sun. Among these, Mont Baume, with its hermit cave of St. Honorat, stood conspicuous. It forms, indeed, a constantly striking and impressive feature from all points in the landscape. We had admired its castellated top from many points in Cannes. It framed itself in every picture among the verdant pine forests around San Raphael. Indeed, the summit of Vinaigre would have been bereft of much, had these "crags, rocks, and knolls" failed to contribute their quota to the scene. Inclining east, lapped in its own semicircular bay, are the houses, villas, and monster hotels of Cannes; while farther distant, the recess in which Nice lay—that headquarter of flippant, carnival folly—revealed its position, but little more. The distant promontories towards Mentone and Monaco were shrouded

in a sunny mist, while I need hardly say the vast Mediterranean (who would dwarf it by calling it a European lake?) spread its wilderness of waters all around. The eye, still wandering in a more northerly direction, is confronted with the range of Maritime Alps and their covering of snow; while the panorama terminated towards the west with the familiar old Cathedral of Fréjus (St. Etienne), and the Mount Soracte-like hill of Rockbrunn, though the Var mountain transcends its Latin rival alike in altitude and picturesqueness.

A by no means difficult descent brought us, a little fatigued, to rejoin biped and quadruped; and at a rattling pace, over mountain roads, we found ourselves safe back to our Hospice of the Pines.

I dare not further enlarge. The day of departure came, as we know too well in a sadder sense all such days do come at last, leaving behind them mingled memories, but memories of the beautiful too. Our fellow-guests, whose casual acquaintance had deepened into something akin to friendship, accorded the genuine English farewell.

At Hyères we remained longest, as there my dear invalid, as now she was, became more seriously ill, suffering from acute prostration. Many kind friends—strangers—were ready and able to soothe and sympathise. Among these I must specially mention, with much gratitude, her skilled medical adviser, Dr. Bidon, and the then Bishop of Truro (Dr. Wilkinson), there also for the benefit of his health, not forgetting, moreover, good "Sister Harriette." Hyères has a considerable beauty and attractiveness. Our spacious hotel was a couple of miles out of town (Costabelle—now royally associated), surrounded by hills clad with olive, pine, and monster heath; while a wide, flat plain in the foreground terminated with the blue Mediterranean. The most notable feature in the town itself, besides hotels and ancient castle, crowning the Acropolis-like

hill, is the groups of palm trees, very specially one avenue of them in the centre of a wide street. I saw nothing either in Egypt or Syria to compare with this row. Hyères may well dispute with Jericho its title to "the City of Palms." A few I admired at Bordighera may be larger; but the length and symmetry of this avenue stands alone.

In all these different places of our somewhat protracted sojourn, letters of condolence after our trial poured in upon us. A few extracts from these, as specimen attestations to the worth and goodness over which had closed the distant grave at Chislehurst, may be given. In most cases names will be suppressed.

(From Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.)

". . . I was much touched by the beautiful letter with which you favoured me from the sunny south. I do, indeed, feel deeply for you, walking in the shadow which no southern light can dispel, but which in your case is softened by the conviction that it is the shadow of God's wing, and that you can put your trust under that shadow. May He comfort you as you have comforted so many other mourners!

"The dedication of your book (to my mother's memory) is enough to bring tears to the eyes. That the book should be living, and she not—at least, not here. Alas! alas!"

"Words are indeed weak to express all I feel for you, for A——, and for us all! . . . What a wife, what a mother, what a true friend!

"So the beautiful life, often of suffering, and always of unselfishness, is ended. God grant that we may all more and more follow in her steps, for they were ever in the paths of duty, of contentment, and of love."

"I cannot help writing you a line this morning to express my deep sympathy with you and the doctor in your sad, sad loss. An angel has left Ravensbrook for her true home, where, ere very long, you both shall see her. . . . The thought of her lovely face, always so full of joy and peace, is with me as I write. She taught more lessons in that respect than she perhaps dreamed of."

(From Walter Barratt, Esq.)

"I have just heard, indirectly, through friends at Cannes, that you have lost your good, kind wife, and even now I know not whether the loss is recent. It was not long ago, when turning over some letters belonging to poor L——, and evidently cherished by him as mementoes of those he had left and loved, that I came across a letter to him from Mrs. Macduff, thanking him for a farewell present. It was such a kind note that I remember thinking no wonder he had kept it.

"Although no words of mine can lighten your and Miss Macduff's sorrow, I would like you to know how deeply I feel for you in your trouble, which would, indeed, be great, were it not for that sure and certain hope that enables us to look upon death as but the gateway to immortality. When I recall the kindness shown by Mrs. Macduff to poor H—— and L——, and the ready welcome she always extended to me whenever I came to Ravensbrook, I feel that I too have lost a real friend, for a time, at least. . . . For you, to whom life has been but a foretaste of joys to come, the severance of earthly ties means more than I can conceive; but I do realize the fact, and feel heartily sorry for you."

(From Henry Craik, Esq., C.B.)

". . . The memory of Mrs. Macduff's gentle and kindly nature, so brave and cheerful amidst her trials of

delicate health, will be ever cherished by those who had the privilege of knowing her, as something that made life better and higher; and in the consciousness of that common memory you may find hereafter some soothing comfort in your loss. . . ."

"That beautiful spirit shed rays of sunshine around her which illumined your dear home. She was an embodiment of Love, and if that is Love, what must Heaven be? My thoughts always go upward when I think of her."

"What a blank to you both! You *three* were so closely knit to each other! I hardly like to realize what the stroke must be. But how your comforts abound! Never was there one over whose life, in every aspect of it, we could more heartily rejoice and give thanks to God! From first to last she has been a blessing to you and to all around her."

(From Rev. Dr. Fraser, Newport.)

"I have just noticed in the obituary of the *Dundee Advertiser* the sad announcement of Mrs. Macduff's death, and I desire to express my deep sympathy with you and Miss Macduff in your great sorrow. I know it must be an overwhelming sorrow to you. You have been so much to each other all these years, your sympathies and affections silently growing in strength and tenderness with the advancing years, that the bitterness of parting must be especially keen. It is when the wrench of separation comes that one becomes aware how constant and unbroken has been the growth of life into life. Only then, perhaps, do we fully understand how the sympathies and affections of the heart have been gaining force by mutual growth. . . .

"I often look back with great delight and gratitude

to the time I was with you in Sandyford, and not the least pleasing recollections are those associated with Mrs. Macduff's kindness and gentleness. Even when her health was far from good, and when she must have been suffering much, she received me always with such a pleasant smile, and encouraged me so much by the kind interest she took in my work. To me hers will always be a cherished memory."

(From Rev. Dr. Matheson, St. Bernard's, Edinburgh.)

"I cannot tell you with what inexpressible pain I heard yesterday of your sad bereavement. It comes to me with a sense of personal loss. I knew her only in her days of health and vigour, and when my own nature was more buoyant than it is now; but on that very account she always has been, and always will be, to me associated with brightness. I never knew a more noble, pure, unselfish spirit, nor one more ripe for that great transition we call Death. Hers was indeed in a peculiar sense the Master's work—the bearing of the cross. She belonged rather to the class of the heavy laden than of the labouring. The task committed to her was the carrying of a burden, but it was a royal task, and most nobly did she fulfil it. These long years of patient suffering shall shine like stars in the kingdom of the Father.

"Trusting that you may find the fulfilment of that promise, whose wealth I first gathered from your own preaching in Sandyford, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' . . .

"I remain, my dear Dr. Macduff,

"Yours very affectionately,

"GEORGE MATHESON."

"I had seen her so little, and yet I have such a vivid impression of her charming personality. I never saw

any one whose goodness and gentleness shone so brightly through every word and every kind, considerate action, so that they seemed to irradiate her whole being."

"I think her life was summed up in those words—*In Christo, In Pace*; and that is why one could not know her and not love her, and feel better for having been in her presence."

We returned from the Riviera middle of April, taking, at the doctor's advice, the long journey without a break from Marseilles to Dover. But a night at the "Lord Warden" there, replete with the oft-missed English comforts, refreshed us, and we reached our home—alas! so silent and desolate—next forenoon. But spring, with its buds and birds, gave us the welcome otherwise absent, and the old haunts and occupations were by-and-by resumed. The "healing hand of time"—(no wonder)—was slow on this occasion to reassert its beneficent power.

January, 1889. Our first Anniversary.

A year only seems to make more vivid the irreparable loss—the sense of *vacancy*. "She is not here," is the refrain of the desolate heart. At every turn there is the feeling, "*one* there is not." I am calm, and indeed often cheerful; at times singularly little able to realize all I have loved and lost. But life, best and most beautiful of it, has utterly changed: the object of loving devotion, and so worthy of it all, is seen no more with her bright, winning look, and heard no more is that voice, to use Longfellow's words, "of exquisite music." "The glory has departed!" But every day of the past year has deepened and intensified the influence of character and consistent walk: "the sweet reasonableness," the "true ring of goodness" that never varied and never could be

mistaken: *absolute* sincerity, the utter incapability of doing an unworthy deed or uttering a base word.

My darling A——, my support, comfort, strength, is the gladdest possession now of these ever-happy and sacred years. How strong is the mutual love which with golden fetters bound her to her mother, and her mother to her! There never was one passing discordant note in their life of love. It made their existence a little Elysium. It implied a wonderful self-surrender of a young life from much that is an irresistible fascination to others. But my dear child made a most ungrudging dedication; and the sacrifice was not in vain laid on that Heart-Altar, for dearly was she doted on in return. If a few hours were spent in London with me, with what quiet delight was she ever welcomed back, and the little broken stream rippled on with fresh gladness. What a joy it would be—(nay, let me say is, and *must* be)—to that sainted one to know how her child, ever since that moment of departure, has been my guardian angel! I think we are both devoutly thankful, in the midst of all these strange, novel experiences, that our mercies and comforts are so great. Specially have we nothing to regret or reflect upon in the closing weeks and hours: all was done that human skill and tenderness could do, and done not by strange and alien but by our own hands. What an awful moment when I heard A——'s step and knock at my room door! more awful still when my experienced first glance told me too truly that *all was over!* Over without final pang or parting, the traces of these weeks of suffering in a moment gone, and the face in its ashy paleness wearing the sweet, calm placidity of best days. But why try to recall the picture engraven indelibly on our heart of hearts, and all the outpouring of sorrow and sympathy on the days which followed, till resting under an Eden of flowers—at home,

in the village church, and finally in the sacred spot where now she sleeps, with Whittier's lines the befitting prayer of the wide circle that loved her! How touching, amid a hundred others, are the letters coming in from A——'s class—those to whom she ever gave kind and loving welcome, and each in their own way dwelling on her bright, genial, "*heavenly*" look! As I now write, I have, next to my dear child, the most prized treasure and *souvenir* in that wonderful photographic likeness. How unconscious the Folkestone artist was, and is, of the absolutely invaluable possession he has given us. A—— has put it, too, into so exquisite a shrine, with lovely words engraven specially on brass plates for me. I like to have it on the table, open, at my left hand—an ever-present inspiration and incentive. Then at this first recurrence of the sad date, let me think too of the rare beauty of her resting-place in Chislehurst. Few *more* beautiful in England. Thanks to the rector for so generously and sympathetically carrying out our wishes. Both marble tombstone and marble curb, and the ever-fresh flowers, give it only an association with *the beautiful*, the church bells constantly chiming close by. Oh, my dear one, this is not a farewell. You will now, as you ever did in life, forgive whatever was remiss in me. I am very sure but for you I never would have been as I now am: the hasty word was *never* resented, the wise way was ever pointed out. You would be the last to claim high culture and accomplishment; but you had infinitely better, though these too were very far from wanting. A lowly humility would not allow you to think of their possession. Yours was, in one word, A BEAUTIFUL LIFE, in which no taint or speck of selfishness could find place. You are honoured to-day with the undying affection and gratitude of the many who tell us they bless God for having known you.

I take A——'s motto on the tiny brass plate on which my eye now falls—"Amavimus—Amamus—Amabimus."

J. R. M.

"Great and good." No, not *great*, for the goodness so overpowered the greatness.

In these latter years there was little to divert me from the calm and soothing delight of a quiet home, with much still near and dear to banish sadness. One small outing, to both of us, was pleasant and refreshing. A day or two at Mount Ephraim Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, with the charming environs, including the grand old historical house of Penshurst. Thence, by Dorking, to a quaint farmhouse at Gomshall, near Albury, where, with the use of a primitive trap, we were able to visit the surrounding country. One day my dear brother William's grave at Witley, another driving through John Evelyn's old park, with its still rare sylvan beauty, ending that excursion with the spot close by, where Bishop Wilberforce's stirring life was brought to an end by a sudden fall from his horse. A rough granite cross marks the spot.

Then, on returning home, there was always the comfort of lowly but hearty welcome from our faithful domestics. I feel assured few households have been more blest than we have been in this respect. All may well claim regardful notice. But one must stand out conspicuous—my gardener, Henry Y——, for long years now in my service. A man of good manners and conspicuous natural ability, one of those who can "put his hand to anything," a veritable treasure in any family. What is often combined with "good and faithful service," a strong will, a temper keen as steel, but as proverbially true, he and his master perfectly understanding one another, that every work would be well done if not

gratuitously interfered with. "Trust me," was the recognised motto, and on both sides respected. If any were to challenge his skill, taste, or fidelity, he (the accused) had only to stand in the midst of the tiny paradise we had jointly formed, and say, "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice!*" But his strength of will and purpose had a special outcome of gratitude. My dear wife—his mistress—had not in any secondary but very real way educated, and that for years, the elder of his two children. She had literally herself taught her from A B C up through the three R's to music and other themes. He could recompense this rare goodness in one only but most significant manner. Of all the graves in Chislehurst churchyard, none was so pathetically beautiful as the weekly tended one, with its choicest carpet-bedding and "In Christo" monogram—all done in "mute, expressive silence," though a tear at times, or something like it, stood in the eye of our *Fidus Achates*.

A favourite recreation resumed, ere long, its sway in periodical visits to the British Museum Library and the ever new and fresh picture galleries of London. As I am incidentally referring to these latter (though using very great liberties with chronology), I may here insert the lasting impression made upon me by truly great works of art exhibited in London, the marvellous outcome of Meissonier's life-work. Two especially out of these, in my humble estimate, distanced and eclipsed twenty Royal Academy Exhibitions—his Jena, "1806," and finer still his "1807." This last is Napoleon and his staff witnessing the furious charge of the cuirassiers. What a tempest of emotion and heroism his brush has infused into the scene! a very hurricane of rage and valour, saluting, as they pass, "the man of mystery," who greets the whirlwind with uncovered head. The contrast of the calm, statuesque figure of the Emperor, on his superbly

painted white horse, with the tornado of the former, is in itself a triumph of genius. Then the care and elaboration of every detail. Nothing is left to "impressionism" — the careful studies and sketches in the adjoining room told the conscientious workmanship. Was ever the caparison of horses or the uniform of soldiers more cunningly wrought? Every figure seems to have a personality of its own, every face a different expression; yet all are alike, young and old, in gazing, as they pass, with wild, dramatic enthusiasm on their demi-god, resolved to conquer for him or die. After seeing such a picture, who can wonder at the fabulous prices obtained for true triumphs of art in our times? And when the millionaire gives heartily and ungrudgingly for other more clamant needs, why should we begrudge him his prize?

XX

ILLNESS. BIRTHDAY JOTTINGS. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THERE is an old saying, be it so or not, I cannot tell, that afflictions seldom come singly.

It was to be true, at all events, in my case.

A new and hitherto slumbering force was about to break forth, with, I may well call it, volcanic power. Doubtless all the ordeal through which during two years I had been called to pass, had paved the way for an unexpected form of chastisement with which 1889 gloomily closed.

[Some jottings—intended for no eye but his own, made in 1890, on an anniversary always kindly kept and celebrated by others—may best tell the story of this new affliction.]

RAVENSBROOK, *May 23*, 1890.

This is my 72nd birthday.

“The Lord hath afflicted me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death.” “Open to me the gates of righteousness: then will I enter into them, and praise the Lord.”

That is surely my befitting testimony and heart-tribute, in the retrospect of the year, upon this solemn anniversary. I may well say “solemn,” for it is one altogether unique in my life-experience.

I have had trials in the past—many of them of another kind, at which heart and flesh have fainted; but this has been an altogether novel dealing of that Infinite ONE whose wisdom cannot err. I desire reverently to bow and to adore.

Heartaches I have had again and again—gaps made by the absence of the “loved and lost.” But I was wont to say, with a grateful boast, that for twenty-five years I had been a stranger to *bodily pain*.

I can say so no longer. The last seven or eight months have carried with them a truly terrible experience. For twenty-eight years, when actively engaged in the ministry, I was made familiar with hundreds of cases of sickness and suffering; but I deliberately say with none—I may almost use the word so *frightful* as my own did I ever come in contact. In my complaint—the very name tells the story (*paroxysmal neuralgia*)—every nerve at the back of head and neck was a chord of agony: pain so great and so persistent, that I am only amazed I have been able to wade through these deep waters. [Recovery was scarcely expected.] I know that neither doctors, nor nurses, nor my dear devoted A—— had the full conception of all I suffered. It was truly “deep calling unto deep.” The injection—the necessary injection of morphia—dulled and deadened the pain for a little, and induced a troubled sleep. But it was only to wake up again in inconceivable anguish. Though my reason never gave way, the brain was unnaturally disturbed. To this hour I cannot believe that all that tragedy of suffering took place in this house. I am thankful, devoutly thankful, for this, for it gives me no unpleasant or repellent associations with home. I imagined myself, all the while, some fifty or sixty miles off, at the entrance of a hideous valley (truly a valley of the shadow of death); the gloomiest of mountains, which I was *bound* to cross, rose in the dis-

tance. Close in the foreground were masses—boulders of rock, bristling all over with iron spikes on which hand and head were to be laid—this for weeks. And yet, with that strange combination of distorted visions, the mouth of the valley seemed the only spot on which I could rest. Hence my continued petition to my skilled watchers, including my dear A——, to form my pillows (sometimes in bed, sometimes when I sought relief on an arm-chair, for change of posture), *into a VALLEY!* I seemed to get a few moments of rest when this imaginary valley was constructed by willing and loving hands: only, however, to be obliged anew to face these ridges and cliffs with their prongs of iron. Sometimes the darkness deepened. But thanks be to God, *in* that darkness and *out* of that darkness, the Figure of the Saviour clothed in white seemed to emerge. His face was haloed in calm peace and resignation. Sometimes He seemed to lay His hands on little children—sometimes to stretch them out to lull the sufferer. I only remembered (I had power for no more) what *He* had suffered for *me*. It made me willing to suffer for Him. But by far the most comforting thought and memory I had, was seeing that same Divine Figure apparently coming, as of old, on the stormy waves at midnight, and the words of the well-known hymn rang its simple but wonderful chimes in my ear with their closing refrain, till their repetition, hour after hour, became actually oppressive,—

"Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest soft and clear
What still small accents greet mine ear :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

"'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white ;
 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

“These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me ;
They bear no breath of wrath to thee :
’Tis I ; be not afraid.

"This bitter cup, I drank it first ;
To thee it is no draught accursed ;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

“ Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessing is around thee shed :
’Tis I ; be not afraid.

"When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid."

I could not resist sending a special message since to the gifted authoress, telling how unspeakably precious her verses had been to me.

And now here I am, with strength still feeble and memory slightly impaired, but still wonderfully restored:—"the shadow brought back ten degrees on the dial." "The living, the living, even he shall praise Thee as I do this day." This long and severe illness has left behind it a singular impression. It appears, in some strange way, to divide my life into two parts or halves; and as if a great yawning gulf separated past years from those, long or short, that are yet to follow.

I trust through these suffering nights I never murmured. Was it wrong to feel (for this I *did* feel) the mystery—yes, the profound *mystery of pain*?

I cannot, I dare not, forecast the future. The waves, hardly yet, have rocked themselves to rest, and the future—this dark, unrevealed future—*will* obtrude itself!

“O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.”

* * * * *

A long period must necessarily here be left unchronicled.

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To leave home even with restored health and the vivifying influences of spring and nature seemed an impossibility. But imperative reasons, chiefly connected with house-lustration, demanded an absence of three weeks, and the result was a tour of varied, but unending interest, in England's fairest season, between Easter and Whitsuntide. Happily, too, during weather of exceptional loveliness—a May at its very best.

And I must thankfully add and own, how the downcast spirit revives under the beneficent change. I record my conviction what skilled and successful physicians are God's own balmy air and sunshine in His own beautiful world.

A brief commencement had to be made at Brighton—that tiresome *replica* of West London. Thence a long-desired visit was accomplished to Southsea. The object of a day there, was to visit the grave of a dear young friend—Major R——, the earliest school companion of my own dear boy—son of one of the best friends I ever had in this world, and himself worthy of his sire. He rests in a sweet, retired spot beyond reach of the turmoil of an unlovable military town. His comrades have attested their affection and regard by the erection of a handsome white marble monument, with helmet and sword artistically added in *alto relievo*.

That beautiful afternoon I resolved on making better acquaintance with Mr. Ruskin's "toy," the much-lauded, but certainly *over*-lauded, Isle of Wight. Spent the night at Ryde, and proceeded to Bonchurch and Ventnor, visiting on the route the well-known Shanklin Chine. If nature had been left to her own sweet will, there would have

been here many of the elements of picturesque beauty. But between obtrusive rustic erections, the *débris* of picnics, and other qualifying objects, the panegyrics of guides and guide-books have to be discounted. Much more beautiful, because left to their own miscellaneous vagaries, are the rocks of the "land-slip"—huge fragments that have been hurled from their heights—who knows when and how—close by, with their tapestry of lichen, trellis of bramble, and abundant under-growth. For several successive days they afforded a pleasing lounge and quiet ramble, within sight and sound of very blue waves. Many choice semi-tropical trees and shrubs ornament the villa gardens of Bonchurch, conspicuously our old Italian friend the eucalyptus. The recently discovered Roman Villa at Brading occupied an instructive half-hour. The mosaic flooring is rude as compared with Pompeian memories. But it is an authentic relic of the old conquerors. The coins are curious: and interesting, too, are the disinterred bones of the wild animals that roamed the Island in these early centuries. Another hour found us surveying the historical walls of Carisbrook Castle, associated among other events with the waning fortunes and abortive attempt at escape of the first Charles. The moat, keep, and walls are all redolent of antiquity, antedating the age of gunpowder and dynamite. Met an old woman on the road, very respectable-looking, but with one of those faces that record in their deep lines some tale of care or trial. To speak to her was irresistible, for, strange in that out-of-the-way region, her figure was draped in a huge shawl of Macduff tartan! I apologised for the liberty of addressing her, telling that my name and the tartan gave me encouragement to do so. It was a further small note of home interest that the original owner of the shawl—her son's recently deceased wife—was a Glasgow woman, and destined the gift on her death-bed there. "One touch of

nature," etc., etc. Freshwater-gate was our next place of sojourn for a few days. One long and memorable walk was along the summit of the downs to "the Needles" and Alum Bay; the latter, with its variegated coloured sandstone, more singular than artistic. What interested me far most in that region was Lord Tennyson's *demesne*. I was quite unprepared for anything so extensive, and, indeed, so beautiful. The grouping of the trees revealed the eye of the artist, as well as the poet;—nature here again left to her own untrammelled resources—"Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan." How the Lord of the Manor manages in the most literal fashion to *photograph* all he writes about, or sings about,—from "Oriana" and the "Miller's Daughter" to his own Faringford! He sent the most realistic of familiar lines to Maurice when he thus pictured his seclusion:—

"Where far from din and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
Close to a careless ordered garden,
Backed by the ridge of a noble down."

While at the base of that "noble down"

"The Channel
Tumbles its breakers on chalk and sand."

He was at home. I longed to see him emerge from one of his private gates; but the caged lion would not leave his den.

Two days after, skirting the New Forest, which it was too early in the season to re-visit, we paused, on our way to Wells, for a couple of hours to enjoy Salisbury Cathedral. This was not my first introduction; and as is the case with all truly great and good things, a repetition does not spoil, but the reverse. Other English Cathedrals, notably Lincoln, I may prefer; but Salisbury is the most satisfying of them all. How Charles Kingsley raved

about its beautiful proportions, the grace of its spire and the charm of its surroundings of turf and tree! Wells was reached in the evening. The main object of my pilgrimage thither was to visit the scene of my kind and good friend Dean Plumptre's final labours. If I could not gratify myself with the pleasure of seeing him there as he asked me in life, I could, with a Pilgrim's reverence, visit at least his grave. It is under the shadow of his great Cathedral. A sarcophagus of red Peterhead granite bears on its side his name, and the appropriate words:—

“With Thee is the Well of Life.

In Thy Light shall we see light.”

I have said “appropriate.” My inference may be fanciful, but I cannot think the reference a fortuitous one, or undesigned. WELLS takes its name from the abundance of its fountains. So abundant are they as to feed, with purest and clearest water, the vast moat which surrounds the Bishop's Palace.¹ Dr. Plumptre was one above most men to enjoy the beauties of nature, and none more ardently than the pure running streams that were singularly deficient in his old Kentish haunts. But all acquainted with him knew of higher, purer, diviner tastes, intellectual, and, above all, spiritual. His wide scholarship and vigorous originality enabled him to contribute, as few have done, to the solution of vexed theological questions. Even when unable to accept his conclusions, he managed to throw suggestive “light and leading” on many passages and incidents of Bible story. Could this humblest of men have himself selected the words he would best like carved on his tombstone—telling of fountains purer than those that were gushing close by, and of light that would one day illuminate the

¹ The longing of “the Swedish Nightingale,” as recorded in her beautiful *Life*, would have been met, best of all places I know, at Wells: “I want to be near trees, and water, and a cathedral” (vol. ii. p. 342).

problems of Revelation, as well as the mysteries of Providence and grace? So, at least, I thought as I stood with subdued emotion and read the above words. I went immediately to the afternoon service. By a mere coincidence the vergers put me in the stall next the Dean's vacant one. Little did that official know how near he brought me in spirit to the departed, and how the Psalms of the day—the 38th, 39th, 40th—came home, in their pathetic sentiment, with touching power. I completed this visit to my friend's shrine by seeing the empty *Deanery*, a huge, ungainly barrack of a house outside. But I pictured him in his accustomed attitude, with hands folded behind his back, pacing the gravel walks under the big trees of his lawn. More sacred still was the room in which he died, with its exquisite oriel window. I was quite prepared to hear on all sides the blank which his absence makes. Here is one of the mottos he had recently had painted in antique lettering in the corridor: RESPICE. ASPICE. PROSPICE.

Yes, honoured friend, you occupy a place far up in my roll of the "good and great."

The afternoon was pleasantly spent at the Cheddar Cliffs. Let no southern Englishman say he has to go to Scotland or Switzerland to see a bit of truly wild and magnificent scenery, when he has the privilege of visiting the wonderful "rift" or rent in the Mendips, not omitting its unique stalactite cavern. One cannot compare things so dissimilar; but to me this little-known gorge is vastly more attractive than the widely reputed fragments of Glastonbury. What are the latter after Fountains Abbey, or Tintern, or Melrose?

Other two days were spent at Clevedon—a place that would be pretty enough but for the "drumly" waters and oozy mud-shores of the Bristol Channel. Perhaps its best remembrance was that of a visit to the old Parish Church,

containing a marble slab with a touching inscription to young Hallam, the true "author" of *In Memoriam*. Having so recently visited the Poet's haunt in the Isle of Wight, this association with his early friend was sacredly pleasing. From the long Latin inscription I copied the words—

VALE DULCISIME
REQUIESCAS IN PACE.

The tour was completed, under the brightest of skies and with a wealth of greenery in the trees and of blossom in the abounding orchards, by visiting Clifton and the Avon. Subsequently a day was passed on the Thames in that unrivalled stretch of river-scenery between Maidenhead, Cookham, and Great Marlow. No wonder that old Charles Knight pronounced it, and revelled in it, as the finest thing in the three kingdoms! Those who have seen it, as we have, in a cloudless day and with an intelligent boatman, will forgive the somewhat bold hyperbole. Then by Burnham Beeches (the best antiquarian museum I know) to the old Kentish haunts and surroundings.

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This chapter is one of mingled LIGHTS AND SHADOWS. The "Lights" I had just put in, not dreaming that new shadows were so close at hand.

Indeed, the ink was scarce dry on the former, when I was summoned by telegram to the sick-bed of my youngest brother, Robert. It proved his death-bed. In four days he was with the Master he had so long and so very faithfully served. On my reaching his temporary home at Leamington, his doctor at first forbade me to see him, dreading the excitement in his prostrate state. But next day he kindly authorized the reverse, saying, good, skilful Scotchman that he was, "Yes, go and sit

by his bedside; let him lay his hand in yours, and it will do him a lot of good." He sweetly recognised me. I was from that hour very frequently with him; indeed, until unconsciousness came and the conflict was ended.

Instead of giving a personal, and it might naturally be thought a partial testimony, let me insert the notice which appeared in next month's *Mission Record*. It was written by a well-known minister of the Church of Scotland, who from long and sacred intercourse was, of all others, best able to appreciate the beauty of his character and the elevation of his inner life.

"We record with unfeigned sorrow the death of a brother in the ministry so beloved as was the Rev. Robert C. H. Macduff. On the 2nd of June, at the grave in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, we joined a large number of the members of the General Assembly and other ministers in testifying their true sympathy with his sorrowing family in *their* bereavement, as no less a great public loss to the Church of Scotland; and there we united in thankful memories of the faithful and fruitful ministries Mr. Macduff had fulfilled, first at Falkland, then at Ratho, and last of all in the iron church wherein the congregation was gathered for which St. Michael's was ultimately built. The youngest brother among the last generation of the Bonhard family, our beloved friend enjoyed all the advantages of nurture in a Christian home, where every influence was in the highest degree spiritually quickening, and in him the gracious features of a living Christian character were very early manifest. From a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, and they proved to be able to make him, even as a boy, *wise* unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to a degree which only those who knew him in youth can conceive. Trained as a child under the pastoral care of the Rev. James Marshall, of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh,

where Mr. Macduff's father was an elder, he afterwards, as a young man and a student in divinity, came under an important formative influence in the Scriptural instruction and the practical training to parish work of the Rev. Dr. Glover, of Greenside Church, to whose teaching and example so many young men and ministers have been largely indebted; and few among them ever went forth to their chosen life-work more thoroughly furnished to do the work well than did the beloved brother whose loss we mourn. It is among our most stimulating memories, for which we must be for ever thankful, when we recall fellowship enjoyed with him in many a scene of his earnest ministry, at reaping times of very special blessing with which his faithful work was crowned. The day of the Lord alone shall declare its issues. But even already there are many young men who rise up to thank God for what He made the ministry of our departed friend the means to them. A mystery, indeed, it must ever be, before which faith is dumb, because God did it, that such a ministry should have been so soon closed! Yet by none was the mysterious providence accepted with more absolute submission than by Mr. Macduff himself. Through years of enfeebled health, attended at times with great suffering, he continued to take a lively and helpful interest in all that concerned the work of the Lord, readily responding with cordial sympathy to many an appeal made to his liberal support. And when the end came at Leamington, by an attack of influenza, which in his feeble state warned him of the inevitably fatal issue, 'the messenger of peace' that 'called his soul to heaven' was received with solemn, sweet serenity. Words of Scripture, or of hymns, which revealed to him the work and love and preciousness of Christ, were his delight. He specially dwelt on the words, '*Accepted in the beloved,*' his mind

reverting to happy days of hallowed work in Falkland, when his friend, Dr. Ritchie, of Longforgan, had preached for him a sermon on these words, which had been much blest to his people. The day before his death, his dearly loved and very able clergyman (at Leamington), Mr. Bradley, came to see him, pronouncing over him in his almost speechless state the words, 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.' Then he said to the dying man, whom he loved supremely, 'Now I want you to give me *your* blessing. Put your hands on my head and do so.' His spirit, like that of aged Jacob, seemed to revive. He laid his two hands on Mr. Bradley's head, and said, '*The Lord strengthen thee with all might by His Spirit in the inner man!*' When the end drew near, on the words being repeated to him, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord,' and on its being added, 'You can say AMEN to that?' it was his last solemn breathing—'AMEN.'"

Thus terminated a life of singular devotion and unswerving love to his Saviour. He laid no claim to high scholarship or culture; but he was the model "Pastor." In his first parish of Falkland, with its important position and historic memories, though inducted as a mere youth to its beautiful church, he reigned as king, and possessed a rare hold on the affections of the people. In Tennyson's words—

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

Perhaps I should recall that in those earlier years of his ministry, Falkland, like other places at the time, was the

scene of a remarkable spiritual awakening. "Revival" is a word that is often misused and travestied—associated, and not undeservedly at times, with excitement and spurious enthusiasm. The occurrence of this wave of spiritual life, in so quiet a region, could be traced to no such unworthy origin. The young minister was no fanatic, nor given to rouse the feelings of his people to white-heat by "exciting sermons." If I am asked to venture an opinion on the impelling reason, I am bound to tell, as my deliberate conviction (however sceptical some might be at the surmise), that it was the result of his own earnest prayers. He sought the blessing, and he found it. He could say with the Apostle Paul, in no mere form of words, of his flock and every member of it, "God is my record; how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ!" Strong men in the ministry were not wanting to come at that solemn emergency and help to hold up his hands. He could only say, in the simplicity of his faith and deep conviction in the Almighty as the Answerer of prayer, "See what things God hath wrought!" The wave, as I have described it, passed by, but not without its permanent and abiding results. I have a letter in my possession with the roll and record of names of young soldiers of the Cross, who, till his dying day, remained "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." His dear mother lived with him—"kept house for him"—during long years at the Manse, and I am not wrong in saying it was noted all round for its hospitalities and welcomes. This, notwithstanding that he was naturally shy and retiring, thus often doing injustice to himself. His friends were not numerous, but those he knew well, and who knew *him*, loved him with intensity. I was present, the Sunday after his death, in Mr. Bradley's church at Leamington, where, in a few bright and vivid "touches," he told of his regard and affection. Some bold "theological expert" had, the week before, been lecturing

in London, and attempting to repudiate some of the leading doctrines of the Faith: the Trinity, the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the Atonement. After eloquent and stirring language of denunciation, the speaker, with great taste, power, and pathos, drew the contrast, telling that it was his privilege, a few days ago, to stand by the death-bed of a dear Scotch clergyman, and how different was the latter's experience and testimony, etc., etc., mentioning further, what has just been narrated, the blessing pronounced with dying lips over him, and through him, on the congregation. I fail to recall all the words spoken, but can I ever forget that hush of sympathetic silence through the large assemblage? The tribute was so real and true. I have just been reading the following in the "Biography of Archbishop Tait," which came out that same week. May I venture to make the words dictated by a great trial my own: "I must meet him soon. The other mourners may have long years before them; I cannot. This death tolls the last watch in a life which has been mysteriously divided by solemn, sudden warnings. O Lord, give me grace in the time that remains to make the evening of my days what he would have wished. . . . Lord, help me as the evening draws on!" (vol. ii. p. 328.)

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Yet it is not the last toll of the warning bell, for, as I write, another "silver cord is loosed, and a golden bowl broken." Only a week elapses, when a long-valued link in the family circle is also snapped. My aged sister-in-law, Maria Bernau, herself the devoted missionary and missionary's wife, was called, after prolonged suffering, to join the great gathering above. She was remarkable alike for strength of character and devotion to her Master's work. Her masculine intellect was utterly unaffected by speculative doubts and difficulties. She lived a life of

simple faith in Christ. Her last words were · “I am going to sleep.” She did so, and never awoke. When the awaking came, it must have been to the welcomes of many she had helped with her sound judgment, and stimulated by a consistent life.

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Yet another ! The same post which brought the tidings of her departure, brought the announcement of the removal of one of my dearest Scottish friends (Mrs. M——). And yet another, after a few weeks' interval, the death of my oldest companion and playmate, Sir Charles Ochterlony. Truly, I seem these last few weeks and months to be walking through the Valley of the Shadow. O God, give me grace to listen to the solemn monition so loudly addressed : “Be ye also ready.” “The night cometh !” I seem to have many more dear ones now in heaven than on earth. It is a happy thought that when my own summons comes I cannot go to a strange place. How many, after “crossing the bar,” will be seen clustered on the pier with their smile of recognition and welcome ! *Esto perpetua !*

Grant me, gracious God, Thy frail, fallible, unworthy servant, pardon and acceptance through the merits of my Redeemer. Frail and fallible indeed : Thou only knowest. After an interval of nearly three-quarters of a century I would here repeat my old child-prayer : “Yes, I hope He will forgive me, if I trust in His mercy, for the sake of what Jesus Christ hath done and what He hath suffered.”

XXI

SCATTERED NOTES. CLOSING WORDS

DECEMBER 30, 1891.—I thank Thee, O my God, for all the happiness of a long bygone life, and specially for those that made it happy. As a dear friend writes me, "Your sunshine is behind—brightest sunshine that a mortal could have. Your shadows are all in front, and even they are all flecked with these sunny memories."

Keep me, Lord, from every murmuring and rebellious thought. I confess I needed all trials to keep me humble. I am on the threshold of a new year. It can hardly fail to be a deeply momentous one. May the "Pillar in the Night" go before me and mine. Like Wesley I would try hopefully to say, "Best of all is, that God is with us."

Sunday, January 3, 1892.—I am sitting all alone on the eve of the sad anniversary (his wife's death). This time four years ago was her last night on earth. A few more hours and the cry was heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." "Then they that were *ready* went in with Him to the marriage." She scarcely heard "the cry," for the transition—the transfiguration—was "in a moment," "in the twinkling of an eye." She never knew she had touched the border-river. She entered heaven without tasting of death—a glorious surprise.

Mr. Fleming this morning preached a New Year's sermon on "Thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded,

your shoes on your feet, your staff in your hand." May this be my attitude in this increasing pilgrim life! May I be shod for the unknown journey, and have the promise-staff firm in my hand! May the Valley of Achor be turned into a door of hope! If I am one of those he spoke of who will reach Jordan in the course of the year—O God, forsake me not. Cheer me with the promise, "Behold the ark of the covenant of the Lord of the whole earth goeth before you into Jordan!" Amen.

May, 1892.—Just returned in safety from the necessary fortnight's absence from home. Our route was, in most respects, new to me. First night spent in Bath, enabling us to inspect the recently discovered Roman remains, and to admire the abbey: its noble proportions and specially graceful transept window—with as fine stained glass as I have seen in England: *old*, of course, and in vehement contrast with some glaring *new*. Next day found us at Caswell Bay, with its little inn—a lovely recess, and genuine sands—such sands as I have never seen since the childhood days at Broughty Ferry and Carnoustie. Bishopton Valley was one pleasant day's excursion from this retired spot—though involving a good deal of clambering, rather formidable for "three-score and *fourteen*." But my choicest day here, and what lives in my memory, was a visit I paid to Miss Havergal's house near the Mumbles, where she lived and died. The house itself (or rather lodging) is quite commonplace and inconspicuous—although redeemed by the sea view over the Mumbles and in the direction of Caswell Bay. The two rooms—parlour and bedroom—are just as she left them. The former, with its sea views, is full of remembrances of her: photographs of herself, her father, sister, and other members of her family. On a side-table is a stand filled with her own and other books. The room and bed in which she died are touching in

their simplicity. Framed Bible-texts, mottos, and fragments of her own hymns hang on the walls. For example, over the fireplace is one of her verses which so comforted me on my own bed of suffering three years ago: "I take this pain, Lord Jesus," etc. Above her bed in a little Oxford frame is—OUR MOTTO. FOR JESUS' SAKE ONLY. While, fronting the bed, framed, is another of her best hymns, "Jesus, I will trust Thee," and beneath it is written, "*The first verse was sung just as she entered the presence of the King, June 3rd, 1879.*" In that dying couch I seemed to have a sacred personal interest; for it was there she wrote her last letter in pen and ink, and that letter was to *me*. I must be vain enough to add, that I was touched by seeing one of my books ("Gates of Prayer") included in the aforesaid bookstand. Well, she was a Christian—a gifted saint indeed! I felt, standing at that bed, with its simple, pure, white coverlet, as if I were looking at one of the gates of heaven.

We next went a considerable journey westwards, to Tenby—glad to get out of the region of appalling smoke around Swansea and its sisterhood of mining towns. Coal and copper together have made fatal havoc of one of the fairest coasts of England—converted it, in the words of a working fellow-traveller and resident, "into the Black Hole of Calcutta." This is specially the case with the valley of Neath and its waterfalls of former days, which we were now glad to avoid. Tenby has happily, hitherto, escaped this disfigurement. It was refreshing to get to its sculptured sands and *unsculptured* rocks,—its bright sea and blue sky. Let the traveller add the essential element of enjoyment—a comfortable inn. One day specially lives in memory. By rail to Pembroke, hired a trap with an exceptionally nice, obliging, intelligent man—(the owner)—and drove by a long circuit to "the Stack Rocks." We reached them by

the Earl of Cawdor's grand place and grounds, "Stackpool Court." The house is approached by a valley, full of noble trees, what one does not expect to find growing so vigorously near the ocean. I was pleased, as a Macduff, to hear our Scottish "Thane of Cawdor" so pleasantly spoken of as a model landlord. I had seen his fine old "Keep"—Cawdor Castle—in the far north, and both are perfect of their kind. Thence we proceeded to the "Stack Rocks,"—three magnificent "monoliths" standing in the deep sea, though close to the shore. Their peculiarity, at this season, is the throng of seafowl clustering upon them, literally in myriads, so clustering indeed that the rock itself becomes invisible—one indistinguishable mass of living birds. I confess, on the spur of the moment, I could not resist indulging in a spiritual parable. I could not help thinking of the grandeur of Christ's salvation. Who dare limit the grace of God? who dare narrow the interpretation of the words, "able to save to the uttermost"? Was that not a nature-picture of the untold myriads who may (who will) rest for ever on the Rock of Ages? We returned home by Pembroke's old Castle, which we surveyed with interest. However, ruined castles in Wales, like waterfalls in Switzerland, come somehow to be oppressive. We had seen Oystermouth, near Mumbles, Manorbier, and afterwards the finest of all, Raglan. But, I know not how, the interest with me is not sustained. What was far more congenial was the drive, by carriage, from Abergavenny to Crickhowell, and, if I spell it right, "Llangudno." At the last, the waters of the Usk make a beautiful sweep through a wooded valley—crowned in the distance with really Scottish mountains; I even thought a presumptuous counterpart of Ben Lomond! We continued, next two days, our journey by Monmouth to Tintern, the latter familiar to

me in other delightful days; and its Abbey, although a "*ruin*," has a pathetic impressiveness and poetry all its own. Our concluding day was at Marlborough. The chapel of its well-known school is eminently worth a pilgrimage to see. It has been erected at a cost of £60,000, finely proportioned and gorgeously decorated. Old stained glass from its ancient chapel fills the window of its west nave. The whole place, too, seemed to throb with memories of the dead and living. The day and the journey were finished by a drive of three hours through Savernake Forest, sixteen miles round, and 4,000 acres filled with gigantic trees. Let those who wish to know how nature builds her cathedrals and aisles go and see for themselves these foliaged Gothic avenues.

Thank God for His goodness to me at this time, and for bringing me back in safety home.

31st December.—Struck by the departure yesterday of one of the devout men of earth, formerly a near clerical neighbour at Kettins, who at one time gave the promise of being a fast friend, but, to my irreparable loss, was, like many others, alienated and forfeited by the sad Disruption of half a century ago—Dr. Andrew Bonar, then of Collace, and subsequently of Glasgow. In common with many, I revered him at the University Missionary Association, and I hailed with fervour his coming near us in Perthshire. I was present both at his ordination and at the services of the Sunday following, when he was introduced to his primitive flock by Dr. Candlish. I had more than one subsequent delightful and profitable meeting in his temporary Manse. I cannot give a more accurate description of the man than that he was then, and continued up till the age of eighty-two, the modern representative of Samuel Rutherford, only of far higher scholarship; for in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, he was rarely proficient, and specially as a Hebraist. The last

time I saw him, heard him, or spoke to him, was at one of the Mildmay Conferences. He dispensed the Holy Communion to the many recipients, of whom I was one, and gave the opening and closing addresses. A doctrine he had all his life long heartily and devoutly embraced was, that of the pre-millennial advent: and it was evident that he had the sympathy of the great majority of that devout assemblage. His closing sentences are to this hour memorable. He took four or five verses from different portions of Scripture with reference to the Lord's Supper, to guide our meditations, with some suitable few words of comment on each. I shall never forget the thrill—the visible and audible sensation through the entire gathering caused by the last, into which he infused his own rapturous tones, "*Make haste, my Beloved! be Thou as a young roe or a young hart on the mountains of Bethel!*"

Since this entry I have read his "Diary and Letters" (1893), which abundantly confirm my high *ideal*, even although to the intensely emotional, introspective element, exception may be taken by those who did not know the man. But what a walk with God! Another of those consecrated lives so remarkable because so rare. How often—hundreds of times—have I skirted that wood close to his new Manse of which he often speaks, and which now seems to have a halo around it all its own: "Spent an hour in my old retreat in the wood of Dunsinane—the place which I used to call the 'Wood of Ziph,' where God has often strengthened my hands—my Divine Jonathan meeting me there" (p. 209). In his study, in the green hills or leafy woods of Collace, in his house, or even at times amid the "loud stunning tide" of Glasgow, his was, in no exaggerated language or figure, a life of prayer—prayer for hours together daily—sometimes half-days,—occasionally nearly whole

days. Doubtless, in the view of many, he may have seemed

“To soar too high
For feeble man beneath the sky.”

Be it so, he remains, nevertheless, a wondrous witness of habitual nearness to the mercy seat, and to the elevated and elevating power of Christianity. Surely the intensity of these devotions and his constant faith in “the Hearer and Answerer” were the true secret of his ministerial success, despite a feeble, unmellifluous voice and somewhat ungainly manner. So this godly, undemonstrative “Apostle,” with the true apostolic succession, lived and died. To use his own words regarding another, he “lived under the shadow of the Great Rock, and fell asleep there quietly.” His “Wood of Ziph,” so familiar in its outer shape, I shall always think of to strengthen, and far more to rebuke me.

Thus “friend after friend departs.” It is Goethe who speaks of “the roaring loom of time.” What weavings and unweavings those who have passed the threescore and ten live to see! Well that the shuttle in that great web is in Higher Hands than ours!

Sunday, January 1, 1893.—“He is faithful that promised”—“Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.” Echo may well give its glad responsive testimony—“I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.”

There is a special cause which makes to-day a most solemn occasion for retrospect and reflection. This very *Sunday*, fifty years ago, my ministry began at dear old Kettins,—introduced to my first flock by my warm-hearted friend, Dr. Craik, then of Scone. To-day the snow is heavy, and a “brewing storm.” On that remote date it was beautiful and bright. The sympathetic churchful of people gave heart-welcome to their young pastor of twenty-five.

And here I am, preserved to this hour to tell the tale! I might well read this morning, at family prayers, my mother's favourite 103rd Psalm. I faltered at the verse (I have as yet told no one of the occasion, but shall do so to-night), "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who *crowneth* thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies"! I can, like Jacob, lean on the top of my pilgrim staff and bless God that He has brought me hitherto.

But I need not say (they are no mere words of sentiment, but from the depths of my heart) that, side by side with the manifold, the *vast* encouragement of my sacred profession, rise, all too vividly before me, its grievous shortcomings—its more grievous sins. I dare not speak of them. What good can it do to set them down for other eyes? It is enough—"O Lord God, Thou knowest." Thou knowest that if I had to live over this half-century again, I would strive to do better—to avoid the pitfalls of apathy and carelessness and inconsistency, falling so far and so oft below the *ideal*. Oh, in this solemn crisis-hour, which can happen only once in a lifetime, do Thou forgive me! Accept the little that is worthy, pardon the much that is far more than unworthy! How kind in Thee to spare me till now! On this Sunday forenoon, detained from church, "I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing."

23rd May, 1893.—This is my 75th birthday. God be praised for all His great mercies!

My table was again loaded with birthday gifts—costly some of them; but this which follows, the most precious, considering the dear hand and heart that wrote and dictated it. It was tacked on to a large posy of "Forget-me-nots," with tiny sprays of "Speedwell," but the former preponderating:—

"I bring you your own flower, the flower that comes
To greet your Birthday, year by year, with tints

Of Heav'n,—the flower which your hand has touched
With its divinest meanings; blue of Hope
With azure 'Memories': named in other lands,
In sweet, quaint phrase, 'The eyes of the Good God.'
I pray that these may deck the common paths
Of thy New Year, and make them fair and bright,
Beguiling in the rough and dusty ways
To thoughts of past and future; interwove
With sunshine, and with bright reflections coloured
Of the o'erarching sky that touches both.

"I bring thee these blue blossoms not to cry
Forget *me* not! No need for me to say
I never will forget *thee*, here or there,
Upon thy Birthday, but because these flowers
Are symbols of a love that cannot fade.
And when the day shall come when *one* shall watch
Their beauty in our 'Eden,' and *the other*
Pluck them beside the streams of Paradise,
Then we shall know that the 'Forget-me-not'—
The plant of Love—blooms sweetly everywhere
In Earth or Heaven; that angels passed from sight
Weave chains of its blue stars that reach this world
Of conflict; while in these bright fields above
It is regarded as *the Immortelle*—
The only '*everlasting*'; since alone
It holds within it the Great Heart of God.
And if the May-day, which we long have greeted
With flowers and gladness for the gift it brought,
Shall find our clasping hands unloosed, and we
For a brief space in different mansions set
Of the One Wide Home, we'll still pluck wreaths
Of the dear Speedwell and Forget-me-not
Of Hope and Memory, and treasure them
Till our first Heavenly Birthday morning breaks."

With a mingled past and an uncertain future before me, I can only say, as I have done in other portions of these records, "Father, glorify Thy name." I like the story which I have heard told of the cultured Earl of Carlisle. It was at a meeting in Fox's house, of the

savans of the day. Among other things exhibited was a recent find of coins. One of these was so old and corroded that the inscription on it could not be read. The nobleman suggested putting it into the fire, in hopes thus of clearing it and rendering the legend more legible. When taken out, the lettering was easily deciphered: "To the glory of God." "That is just," said Lord Carlisle, in the faith of a Christian, "what should be the case and result with all who are put in the furnace of affliction. They come out with the inscription written on their hearts: 'To the glory of God.'"

May this be my experience, as it has been that of ten thousand sufferers: "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold" (Job xxiii. 10).

December 31, 1893. Sunday.—This is the last day of another year—a year full of little troubles, little anxieties, little worries, little distant unkindnesses and ingratitude; but, taking it all in all, I think the happiest year of my now long life. All thanks to the dear one who has made it so. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." I treasure her deep affection and consistent life. The stream of our mutual love has flowed on without one ripple to break it. Specially do I cherish the memory of our joint morning and evening devotions, hallowing all the day. The future—that unrevealed, that somewhat anxious future—O my God, I commend to Thee! I humbly trust I can, for myself, write that best writing: "The chief of sinners; BUT I obtained mercy!"

[In a previous chapter reference was made to a rendering into Scotch of his favourite 23rd Psalm. As it was the last poetry he attempted to write, I may, with these pages drawing to a close, here transcribe it exactly as it was inserted in the pages of "Life and Work."]

The writer has long wished to put in his native tongue a version or paraphrase of the Twenty-third Psalm. Successful or unsuccessful, he has fulfilled his purpose in what follows.

The Lord is my Shepherd ; m nocht am I wantin',
In the haughs o' green girse does He mak' me lie doon :
While mony puir straiglers are bleatin' and pantin',
By saft-flowin' burnies He leads me at noon.

When aince I had strayed far awa in the bracken,
And daidled till gloamin' cam ower a' the hills,
Nae dribble o' water my sair drouth to slacken,
And dark grow'd the nicht wi' its haar and its chills—

Awa frae the fauld, strayin' fit-sore and weary,
I thocht I had naething to do but to dee ;
He socht me and fand me in mountain-hichts dreary :
He gangs by fell paths which He kens best for me.

And noo, for "His name's sake," I'm dune wi' a' fearin',
Though cluds may aft gaither, and soughin' winds blaw.
"Hoo this?" or "Hoo that?"—O prevent me frae spearin' ;
His Wull is aye best : and I daurna say Na.

The Valley o' death winna fleg me to thread it,
Though awfu' the darkness, I well can foresee.
Wi' His rod and His staff He will help me to tread it,
And then will its shadows, sae gruesome, a' flee.

Forfochen, in praisance o' foes that surroond me,
My Shepherd a table wi' denties has spread :
The thyme and the myrtle blaw fragrant aroond me,
He brims a fu' cup, and poors oil on my head.

Surely gudeness and mercy, despite a' my roamin',
Will gang wi' me doon to the brink o' the river.
Ayont it!—nae mair o' the eerie and gloamin' ;
I will bide in the Hame o' my Faither for ever.

CLOSING WORDS.

Here ends, up to this date, the record of my own pilgrimage, and that of others. If I cannot at this moment appropriate the old carved lettering on my grandfather's house-wall, so familiar to me in childhood—" *Pax huic domo* "—I can think of the peace that is independent of place and circumstance—" *domi forisque* "—the peace and security found in the clefts of the Rock of Ages. Above all, for me and mine, I can anticipate the blissful shore—the quiet haven above—where wild waves are stilled to rest for ever. Meanwhile, I would say, in the well-known words of olden days, "Carry back the ark of God into the city: if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me again, and show me both it, and His habitation. . . . Behold, here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him" (2 Sam. xv. 25, 26). "He hath said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'; so that we may boldly say, 'The Lord is my helper.'" If I have had my varied trials—trials of many a vacant seat in the family circle, trials, too, the saddest of all, because bringing with them no solace or compensation—of being by valued friends "*misunderstood*"—forfeiting friendships proud to win and hard to surrender,—I can yet truly repeat the verse often used in these pages—sing of "Mercy and Judgment": and, like that wise Minstrel of Israel, put the mercy first, as being ever greater than judgment. The *one* Marah-pool has been outnumbered by the *twelve* Wells of Elim, and the last the sweetest of all. Even what at times has been perplexing, regarding the acceptance of and withdrawal from the most active part of my life-work (I refer to my fifteen years in Glasgow), seems to have become clear. I can see now, on the whole, ample reasons for both, that I was divinely guided alike *to* the city life and *from* the city life. I like

to read this passage, "And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go *into* the city" (Acts ix. 6), in connection with Mr. Fleming's text: "And He took the blind man by the hand, and led him *out* of the town" (Mark viii. 23). With this avowal, however, it is only truth to say there are (strange were there not) the minglings of a very natural and tender regret, now and then, at living so long "un-attached" from "the great army"—a feeling, shall I call it, of pardonable envy, in which there is no taint of bitterness towards those who have been privileged to continue in the active work of the pastorate, living and dying in harness. Paul's prayer was a noble one—in its literal and noblest sense I am unable, owing to my retirement, to grasp it—"that I might *finish* my course with joy, and the *ministry* I have received of the Lord Jesus." When the supreme hour does come, may I be able to say, in the words of Maria Edgeworth: "I felt ready to rise tranquil from the banquet of life, where I have been a happy guest!"

Let me part in peace with all mankind, seeking anew forgiveness, wherever and whenever I have consciously or unconsciously wronged; looking to HIM and to all generous natures, who can "make" large "allowance for us all." Yes, thus would I desire to close, not with muffled harp or wailing dirge, but with notes of profound thankfulness to the Divine Being who has so often turned the shadow of death into the morning, "abundantly uttering the memory of His great goodness, and talking of His righteousness." May I be able to close, when God sees meet, with the family motto of an honoured house: "DENIQUE CÆLUM" (Heaven at last).

I add the old "Swan-Song," written by my own pen years ago:—

I will remember all the way
By which the Lord my God hath led me;

A fire by night—a cloud by day—
With heavenly manna He has fed me.

The Marah-streams of sorrow few,
Have with their bitter waters found me ;
While Elim's mercies, ever new,
Have spread their palm shade oft around me.

While yet I tread this vale of tears,
While yet this tongue hath strength to praise Thee ;
Let me throughout my waning years,
New Ebenezers fondly raise Thee !

And when I reach eternal day,—
The manna ceased on earth which fed me ;
Still I'll remember ALL the way
By which the Lord my God hath led me.

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT

"A chamber whose window opened towards the sunrising : the name of that chamber was Peace."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

DR. MACDUFF passed peacefully away on the 30th April, 1895, in his 77th year.

The last week of February he had been seized with acute congestion of the lungs, and during the earlier part of March his friends were hardly permitted to hope he would be restored to them. For days on days he hovered between life and death, perfectly conscious of his own danger, but awaiting with serene calm the coming of either messenger. The dreaded shadow rested on his home, and touched the hearts of those who loved him, far and near. But ever as it fell most closely round him, the light of faith seemed to burn clearer, and the rod and staff of promise to become stronger in his hand.

Then came a happy time, when we trusted he had passed through the valley and emerged on the earthly side.

He was able once more to come downstairs. Strength was slowly regained, old interests revived, a little light literary work was resumed, and day by day he listened unwearied to the old Scotch melodies he loved so well.

His first request, when he again found himself in the drawing-room, was to have his favourite twenty-third Psalm read aloud; his second, for "The Land o' the Leal" and "Home, Sweet Home." Perhaps the Psalm has seldom more truthfully interpreted a literal experience from the opening verse on to the Valley of Death—the overflowing cup of restored earthly bliss—and (as he would have himself expressed it) "goodness and mercy, like

two guardian angels," following to the end of life's long day. We did not then dream that in a few short weeks the closing words would be fulfilled, and he would "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

At length, early in April, he was once more in his garden, greeting his favourite trees, and rejoicing in the return of spring (always his favourite season). But immediately after a first ride in his bath-chair, he was seized with pain in the side, pleurisy supervened, and he was obliged to return to bed. This was the beginning of the end, inducing the weakness which brought with it failure of the heart's action and the gentle close.

Throughout the whole illness his patience, unselfishness, faith, and calm never once failed, while his exquisite courtesy and his pathetic humility are memories too touching for words. In long-past days he has preached to crowded congregations, hanging on his lips; he has been the teacher of millions by his pen; but the finest sermons he ever preached, and the noblest lessons he ever taught, were those of his sick-bed and death-bed, and of his daily life.

To his latest day the beauties, the interests, the affections of earth remained vivid. He enjoyed the flowers sent by kind friends, which made his room a garden of loveliness; the iridescent colouring of the pigeons that gathered on his window-sill; the mountain banks of cumulus cloud; the music which touched the answering chords of a lifetime. To the end one of the greatest pleasures was the receipt of letters from friends and relatives, whose unwearied affection flowed out to him without stint or measure, and the dictation of notes or messages in reply; while the visits of his kind and skilful doctor were always counted among the red-letter moments of the day. Literary projects and occupations still absorbed him, for to the hour of departure his mind was clear and

vigorous. Books and magazines had all their wonted charm, the daily papers were an unfailing interest, and the only advice of doctor or nurse to which he was disposed to demur regarded a limitation of his reading.¹ Nor, when a medical friend happened to come to see him at the time his life was hanging in the balance, did he forget to recommend to his notice the book which, with its wonderful doctor's story, had of all others most profoundly moved him a few months before, "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

Though his feet were touching the border river, life here and life there was to him one great unity—in both worlds his spirit felt at home.

To the last he retained his sense and enjoyment of humour, and whenever any slight amendment came, it rose to his lips as naturally as the memories of God's great goodness in the past, or the hopes of the reunions beyond.

At some time during the earlier portion of his illness looking back on the seventy-six years' earthly journey, and forward to its speedy termination, he said, "I have had a very happy life," adding, "with *many* storms." But shortly before the close, when the sunset of his long mingled day of cloud and sunshine had nearly come, all shadows seemed lost to view in a golden haze, and it was only—"I have had a *very* happy life; and I was thinking of a sentence in that book of Fairbairn's, 'Death is just the rounding off of life.'"

He used to tell how the old Scotch paraphrases were his stay in the night-watches; while at every time of greatest weakness, when the waters of death seemed rising round him, he clung to the simple words, more than once referred to in this volume, taught him by his

¹ The life of Dean Church was the volume left unfinished at the time of his death.

mother, and lisped as a child on what was then thought to be his dying bed.

The Friday before his departure, on the following Tuesday, he listened for the last time to the "Land o' the Leal," played in the drawing-room beneath his bedroom.¹ His last Sunday music was his favourite "Comfort ye," and "Lift up your heads," from Handel's Messiah. The chapters for his brief morning service, by his own choice, "that wonderful fifty-first Psalm," and its Gospel correlative—the parable of the prodigal son. On Monday he dictated his last letter, and corrected and despatched his last proofs for the press. Tuesday morning the newspaper was read to him as usual, and then he eagerly watched for the coming of his nephew, who was to pay him a brief visit. He gave him his usual glad welcome, but was almost overcome at the loving-kindness which had brought him all the way from Perthshire to London, to be near his uncle for a season.

It was his last great pleasure. His visitor left early in the afternoon, and an hour and a half later all was over. An attack of faintness and breathlessness, similar to that which warned us of his danger ten days before, was for a time very distressing. But the close was absolutely peaceful, without pang or struggle. The last texts to which he listened were the one which irradiated and interpenetrated his whole life—"God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him,"—and that which he himself has called "the Gospel Eirenicon," "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life"; and in response to these, with his unvarying acknowledgment of the slight-

¹ "The Land o' the Leal" almost haunted him during his illness, and at his own request was played in church, with rare beauty and sympathy, the Sunday following his death, in place of the Dead March.



THE GRAVE.

est service, came with failing breath his gentle "Thank you." A last brief prayer, a few minutes before the end, expressed, with pathetic humility, alike the sense of his own sinfulness and of God's great mercy.

During the early part of his illness he had said, in allusion to the answer of his child-catechism, so often referred to, "My first creed is my last." It was literally so. Softly and clearly the familiar words fell on his dying ear: "*Yes, I hope He will forgive me, if I trust in His mercy, for the sake of what Jesus Christ hath done, and what He hath suffered*"; and with one last word and last Amen he sealed the faith of a lifetime.

* * * * *

We laid him to rest in the beautiful churchyard of Chislehurst, covered with flowers, the gifts of rich and poor alike. The blue sky and the sunshine seemed in accord with the life which had just closed; the service was, as he would have wished, solemn, yet bright, the May blossoms spoke of the resurrection hope in which he trusted. And, as we took the last look at the open grave, which his gardener had lined with white blooms and greenery, his own words seemed to float up, "I am not afraid of the grave; I haven't a *thought* about that—and—*I shall have a beautiful resting-place.*"

By his own desire, no commemorative lines are placed above him, "*nothing but the name.*" But the verse inscribed on his wife's tombstone is written regarding himself on the better monuments of human hearts he has strengthened, comforted, and blessed:—

"I THANK MY GOD UPON EVERY REMEMBRANCE OF YOU."

—Ed.

“Of all the ingredients that enter into that infinitely complex thing, a human life, of all the influences that radiate from it and proclaim it *there*, none surely are so essential as the affections it kindles in others; and if beings around entertain of it a blessed and noble conception, are filled by it with generous aspirations, and feel the thought of it to be as a fire from heaven, *in this* is its true and best existence, in this consists its real identity, distinguishing it by strongest marks from other minds. And all this death leaves behind as our indestructible possession.”—*Martineau*.

THE following generous words were spoken at the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland by the Very Rev. Professor Story, the retiring Moderator. They are given here as being the public tribute which, of all others, would have been most valued by Dr. Macduff himself, as expressing the feeling of the Church he loved to his latest day, after a retirement of twenty-four years from its ranks.

After adverting to blanks caused by death in the course of the year, Dr. Story said:—“I shall mention another, who, if he had continued in the active ministry of the Church, would in all probability have ere now held the office I am about to lay down—Dr. Macduff, of Sandyford—a man greatly valued by a host of friends, and one whose expositions and devotional works have made his name familiar to thousands both in Britain and America, who find in them edification and spiritual nourishment. He, too, has been withdrawn from the Church on earth, and has joined the great company in whose ranks we all must one day stand”; while the report of the Committee

appointed to prepare tributes of respect to departed Members of Assembly thus referred to his life and work:—"The Rev. Dr. John Ross Macduff, of Sandyford, was widely known through his writings, several millions of his books having been circulated in all parts of the world. The Assembly remembered his high and generous character, his earnest piety, and his invaluable service in the kingdom of God."

(From the Rev. Thomas Fraser, D D., Newport.)

"... Your father was pre-eminently a Barnabas, a son of Consolation. Not only during his active ministry, but all his days, by his writings, he ministered to the sick and bereaved. I often recall those Sunday afternoons in Sandyford when to crowded audiences he spoke, in language that has rarely been surpassed for its beauty, of the great love of God to man, of the solemnity of life, of Christ's conquest of death and the grave, of the great hope of everlasting life. I follow him to the sick-room, where there was something in his very presence and voice that brought soothing, and comfort, and strength. What he was to those in sorrow and bereavement will only be fully known in the great day, but again and again I have been told by those he visited in sorrow how impressively he brought home to their hearts the consolations of the Gospel. If those words, 'that you sorrow not as others who have no hope,' have ever had power to soothe the pang of separation, it is when the grave closes over such a life as your father's."

(From the Rev. Gavin Lang, Inverness.)

"I see the precious life has passed away. We know whither it has gone, and that for him, to depart and be

with Jesus *is* far better. But to you and those who knew him—will you allow me to add, to *me* very especially?—the world is the poorer by his absence. His place can never be filled by any mere man. My only Bishop—no other can be my ‘Father in God’! Wherever I went,—and I have been ‘round the world,’—the vision of him followed me, and the remembrance of what he was to me as model and friend was a glory and inspiration.”

(From the Rev. George Matheson, D.D., St. Bernard's, Edinburgh.)

“Of all men, living or dead, your dear father is the one who has influenced me most powerfully. He gave me my first sense of literary beauty, my first impression of oratory, my first idea of sanctity, my first real conviction of the beauty of Christianity. The tones of his voice are even now unconsciously reproduced in my own. I have retained more of his pulpit influence than that of any other teacher.

“I would not feel happy if I did not pour forth the sympathy of my heart for the child of one who has been to me also a father, and whom I love and reverence with all the length and breadth of my nature.”

(From the late Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Longforgan.)

“He was long one of my most sincere and attached friends, and during our long friendship of more than forty years never an unkind word passed between us. His writings have been a great blessing to his country and far beyond it.”

(From the Rev. Canon Girdlestone.)

“ . . . Few have had such a wide and deep influence on devotional hearts as your dear father, and it is sweet

to think that he is now at rest with Him who says, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

"Do not think of him as dead; think rather of him as having migrated to another part of the King's dominions."

(From James A. Campbell, Esq., M.P.)

". . . He will be greatly missed by many who have learned much from him—from his life as well as from his writings. There was a singular Christian charm about him, which all felt who came in contact with him."

(From a Young Man, at the period referred to an Agnostic, and in deep sorrow.)

". . . How well I remember my first impression of your father! What a picture of an old man, I thought! What a powerful man he must have been, and what a face! What does he think of life and death? . . . I was not disposed to be anything but critical, but somehow or other I found myself quite free to talk, and a score of questions were put in such a gentle, manly way that I think I could then have answered anything he cared to ask. I can recall how tenderly he touched upon death and its mystery, and the tremulous tones in which he spoke of the parting with some of earth's best friends. I felt that he knew something of grief. . . . Then he asked me to kneel, and I knelt, not because I believed in any religion, but for the reason that I firmly believed him to be a most sincere man, and I knelt to what *he* believed in, and came away convinced that at least one man believed what he said, and that man's belief was not superstition. He was reasonable, and he knew what he was speaking about. . . . I never recognised in your

father a D.D., 'a man of good social standing,' or 'a man with plenty of money.' Outside of any of these tests of worth, your father was a genuine, solid character—a man whose name I revere, and in whose presence I always felt a little man. His learning, his beautiful home, were indeed good things, but I envied him not in these. Other men have beautiful homes, and we have been more interested in the homes than the men. But at Ravensbrook the only object I can distinctly see is a personality."

(From the Rev. John Caird, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow.)

" . . . Though for many years we have seen little of each other, the time was when your father and I were near neighbours and intimate associates, and I have never ceased to cherish the greatest admiration for his abilities, and esteem and regard for his personal character. The announcement of his death has revived a thousand recollections of the old days, and of the many acts of kindness I received from him, and the advantage I derived from his friendship and advice. . . . His has indeed been a most pure and beautiful life, and the closing hours of it were in perfect keeping with all the rest."

(From J. H. Kerr, Esq., one of his Elders in Sandyford.)

" . . . What crowds of memories come back to me about him! I never felt the same regard for any man or minister that I did for him. He was so truly a Christian gentleman that his very presence commanded respect, and to know him was to love him. There was a nobleness in his whole nature which was ever present with him. He was so true, so good, and so unselfish that one

could not help feeling how poor were their attainments in the spiritual life compared with his.

"I always felt deeply touched by his kindness to myself, and it has been the highest honour of my life that he honoured me with his friendship."

(From the Rev. Dr. Graham, of Errol.)

"Your father had the power of investing Divine things with a halo of beauty and grace which perhaps no other man possessed, and could bring his many accomplishments to their elucidation with a tact and force which no writer of modern times has surpassed."

(From the Rev. A. Ramsay Macduff.)

". . . A death like this does seem like breaking almost the last of the few remaining links that connect us with the good old days that are gone; and one's own life cannot fail to be miserably poorer owing to his loss. Although I was away at the other end of the earth, still, even in the Himalayas, I could think of the cultured home at Chislehurst—I say cultured, because he was the most cultured man I ever met. This idea of mine I know was shared by the late Bishop of Lahore [Bishop French] (no mean judge), who often used to speak to me of the valued friendship he had made with him at Chislehurst."

(From the Rev. A. H. Charteris, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh.)

". . . The pilgrim march is over, and he rests; the soldier has no more battle to fight; and the servant has already been received with the 'Well done, good and faithful.' It is very sad for you, dear child of a devoted father; very lonely has your life become. No one ever saw such

mutual devotedness as in your father and you; at all events, I never saw anything approaching to its perfectness and beauty. . . . Do you know well your father's earliest books? I think their strange freshness—spring flowers with the dew on them—will revive and refresh you very much. . . . If I were cast on a desert island with only one book in addition to my Bible, I should wish it to be the volume containing the 'Faithful Promiser' and the 'Morning and Night Watches.' Yet I know and love the mellow wisdom of the later books, of which I have read every one.

"It is a joy to have known him, and so long as we live we shall be thankful for that joy."

(From the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.)

" . . . You may indeed be proud of his memory! I had a species of reverence for your father, as combining in himself, more than any I knew, the saintly and the intellectual qualities. I had a great respect for his great and varied gifts, and a very great appreciation of his Christian graces. What you tell me of the sunset of his life was in strict harmony with the whole of it—calm, serene, beautiful; and he has left his memory to make golden the clouds of his departure, and to prolong the brightness and inspiration of his character and work."

(Extract from a Sermon preached by the Rev. J. Elder Cumming, D.D., Incumbent of Sandyford Church, Glasgow.)

At the close of the forenoon service in Sandyford Established Church the Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming made the following reference to the death of the Rev. Dr. J. R. Macduff, the first minister of the congregation:

"The general purpose of our meditation this morning will serve to recall to some of the congregation at least the name and work of one who has long been absent, and has now been taken from the land of the living.

There are now only a few members among us who were connected with the congregation when it was served by Dr. John Macduff, my only predecessor in the ministry of Sandyford. Four-and-twenty years have passed since, in January, 1871, he bade farewell to his many friends here. He was not translated to any other living, but sought retirement for his closing years in the south of England, proposing to spend them in the prosecution of those literary labours in which he had been already greatly blessed. Most of you must have seen some of those volumes which year by year came from his pen, some of which have had an immense circulation for thirty years, and have carried his name, it is no exaggeration to say, almost wherever the English language is known. Many of them consist of sermons which were preached in this pulpit, and now reach a far wider audience, and will no doubt continue to do so for some years to come. But for other things also he is remembered here by the few who once gathered round him, and are now themselves in the vale of years. My own personal knowledge of him goes back to a still earlier period, while he was the comparatively young but not unknown minister of a small and quiet country parish. But he was the same man all through; the quiet, refined, and cultured scholar, with an eye for beauty, for art, and all the poetry of life; with a tone of sweetness, delicacy, almost stateliness; incapable of rough speech, and very sensitive to its use by others; helping many who came near him by the Christian savour of a quiet and beautiful life. His teaching was always simply and clearly evangelical, for which his hearers might well be thankful. He had not a few trials in life—in his family, in his ministry, in his own person he tasted not seldom the bitterness of the cup of sorrow; and we know that much loneliness and many sad memories gathered round him

in his later years. He rarely visited Scotland after leaving his charge here, and never spent a Sabbath in Glasgow afterwards, saying that the shadows of old were too trying for him to face. And now he has passed away, after not only a long, but a 'finished' life. His work had long been complete, and he was quietly waiting for the end. As he says himself, characteristically, in one of his latest works, 'There can be no real solitude for him who can sing as his *Nunc Dimittis*, "Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."'"—*Glasgow Herald*.

(Extract from a Sermon preached by the Rev. William Fleming, LL.B., Incumbent of Christ Church, Chislehurst.)

Preaching at Christ Church, Chislehurst, from the text, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. But Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth" (Ps. xxxi. 5), the Incumbent, the Rev. W. Fleming, said these blessed truths of God clustered round the name of one who was ever uppermost in the minds of many of them that day—the Rev. John Ross Macduff, who had recently been remembered in their congregational prayers, and had been laid in his last earthly resting-place the previous day. He (the preacher) first heard his name some thirty-eight years ago, soon after he had commenced his ministry in Brighton. A lady, whom God had permitted him to help and strengthen, gave him, in token, one of Dr. Macduff's early books, "Memories of Gennesaret." He had read it with pleasure and profit. Little did he think he should ever have the privilege of knowing the writer; little did he then think that for upwards of twenty years he would be a stated member of his future congregation; little less that a friendship would be formed which, to use his (Dr. Macduff's) own words, uttered six weeks ago, would only close with death. "Suffering," he said,

"has brought us very near to one another in thought, sympathy and affection. Your messages of kindness have been real strength to me in this my hour of pain and conflict." He would not speak of Dr. Macduff's public usefulness to the Church of Christ—he could not do such a subject justice; his voluminous writings, his many-sided ways of presenting truth, unfaltering testimony to the Lord Jesus, told their own tale. A man who, gifted with the pen of a ready writer, could present rich Gospel truths in a form attractive to tens of thousands was no ordinary man, and no mean labourer in the Lord's vineyard. Dr. Macduff joined that Church immediately on coming to Chislehurst. He (the preacher) rejoiced in the brotherhood of a minister of the Church of Scotland, and if he felt a little timid at a Doctor of Divinity being one of his constant hearers, he soon learnt from many a passing kindly note that he was there to cheer and encourage, and never to carp or criticise. He should ever reckon it one of the prominent privileges of his ministry that that church was the closing place of worship to Dr. Macduff and the late sweet and gentle partner by whose side he now sleeps in Jesus; and also that his (the preacher's) house was the last he entered just before they were both simultaneously taken ill. They had exchanged many little notes during the last two months. In the middle of March Dr. Macduff replied to his inquiry, "I shall gratefully accept the privilege to-morrow of prayers of congregation." A little later he wrote, "My sufferings at one time were so very great that but for my dear daughter's sake I would willingly have been released." Once more, a few days later, he wrote, "We have had, both of us, many and precious lessons addressed to us in this solemn time. A psalm which has always been a great favourite of mine seems wonderfully to express our experience. It is that beautiful 42nd Psalm."—*Chislehurst District Times*.

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